

GAINSBOROUGH

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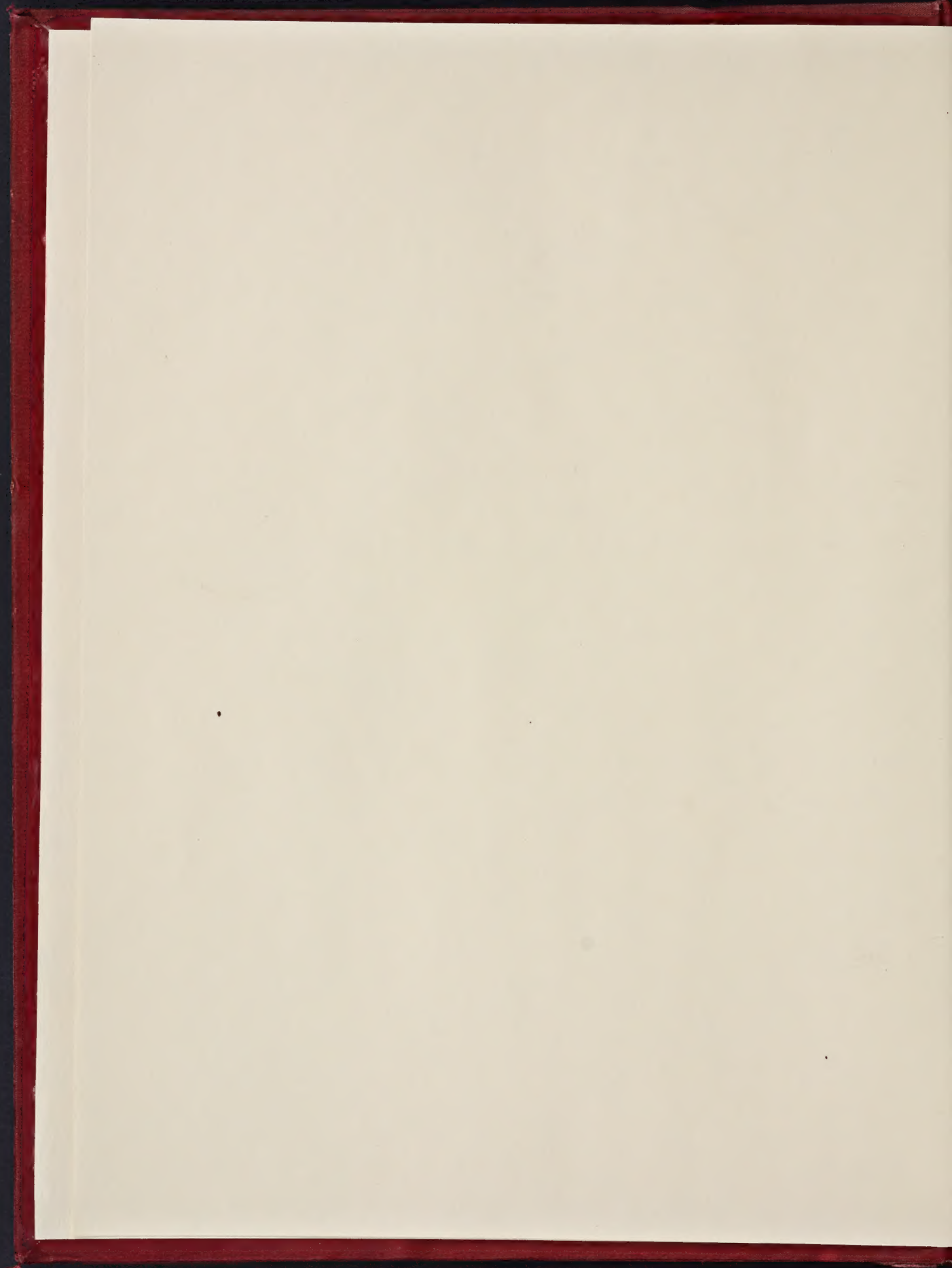
HIS PLACE IN ENGLISH ART

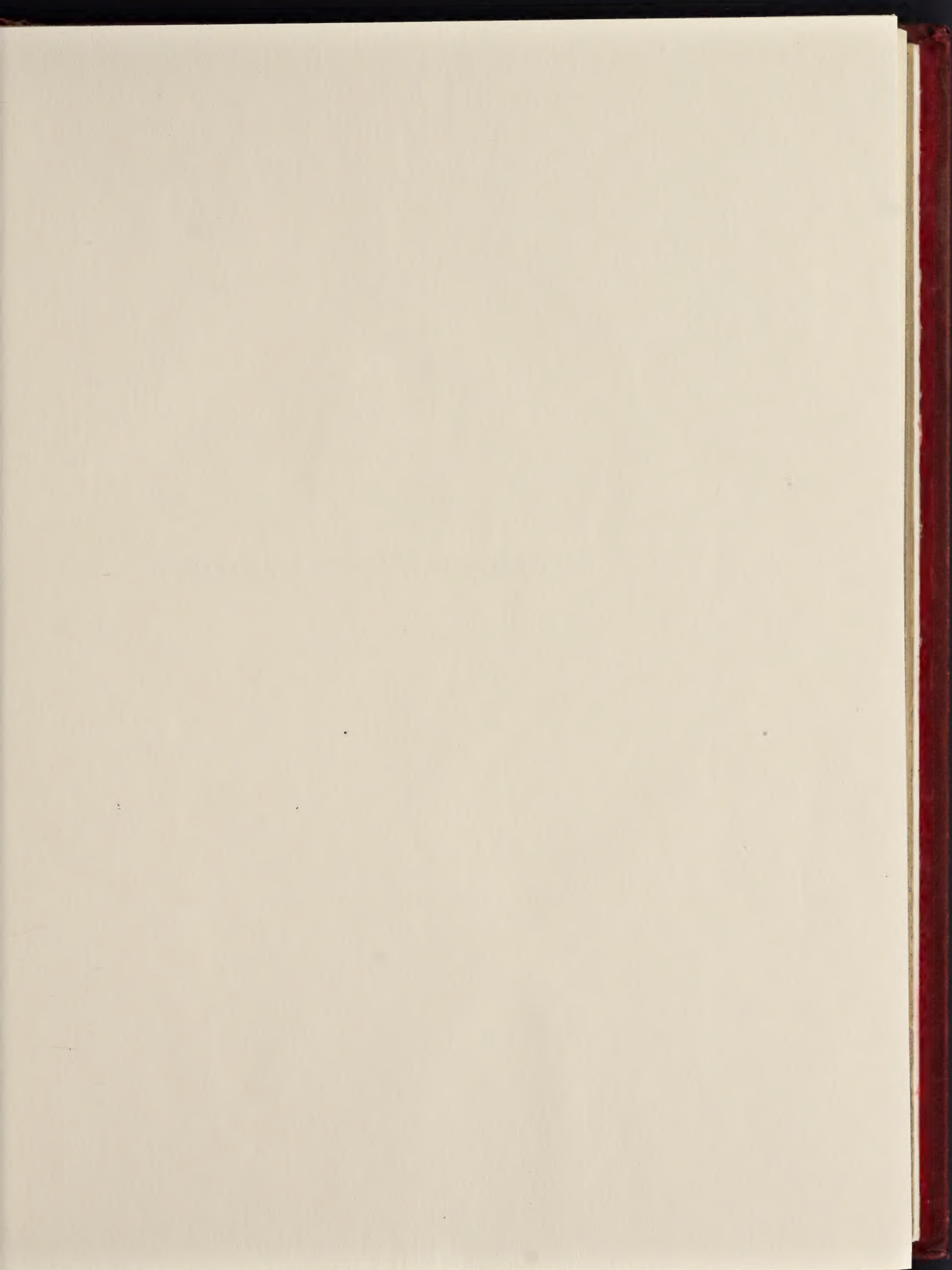


WALTER ARMSTRONG



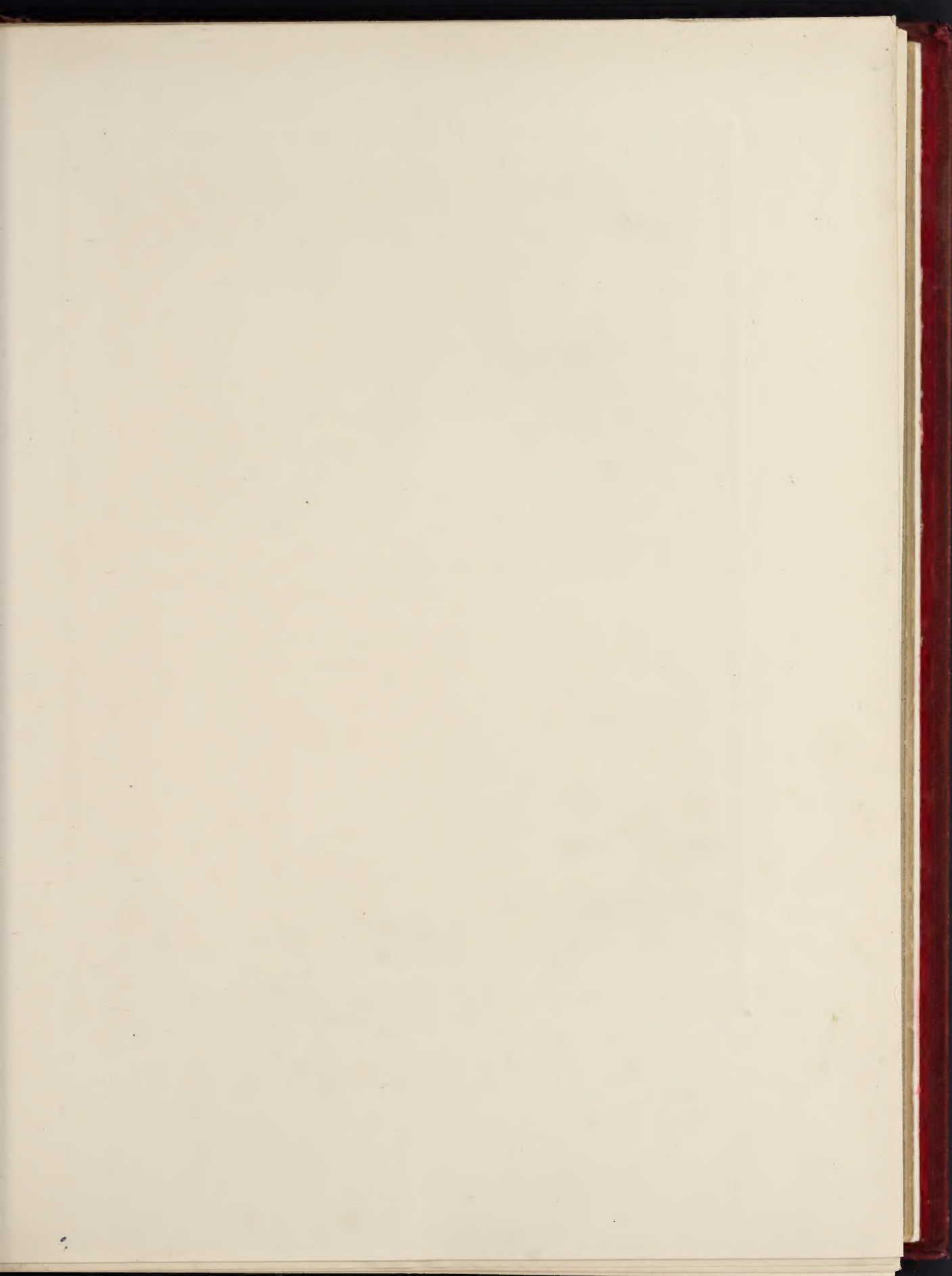






THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

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THE MORNING WALK

(SQUIRE HAILLET AND HIS WIFE)

The Lord Rothschild

GAINSBOROUGH

&

HIS PLACE IN ENGLISH ART

BY

WALTER ARMSTRONG

DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, IRELAND

WITH SIXTY-TWO PHOTOGRAVURES AND TEN LITHOGRAPHIC
FACSIMILES IN COLOUR



GAINSBOROUGH.

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A SUFFOLK LANDSCAPE (EARLY, 1750)

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
Introduction	I
I. English Art and the Precursors of Gainsborough	15
II. The "East Neuk" of Suffolk	33
III. Gainsborough's Family, Birth and Early Years—His Masters—Gravelot—Hayman	41
IV. Return to Sudbury—Early Landscapes—Marriage—Ipswich	61
V. Bath—Gainsborough's Friends there—Garrick—Henderson—Jackson of Exeter— His Sitters—The Duke of Argyll—The Ligoniers	83
VI. Pictures Painted at Bath	113

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
VII. London in 1774—Gainsborough's Prospects there—His Rivals—The Promise of the Royal Academy—The Countenance of the King—Pictures between 1774 and 1783—Gainsborough and Reynolds	137
VIII. Last Years in London—Death	157
IX. Gainsborough's Art	167
CATALOGUE OF PICTURES	189
INDEX	211



LIEUT. BARRY



LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE ABOUT 1775

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LARGE PLATES

<i>The Morning Walk (Squire Hallett and his Wife)</i>	The Lord Rothschild	Frontispiece
I. <i>Landscape</i> (1746-8)	J. D. Cobbold, Esq.	To face page 4
II. <i>Admiral Hawkins</i> (? 1760)	F. Fleischmann, Esq.	" 8
III. <i>Landscape</i> (? 1750-2)	National Gallery, Ireland	" 12
IV. <i>General Honywood</i>	Messrs. Agnew & Son	" 16
V. <i>Eliza and Thomas Linley</i> (1768)	The Lord Sackville	" 20
VI. <i>Landscape</i> (? 1761)	Mrs. Joseph	" 24
VII. <i>David Garrick, Esq.</i> (1768)	Late D. R. Blaine, Esq.	" 28
VIII. <i>Mrs. Henry Fane</i> (? 1772)	E. Raphael, Esq.	" 32
IX. <i>Countess of Sussex and Lady Barbara Yelverton</i>	The Lord Burton	" 36
X. <i>The Harvest Waggon</i>	L. Phillips, Esq.	" 40
XI. <i>The Hon. Anne Duncombe</i>	The Lord Rothschild	" 44
XII. <i>The Cottage Door</i> (1772)	Duke of Westminster, K.G.	" 48
XIII. <i>Thomas Gainsborough</i>	Sir Wm. Agnew, Bart.	" 52
XIV. <i>Lady Sheffield</i>	Baron F. de Rothschild	" 56
XV. <i>The Blue Boy</i> (? 1770)	Duke of Westminster, K.G.	" 60
XVI. <i>Richard Brinsley Sheridan</i> (? 1786)	Sir Robert Peel, Bart.	" 64
XVII. <i>Mrs. John Douglas</i> (? 1786)	Baron F. de Rothschild	" 68
XVIII. <i>Mary, Duchess of Richmond</i>	Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.	" 72
XIX. <i>Mrs. Siddons</i>	National Gallery	" 76
XX. <i>Lieut.-Col. St. Leger</i>	H.M. The Queen (Hampton Court)	" 80

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

XXI. <i>Hon. Mrs. Graham</i>	National Gallery, Scotland	To face page	84
XXII. <i>Mrs. Robinson</i>	Wallace Gallery	"	88
XXIII. <i>The Misses Linley (Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell)</i>	Dulwich Gallery	"	92
XXIV. <i>Mrs. Beaufoy</i>	Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.	"	96
XXV. <i>Landscape (? 1760)</i>	H. J. Pfungst, Esq.	"	100
XXVI. <i>The Earl of Romney and his Sisters, "Marsham Family"</i>	The Lord Rothschild	"	104
XXVII. <i>Thomas Gainsborough</i>	Royal Academy	"	108
XXVIII. <i>The Pink Boy</i>	Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild	"	112
XXIX. <i>G. Coyle</i>	In America	"	116
XXX. <i>Mrs. Mears</i>	Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.	"	120
XXXI. <i>Mrs. Sheridan</i>	The Lord Rothschild	"	124
XXXII. <i>Gainsborough Dupont</i>	Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G.	"	128
XXXIII. <i>Mrs. Lowndes-Stone Norton</i>	Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.	"	132
XXXIV. <i>Musidora</i>	National Gallery	"	136
XXXV. <i>The Mall</i>	Sir Algernon Neeld, Bart.	"	140
XXXVI. <i>Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Actæon</i> (unfinished) Windsor Castle		"	144

SMALL PLATES

<i>Portrait of Gainsborough by Zoffany</i>	National Gallery	Title Page	
<i>A Suffolk Landscape (early; 1750)</i>	Humphrey Roberts, Esq.	Page	v
<i>Lieut. Barry</i>		"	vi
<i>Landscape, with Cattle (about 1775)</i>	Messrs. Laurie and Co.	"	vii
<i>Lady le Despencer (1780)</i>	The Lord Iveagh	"	ix
<i>Portraits in Pencil (1745 ?)</i>	National Gallery, Ireland	"	i
<i>Two Dogs (1770)</i>	National Gallery	"	14
<i>View of Dedham</i>	National Gallery	"	15
<i>Queen Charlotte (1782-4)</i>	South Kensington Museum	"	32
<i>The Painter's Daughters (1758)</i>	South Kensington Museum	"	33
<i>Lord Archibald Hamilton (1782)</i>	Baron F. de Rothschild	"	40
<i>Landguard Fort: from T. Major's Engraving</i>		"	41
<i>A Woman and a Girl: Portraits (1752)</i>	J. D. Colbold, Esq.	"	60
<i>Cornard Wood (1752-4)</i>	National Gallery	"	61
<i>Lady Mulgrave</i>		"	82
<i>Landscape (1748-54)</i>	Shepherd Brothers	"	83
<i>Alexander, 10th Duke of Hamilton (1782)</i>	Baron F. de Rothschild	"	112
<i>Landscapes (1758)</i>	National Gallery	"	113
<i>The "Eldest Princesses" (1786)</i>	South Kensington Museum	"	136
<i>The Watering Place (1775)</i>	National Gallery	"	137
<i>George Canning as a Boy</i>	Marquess of Clanricarde	"	156
<i>Landscape (Late)</i>	F. Fleischmann, Esq.	"	157

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ix

<i>The Rev. Sir Henry Bale Dudley, Bart. (1780-2)</i>	National Gallery	page	166
<i>Landscape: Chalk Drawing</i>	National Gallery, Ireland	"	167
<i>Queen Charlotte (1784-6)</i>	Messrs. Laurie & Co.	"	188

LITHOGRAPHIC FACSIMILES IN COLOUR

<i>Study for a Portrait (1760)</i>	J. P. Heseltine, Esq.	To face page	148
<i>Sketch for a Landscape (1765)</i>	J. P. Heseltine, Esq.	"	152
<i>Sketch for a Landscape (1768)</i>	J. P. Heseltine, Esq.	"	156
<i>Sketch for a Landscape (1770)</i>	H. Horne, Esq.	"	160
<i>Study for a Portrait (? Duchess of Devonshire) (1780)</i>	George Salting, Esq.	"	164
<i>Study for a Portrait (? Duchess of Devonshire) (1780)</i>	British Museum	"	168
<i>Sketch for a Landscape (1780)</i>	H. Horne, Esq.	"	172
<i>Study for the Portrait of Lady Clarges</i>	British Museum	"	176
<i>(?) First Idea for Portrait of Lady Clarges</i>	British Museum	"	180
<i>Study for a Portrait</i>	British Museum	"	184
<i>Letter (Facsimile) from Gainsborough to the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy</i>	"	"	146



LADY LE DESPENCER 1780



PORTRAITS IN PENCIL 1743 4
National Gallery, Ireland

INTRODUCTION



THE pages of a biography, even when the subject is a painter, are scarcely, perhaps, the right place for discussing the nature of art. I am tempted, nevertheless, to venture upon such a discussion, partly because it seems convenient to confess one's faith and explain the ideas by which one intends to be guided, partly because my own cogitations have led me to conclusions not hitherto formulated, so far as I know. There is, of course, a general agreement as to the nature of the Fine Arts among those who, by producing works of art, have given proof to the world that they have a right to an opinion. But unfortunately for the layman in search of truth, artists, as a rule, have neither the time nor the inclination, nor always the capacity, to explain their ideas in any

material but that in which they work. To this rule we can all, of course quote a few notable exceptions. Jonathan Richardson, as long ago as 1719, published "The Connoisseur, an Essay on the whole Art of Criticism as it applies to Painting," in which a great deal of truth is obscured by a want of acquaintance with philosophical methods. In 1753 Hogarth published his famous "Analysis of Beauty," in which again we catch glimpses of a sound theory attempting to struggle up through much inconsequent reasoning and inefficient writing. Then we have the famous discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But these are rendered *suspect* to the humble inquirer by the evident dislocation between the president's ideas as formulated in words, and those which governed him when he stood before his easel. Sir Joshua's example has been followed by other artists who have discoursed. They have devoted such analytical skill as they possessed not to discovering the true grounds of their purely æsthetic preferences, but to the explanation and justification of works of art from historical, religious, or other comparatively irrelevant points of view. In short a capacity to create has rarely, if ever, gone hand in hand with a trained gift for analysis. The artist's bent is synthetic, and in philosophical discussions he seldom shows any sufficient faculty for disentangling the essential from the accidental, or, at least, for conveying the result to the outside world. To this even Leonardo was no exception. His guesses at the nature of art show little of the inductive genius of his scientific speculations. Every one who has been much in studios understands that no painter would attempt to help a brother artist by suggestions founded on the sort of notions to which he gaily resorts when he takes up a pen or mounts the rostrum. The true painter selects a subject in view of the chance it gives for a coherent and effective arrangement of line, colour, and illumination, that is for an arrangement which will produce an essentially significant unity. The question to be answered before a definition of art can be arrived at is, What is the nature of this significant unity? How is it that one combination of æsthetic elements—of reds, blues, and yellows, of curves and straight lines, of lights, shadows, and reflexes, of sounds, of movements, of flavours—ends in an organic whole while another does not?

To this question few who formulate systems of æsthetics attempt an answer at all. When they do, they seldom travel beyond the comparatively unimportant question of simple harmony. Harmony by itself is not music, neither is it

painting nor architecture. Its function is rather to avoid the infliction of discomfort on our senses than to convey to the brain a positive and significant sensuous idea. The production of harmony can be taught by rote. Granted an ear or an eye, and you can teach any one to combine given notes, either of sound or colour, in such a way that concord shall result. But you cannot put into your scholars, from outside, the power to vivify their harmonies with an organic pictorial or musical idea, an idea capable of enriching the mind and delighting the senses to which it appeals. Philosophy has too often sought for the root of æsthetic pleasure in the developed and trained intellect, and described it as an intellectual appreciation of the relations between symbols and acquired ideas. The notion that æsthetic enjoyment depends mainly on the primitive constitution of man, on man as a superbly organised animal rather than as a receptacle for acquired notions, and that it works through a positive and *a priori* relation between man's senses and the minutest detail of the phenomena which appeal to them, is comparatively new.

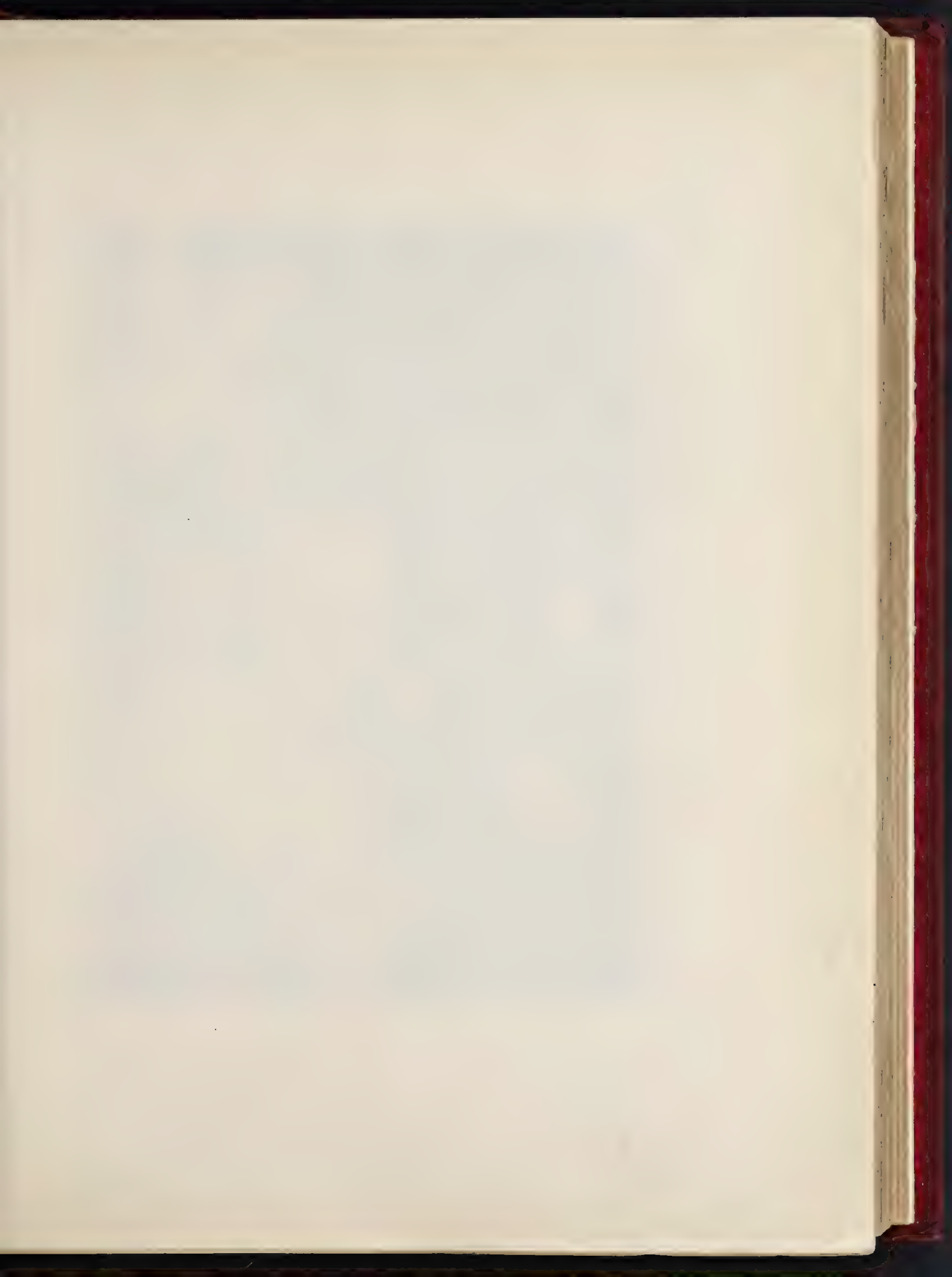
The chief cause of the long delay in perceiving the real nature of art is simple enough. The discussion has been practically left to those who had never taught themselves to *see* a work of art, as art, at all. They have seen its literary, its dramatic, its imitative qualities, but they have been quite unaware that a curve can be as expressive as a gesture. Even Lessing, with all his acuteness, could analyse a creation without alluding to the particular quality upon which its æsthetic unity depended. None of the philosophers, from Aristotle down to Kant, could have pointed out the æsthetic difference between Palma Vecchio and Palma Giovine, between Rubens and Jordaens, between Metsu and Adrian Van der Werff, between Velazquez and Murillo, between Alfred Stevens and Thorwaldsen, between Delacroix and Delaroche, between, in short, any instance of real art on the one hand and its laborious imitation on the other. They have almost invariably considered the objective of the plastic arts to be representation, and their highest form to be the idealisation, the imaginative improvement, of the objects represented. Their analysis, *at its best*, has therefore been directed to the comprehension of objective beauty rather than of art. A certain small group of writers is, indeed, uncomfortably conscious that the very materials of art have intrinsic powers of expression, powers to convey ideas, or rather emotions, without the help of any sort of imitation; but they seem to find the nature of these powers

so elusive that they apparently shrink from the task of tracing them back to their source. Francis Hutcheson, who may fairly be called the pioneer of modern æsthetical philosophy, comes so near the truth that could he have supplemented his gifts with the experience of an artist and a glimpse of the doctrine of evolution, he might, like Aristotle, have both founded a branch of knowledge and carried it to something like finality. Hutcheson was Professor of Philosophy in Glasgow University from 1694 to 1747. His "Enquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue" was published in 1725. It was translated into both French and German, but seems to be practically forgotten.

A vast literature has grown up round the subject since the days of Hutcheson, but for the most part it has done little but shift the difficulties. The vital fact in the whole question escapes the thinker who has not trained himself in art, as it escapes those who, like Mr. Ruskin, have, either by choice or by natural compulsion, concentrated their interest on those non-artistic elements which exist in all the creations of the artist. Mr. Ruskin labours under the additional disadvantage of having committed himself to principles at an age when no man has excelled either in the practice or the comprehension of the formative arts.

Before we can attempt a definition we must realise that fine art may exist in every creation of man, and in nothing else. Art is the primitive human language, developed and enriched by those tenacious races and individuals in whom the necessary machinery has not been obliterated by disuse. Most of us are conscious of a subtle harmonising quality which runs through every outcome of human genius, creating a close kinship between letters, painting, music, sculpture, architecture, acting, dancing, and even cooking. The phrase Art and Letters is, of course, illogical. The one term is contained in the other. Literature is simply the most universal branch of Art, the most universal because it brings the largest number of faculties into play both in its creators and in those to whom it appeals. It powerfully stimulates the imagination, directs it, and yet leaves it free, which can be said of no other art. Like the formative arts, it includes elements which are scientific rather than artistic, depending for their comprehension on acquired knowledge rather than on imaginative senses, but the proportions are much the same in all.

If we were to insist on confining the term art to its plastic manifestations, then,



LANDSCAPE, 1746-8

J. D. Cobbold, Esq.



indeed, a definition would become impossible. A definition must include all that is and exclude all that is not art. Otherwise it is merely the setting up of an arbitrary boundary. What we have to discover is the nature of that element which runs through all creative activities and incites us to the distinction so often made between a book, or a dress, or a dinner, which is a work of art and one which is not. Coleridge defined poetry as the best words in the best order, and the phrase contains within it all the elements for the definition we seek. What are the best words? Are they not the words which have the fullest essential connection with the idea they denote? What is the best order? Is it not the order which brings the flow, the sonority, the pulsation of a line and a sequence of lines into essential harmony with the poet's thought? Here, of course, the important word is essential, and you may ask is there such a thing as an essential harmony between ideas and those symbols by which they are conveyed from one brain to another. It is now at last beginning to be acknowledged that there is, and that the only possible definition of art must be founded on its recognition. It is strange that with the example of music before it, the world did not long ago come to a juster sense of what art means. To a certain extent the creations of the musician can be analysed scientifically and the pleasure they give plausibly accounted for, but the most highly trained musician without the inner gift of artistic creation will only, at his best, avoid an outrage to our ears. The *science* of music goes no farther than that of language, or painting, or modelling. A man may have mastered all these as sciences and yet be unable to hold our attention for five minutes by their use. The vivifying element is art, and that element is essentially the same in spite of all the variety of its application.

Much of the speculation about the nature of art has been vitiated at its source by endeavours to discover some absolute constituent of beauty. If Hogarth had been content to think of beauty as a relative and not as an absolute quality he would never have entangled himself in the absurdity of his "line of beauty or grace," and many writers since his time, misled by the same unfruitful idea, have failed to distinguish the point at which a discussion of art should part company with one of beauty. The two things have only to do with one another in that they both spring from one cause, namely, the necessary *à priori* relation between man and every fact of external nature appreciable by his senses, which existed through those long wastes of

ages which had to elapse before man could become man as we know him. Art, in short, seems to be the use, for subjective expression, of a power which displays itself objectively in what we call beauty.

Every human being who really understands a work of art knows that the materials of the artist have internal powers of expression inseparable from themselves, and entirely apart from any imitative or conventional use to which they may be put. In the widest meaning of the term, artistic materials include everything by which the senses may be directly touched—sights, sounds, tastes, odours, textures. In each of these and in their combinations lie internal possibilities of significance which established themselves, by action and reaction, between man and his conditions, during the slow evolution of the human mind. Relatively to man's mind these vehicles of expression are *à priori*, for their elaboration was complete before he became a consciously reasoning animal at all. For us the complexities of life and the embarrassments of transferred experience so heavily overlaid inherited knowledge, while the necessity for those unerring senses with which primeval man completed his education is so far superseded, that a systematic training is now required before we can either use or understand nature's ancient symbols. But deep down in most of us the power still exists, and only so far as we draw upon it can we either create or comprehend a work of art.

The original, essential, non-conventional factors in a picture are design, colour, chiaroscuro, and handling. By design I do not mean correctness or even objective significance of draughtsmanship, but the organisation into unity of the linear elements in the conception. Correct drawing, even when objectively significant, is not art, but science. The human form may be rendered in line with the most scrupulous veracity and yet leave our æsthetic emotions entirely untouched. Art only comes in when the figure, sufficiently drawn, is induced by its movement, lighting, colour, and manipulation to contribute to the force and coherence with which the artist expresses his own emotions. Colour, chiaroscuro, and handling are freer dialects than design; their grammar is less rigid, the demand for illusion not so liable to be tyrannically used or erected into a test.

The objects which a painter elects to represent are only vehicles for his æsthetic appeal. Having chosen them, he is obliged to control his rendering with a certain regard for fact, otherwise he would so disturb the spectator that

the condition of mind required for æsthetic enjoyment would never be reached. But mere correctness of imitation holds no higher place in a picture than grammar does in a poem. It is an antecedent condition to complete enjoyment on the part of audience or spectator, but no amount of it will constitute art. The demand for accurate representation is no doubt a greater burden on the formative artist than that for grammar is on the poet, but that is no justification for setting it in the place of art. Poetry is the most artistic because the freest form of literature. Measure is not a restriction, but a privilege. It is upon the prose writer that we place a certain disability when we deny him more than a narrow use of one of the inherent qualities of his material. Poetry may, in fact, be alternatively defined as the employment of language in all its powers, prose as its use with one power tabooed. And the distinction throws light on the nature of Art, for the restraint under which prose labours, in being forbidden the full use of the more intrinsic powers of language, has led inevitably to its employment for less sensuous and imaginative purposes than poetry. Ignorance continually makes demands on the painter which lead to a similar contraction of his sphere. The outcry for elaborate finish, which we hear so often, is nothing more than a request to throw away one of the sharpest arrows in the painter's quiver. "Handling," as we see it in its great exponents—Rembrandt, Hals, Velazquez—sums up and gives point to all other pictorial qualities. Suppress it, and many of the most troubling of pictures would become merely dull. As an artistic instrument language is resolvable into the quality and succession of naturally significant sounds, and its artistic use lies in the organisation of those elements into the actively coherent support of an idea suitable for expression in such a form. This notion of an essential significance in their elements is the only one which will explain the congruity of the arts, and afford a basis for a common definition which shall embrace all forms of art, from the simplest decoration on a Polynesian canoe to a Greek tragedy. Why is "Othello" the æsthetic masterpiece of Shakespeare? Is it not simply because the resonance of its lines, the sequence, mass, and colour of its scenes, the very pace at which the action moves, are as expressive of the dreadful passion of jealousy as the funeral march of Chopin is of the passion of regret? All *art* is built up on these relations. To the complete man, nothing perceptible by his senses is dumb. Every curve and movement of our fellow creatures, every look and

gesture, is eloquent of their nature and their mood. And so it is with the phenomena of the external world. Every detail of what we see and feel has its meaning—its simple, original value for ourselves—and art lies in the ever-new and personal combination of these meanings.

As to the origin of the significance, for man, of every stroke upon his senses, that must be sought in the mutual relations between his primitive self and nature. In the long process of evolution, or variation, the organism which is at present man was continually using its senses in the work of selection, each act of selection being at once the outcome and the cause of a preference. To this primeval being nature was only known as a minister to sense, and down to her minutest phenomena, she must have been teeming with hints of her value. Man, on the other hand, must have had an internal guide to what was good for himself, and that guide could only have been a reaction ending in a desire for more of what had already gone to the building up of his own special organism. Man and nature elaborated a language between them, a language at once more universal than any which could be reached by artifice, and definite enough for any purpose to which primitive man could put it. The senses of our primeval ancestor had a capacity of which we—with our load of conventions—can form but a dim conception. For him every change in form, tone or colour had an immediate practical significance. As an animal he was peculiarly destitute of means of defence and offence. Everything necessary for his logical development had to have its appeal to his senses, everything dangerous its warning. And this went on for age after age, until all the phenomena of nature took their station in his consciousness, and became guides for conduct and selection.

And here we arrive at the point where a definition of beauty comes in. Beauty has often been defined as fitness, but obviously that is no real definition, for, although there might be some danger in saying that any beautiful thing is unfit, it is quite certain that many fit things are not beautiful. But if we go a step farther and say that *beauty is fitness expressed* we shall not be far from the truth. Confining ourselves for the present, for the sake of clearness, to the phenomena of form, and to those phenomena in their most intimate aspect, let us see how the above definition suits some of the more familiar objects about us.

Fitness alone is clearly no convertible term with beauty so far as men and



ADMIRAL HAWKINS, ? 1760

F. Fleischmann, Esq.



women are concerned. Our experience tells us that a man may be admirably adapted to all the purposes nature meant to put him to without being a beautiful object. A commanding intellect may be hidden behind shapeless features, the powers of an athlete may be disguised in muscles every curve of which is a discord, all the manly virtues in short, both of body and mind, may reside in a form on which no eye can rest with pleasure. And so with women. A woman may be admirably adapted, intellectually and physically, for her rôle in the drama of human life, and yet be a mere bundle of apparent incongruities in her outward aspect. Fitness, in short, can only be made serviceable as a definition of beauty by giving it so wide a meaning as to deprive it of all capacity for being in itself defined. If, for instance, we include in the term fitness as applied to a woman the capacity to please and attract man, we are clearly arguing in a circle. Now if we bring in another element and say that to be beautiful a man or woman must *express* fitness in their forms, we take a long stride nearer to the truth. During man's slow evolution, every curve in nature, every visible texture, every quality, in fact, of line and surface, had enforced its meaning on his visual apprehension, until all utilitarian virtues—solidity, rigidity, elasticity, tensile resistance—had taken on outward symbols for his guidance, and, therefore, for his eventual delectation. Beauty of shape, then, in woman is that shape in which the forms, speaking their natural and, for man as he now exists, *a priori*, language, assert the presence of fitness for life's utilitarian purposes. This theory of beauty can be tested in objects more remote from our sympathies, and more modern, than the form of woman. Take a railway engine, for instance. The ideas to be suggested by such a machine are power and swiftness, and just in proportion as those ideas find expression in its forms is it grateful to the eye. We have all seen locomotives which consist of vertical and horizontal lines crossing and impinging on each other at right angles. No doubt they do their work efficiently, and they may be economical to build. But they have no pretensions to beauty, while others in which the curves of the framing answer to the circles of the wheels, in which, to make a bull, the vertical line of the front is not vertical, but slopes backwards as if to offer less resistance to the air, in which the chimney is low and the rest of the external hamper tucked away, as it were, like the legs of a swift in his feathers, express their use with a pleasant felicity, and excite a gentle æsthetic approval in the eye which looks upon them with intelligence.

Similar examples could be multiplied *ad infinitum* if necessary. In fact the most apparently plausible exceptions to the theory of beauty here propounded turn out on examination to be merely very subtle instances of its application. When Hogarth set out to find some absolute constituent of beauty, he found what, according to my theory, he was bound to find, namely, a symbol of non-use. His line of beauty, a curve bending first in one direction and then in another, expresses want of purpose as clearly, perhaps, as a symbol could. It encloses nothing, it is not even the shortest way from one point to another. It is beautiful in the profile of a woman's back, because there it announces the fitness—the absence of vertical rigidity—of the spine, but make it the profile of her nose, or her brow, and what becomes of its beauty? In short if we look for some absolute constituent of beauty we are met by the same difficulty everywhere, that what is beautiful in one connection is hideous in another. We are reduced to the conclusion that beauty in the abstract has no existence, and secondly, that it lies in the completeness with which the fitness of any object for its utilitarian purpose is expressed in form, colour, and general appearance—that is, in the language elaborated between nature and man during the process of the latter's evolution.

This definition makes beauty, then, a relative quality, depending for its perceptibility on man's capacity for the apprehension of certain relations. It implies not only the denial of any absolute constituent, but also the confession that, as even the earliest and once most necessary instincts of man may, after long perversion, have become erratic in their action, the idea of beauty may now sometimes be applied to objects which do not deserve it, and withheld from those which do. It is reasonable to suppose, for instance, that the mere subjective enjoyment of harmony in colour has resisted the modifying influence of civilisation more successfully than the perception of its meaning. So that the admiration felt by some people for the hectic flush on the cheek of a consumptive means only that their sense of colour has persisted while their sense of its significance has decayed.

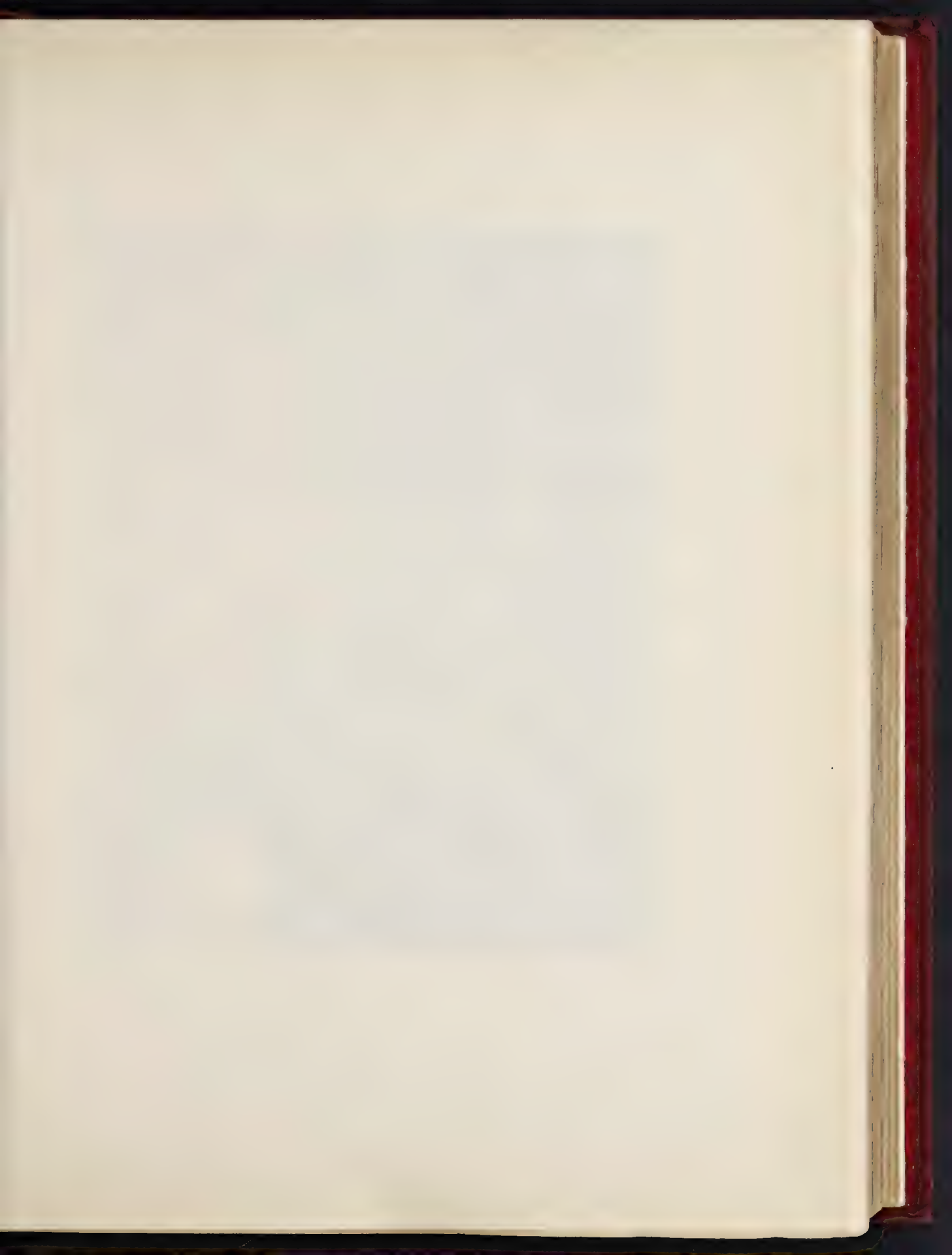
To sum up, then, what has been said as to the nature of beauty and of art. Among the evolutionary forces to which man owes his existence was a certain intimate relation between his sensitive faculties and the minutest changes in the external phenomena of nature, by virtue of which relation those phenomena had a power of direct appeal to his senses, and therefore of mutual support and

corroboration. When this power is used by nature herself to express the fitness of her immediate productions, we call the result beauty; when, on the other hand, it is used by man to give organic balance and internal beauty to his own creations, we call the result art. The looseness with which an artificial language has to be used has led, of course, to the employment of these terms on many unfit occasions. Things are called beautiful which are so only through some illusive and associative quality. Feats of pure skill, for instance, are admirable in the same way as great knowledge, and they are beautiful only in a figurative sense. Any human activity may have an artistic element in it, but when we call a surgical operation artistic, we really mean that the surgeon has displayed a delicacy of touch and certainty of manipulation which, creatively applied, might have helped to produce a work of art. The trained human mind, by which I mean the mind which has trained itself by the study of beautiful and artistic things, exercises a most subtle power in pronouncing on objects which claim attention by beautiful or artistic qualities. It distinguishes instantaneously and unconsciously between the beauty of things which have a definite use and those which have not. To the former it allows only a narrow limit of variation, to the latter it grants limits so wide that practically they can put on any shapes they chose so long as those shapes are internally consistent and harmonious. A woman's form, to be beautiful, must conform almost exactly to a standard, all variation being confined to details. A Swiss landscape, on the other hand, need obey no laws except those of stability and harmony; so long as its forms and colours work actively to bring about an impression at once strong and coherent, it does all our senses require. Its beauty lies in the way its parts mutually corroborate each other, and work towards unity. To put it all very shortly, things of use appeal to man by the way in which they proclaim their fitness for that use; things without a use, by the essential harmony of their phenomena; works of art by the evidence they afford of the perfection, as a seeing, hearing, comprehending and organising machine, of man himself; and the vehicle for all their proclamations is an *a priori* relation between the visible elementary constituents of natural phenomena and the sensory apparatus of man. Man's visual faculties have fallen into such a state of chaos that only after a process of rehabilitation are they now able to appreciate the powers which reside in line and colour. For some reason—not, perhaps, very difficult to guess—his ear is in better order, so that the corresponding powers inherent in sound are accepted with so

little question that the light they throw upon the true nature of art is too often missed.

A great obstacle to the discovery of a satisfactory definition of art has been the propensity shown by many who have written on the subject to try for definitions when they really had materials for nothing more than descriptions. Until we can discover some element, quality, or force, which exists in all works of art and in nothing else, it is waste of time to attempt a definition. It is certain that such a constituent exists, and I have endeavoured to show what it is, and how it differs from that of beauty, not so much by its nature as by the fashion of its use. What man wants with a work of art is knowledge of the man behind it, and through that knowledge a comprehension of the highest or at least most essential faculties of his own kind. He arrives at that comprehension through many channels; tactile values, colour values, pattern values, use values, all these are constituents, but art is only complete when their essential powers of conveying emotion are so directed into one stream as to end in unity. Man's interest and admiration are excited not by skill here and knowledge there, but by the fitness of an organisation which can thus compete with the creative powers of nature herself.

It may be objected to this theory that it fails to explain some of our admirations. The primitive schools of painting, for instance, show no active comprehension of the unifying power in art. Such unity as they possess springs not from the artist's power to organise, but from the simplicity of his aim. As a matter of fact only those who have devoted themselves to the study of art do admire the pictures of the early renaissance. Even painters who are masters of their own methods of expression often fail entirely to comprehend the affection inspired by men like Duccio, or Matteo di Giovanni, or Fra Angelico, or even Giotto himself. To the trained eye these men are admirable for a concentration and intensity springing from sincerity. They were on the right path. Their knowledge and even their sympathies were incomplete, but they confined themselves to the expression of what they really felt. They were true to their own emotions, and ventured upon no use of paint except such as their own fervour could suggest. In fact their art was grammatically halting, it was narrow and for the most part unconscious; but it was real emotion faithfully translated into design and colour, and so it had the keys of immortality within it. Another difficulty is the preference



LANDSCAPE. ? 1750-2

National Gallery, Ireland



most of us feel, and feel ever more strongly as our knowledge increases, for a work in which some one artistic quality is carried to a high development over one in which all qualities are balanced, but on a lower plane. This objection, I think, is more apparent than real. The world is now gradually consenting to put Raphael below Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Rembrandt, Titian, and perhaps Velazquez, in the artistic hierarchy, but his fall from the highest place has not been caused by the diffuseness of his talent, but by the recognition that, after all, it was only talent, talent of course of an extraordinarily high order, but not the burning gift that welds all artistic qualities into a creation in spite of any irregularity in their distribution. Man prefers, in the work of man, the slightest touch of the creative faculty to the most lavish display of what I may call, for want of a better phrase, intellectual manipulation. Raphael's gift was critical rather than creative. It was compounded of taste, judgment, invention, and in his early days of religious fervour. The essential connection between his emotions and the phenomena of nature was not overwhelming. He felt none of that overmastering desire to express his own individual passions in line, colour, and chiaroscuro, which gave an inevitable unity to the works of the five men I have named. Even in those little early things which were the sincerest he ever did—the "Knight's Dream" in the National Gallery is perhaps the best—the pleasure of control is more visible than the necessity to make. In short, his art depends more on the intelligence with which acquired knowledge is applied, than upon the force with which qualities essential to man's safe existence and full development are expressed in the most immediate of all possible dialects. Compared to Raphael, Rembrandt was a man of one idea, but then see what he did with his one idea. In one picture by the Dutchman there is more concentration, more force, more passion, than in all the Italian's works put together. Rembrandt told no stories; he left them to the pen. To him an artistic theme was something to be justified and enforced by those original vehicles of expression which existed before conventional language tempted man to be irrelevant. A picture can only deal properly with a single moment of time and so he never tempts us to say, "Would that those figures could move!" A picture is colour, a picture is light and shadow, a picture is tone—and so upon tone, colour, and chiaroscuro he concentrates his power. Art reaches the human brain through the senses, and so to the senses he appeals with all the

stupendous vigour which is in him. To the true painter, to the man who rejoices in the miraculous depth and scope of the material in which he works, Rembrandt must always tower far above Raphael; and for similar reasons the subject of the following biography must, I think, in time take an undisputed place as the greatest painter of the eighteenth century.



TWO DOGS 1770.
N. MAES.



VIEW OF DEDHAM

CHAPTER I

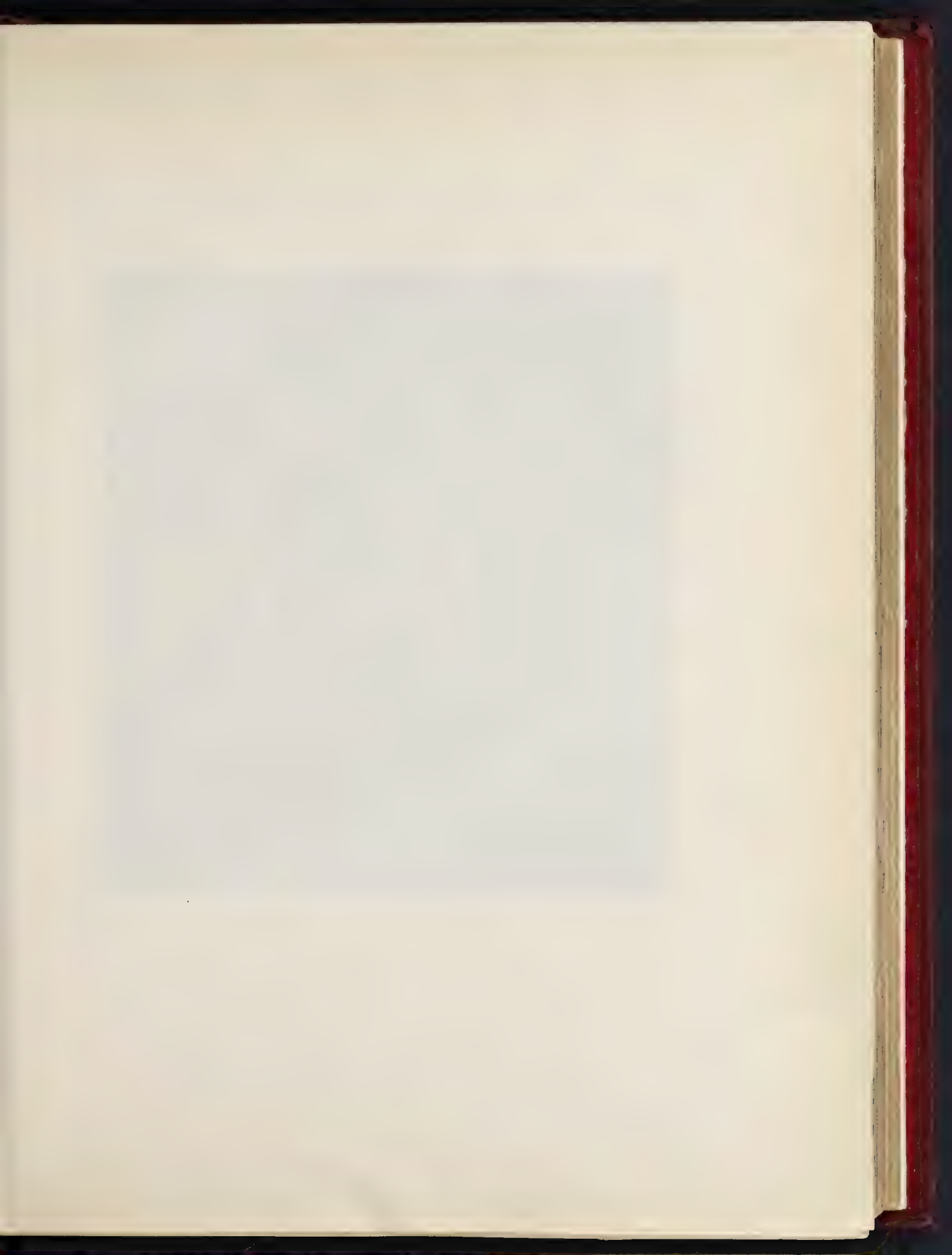
ENGLISH ART AND THE PRECURSORS OF GAINSBOROUGH



NE of the strangest facts in the history of art is the carefully fostered prejudice under which the English school of painting laboured until yesterday. Nearly all foreign estimates of our pictorial art used to begin by asserting that we had no school at all. Funnily enough they generally went on to disprove their own words, and to show that, even according to their own definition, we had a very decided school indeed. "We understand by a school," says one of the most readable if not the most profound of French critics,* "a certain unity of thought presiding over the choice of subject and its treat-

* Feuillet de Conches, *Causeries d'un Curieux*.

ment, a certain discipline and harmony in executive processes, a succession of masters marching under the same standard of principle." He then proceeds to describe and criticise English work in such a way as to prove that it fulfils all these conditions, and yet his conclusion is that we have "no school properly speaking." To the perfectly candid critic, the critic who is as quick to see beauties as to see faults, England not only has a school, but one of the most decisive, most easily recognised, and most national of all the schools. On those comparatively rare occasions when English pictures have been exhibited on the other side of the Channel, they have excited a vivid, though often shortlived, interest, and have afforded material for critiques which sometimes ended with a more or less grudging admission that, after all, there might be something to be called a school *au dela de la Manche*. The apparition of Constable at the Salon of 1821, the invasions *en masse* of 1855, 1867, 1878, and 1889, came no doubt as successive shocks to the continental theorists, but it can hardly be said that the lesson is finally learnt even now. In 1889, it must be allowed, the English collection on the Champ de Mars was sufficiently eulogised. The French artists, never ungenerous except through ignorance, found a charm in many things which seemed, to us, to have little but novelty to commend them. The new note then sounded was taken up, too, by the officials, so that quite a respectable little show of English work is now included in the Luxembourg collections. But this change, so far as it goes, has not been brought about, I fancy, so much by a greater readiness to listen to the best criticism, as by the sudden popularity into which the English school of the eighteenth century has been lifted by the events of the last five-and-twenty years. A quarter of a century ago two English painters of the Georgian era had all the credit to themselves. Reynolds and Gainsborough were famous names, and their works were fought for by those who had enough money in their purses. But the rest of those excellent artists who made the English school of portraiture the greatest school of the eighteenth century excited no enthusiasm whatever. Romney, Raeburn, Hoppner and Lawrence were seldom mentioned, even for faint praise, while those smaller practitioners who are now seen to have formed their quite respectable *entourage*, were absolutely ignored. The change to a better state of things has, no doubt, been brought about to a considerable extent by forces which had little enough to do with art. The final cause, if we went deep



GENERAL HONYWOOD

Messrs. Agnew and Son



enough, would be found to be the virgin soil of Western America. Agricultural depression and the consequent impoverishment of so many old English families coincided with vast accretions of wealth to the more commercial classes, and also with the establishment of a sort of glorified bazaar in which the latter could get rid of some of their superfluous cash. The first exhibition of "works by the old masters, and by deceased masters of the British School," took place at Burlington House in 1870. Public interest was at first excited mainly by the treasures of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which had not been seen in London since the palmy days of the British Institution, but it was soon diverted, in large measure, to the masters of our own school. The splendid series of portraits by Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Romney, and their contemporaries, took opinion by storm. It was seen that they were not only fine things in themselves, but also superb decorations, suiting as no other pictures did those eighteenth century interiors which were being re-established. The natural consequence was an immense competition among those fortunate people who, being comparatively unaffected by the price of wheat, had been daily growing richer while those whose prosperity was rooted in land had been watching a steady shrinking of their incomes. Prices went up until hundreds who had never given a thought to art in their lives were turned by pure curiosity into *habitués* of Christie's. Attention once excited, a fairer judgment of English painting became only a question of time. We are at last becoming conscious that the school founded, shall I say, by the disciples of Holbein, was a real school, a school with principles of its own, with principles rooted in the national idiosyncrasy, principles which are none the less active, unchanging, and easily recognisable because they have been, in the main, unsupported by any conscious formulation. Truth to your own individuality is as much a principle as any other. It must be confessed that those who used to deny aptitude for the arts to the natives of these islands had some excuse. Even Englishmen themselves were slow to perceive and assert the greatness of their Georgian painters, while during the long centuries which saw the rise and decay of the schools of Italy, the Low Countries, Germany and Spain, the three kingdoms had produced no picture-maker of serious importance. It is true that France was almost in the same predicament, but her poverty in good painters had a compensation in a wealth of decorative art which we could not boast to anything like the same degree.

But even Great Britain was not so destitute of remarkable artists before the time of Hogarth as it used to be the fashion to declare. Materials no longer exist, I fear, for any detailed account of what our painters were doing in the centuries which elapsed between the Reformation and the Revolution. In the preface to his "Anecdotes" Horace Walpole was able to say with truth that "this country . . . has not a single volume to show on the works of its painters." Practically our only literary source of information is that from which Walpole drew his own materials, namely, George Vertue's great collection of notes and memoranda, now in the British Museum. But a sufficient number of mostly anonymous portraits have come down to us to prove that at all periods since the renaissance of the arts a few good English painters existed. A portrait has recently been added to the National Gallery which shows that John Bettes—in Walpole merely a name—was a very good master indeed of the second rank. A number of portraits are sprinkled about Europe, from which we may fairly conclude that Gwillim Street, or Strete, who was probably an Englishman, by no means wasted his time when he was in Holbein's studio. William Dobson, at his best, was an excellent painter; if he was really the author of the series of Tradescant portraits now in the University galleries at Oxford, he was almost great, and deserves a place very high up in the second class of seventeenth century masters. The influence of Van Dyck stimulated many other Englishmen and at least one Scot to respectable work. The contents of the National Portrait Gallery are alone sufficient to show that even in the days of Holbein and Van Dyck, British painters were equal to tasks more arduous than any laid upon them. But in spite of all this England gave out but a feeble echo of the great artistic clamour of the continent, and the pictures painted by her own sons between the beginning of the sixteenth and the end of the seventeenth centuries are not of a kind to excite enthusiasm. During the three generations which elapsed between the arrival of Holbein at the Court of Henry VIII. and the acceptance of Charles I.'s invitation by Van Dyck, all English life-size portraiture bore traces of the positive Teutonic manner. With Van Dyck came a lighter and more airy taste, a greater readiness to select and summarise, and, generally, a turn towards that distinction which has ever since been one of the features of English portraiture. Whether this change was entirely brought about by the Fleming's example, or whether it was at least partly due to wider

and more national causes will be discussed presently. In any case the Stuarts were to go and the house of Hanover to be well settled on their throne, before those tendencies which are now confessedly English were to find any conspicuous expression in our native picture-painters.

That being so the reader may fairly ask whether the heading to this chapter can be justified. Had the English painters of the eighteenth century any native precursors at all? Are there any grounds for depriving Hogarth of his credit as creator, *ab initio*, of a new school of Art? The answer, I think, is to be found not by seeking among our few painters of life-size portraits, nor even by quoting once more that name which was so often on the lips of Gainsborough himself, but by remembering that England, like Germany, had a fascinating school of "Little Masters" of her own. The true pedigree, I contend, of our eighteenth century school runs up through the English miniaturists, through those men who started even before the advent of Holbein and, having the traditions of the great illuminators of the middle ages in their blood, have handed down to us such delightful records of the men and women who made history in England under the Tudor and Stuart dynasties.

In the early ages of English criticism attention was almost entirely devoted to those aspects of art which appealed to the national love of morality, using that word in its widest sense. The treatment of every subject was praised or blamed according to the vigour with which it threw down the gauntlet to the poet, the novelist, the biographer. This was carried so far that, even in the case of Hogarth, who translated dramatic action into line, colour, and chiaroscuro with more success than any other man, before or since, the commentators did their best to persuade their public that he was not so much a painter as a moralist, and that the indelible impression he leaves on the memory was due to a righteous indignation with his kind and to a curious opulence in the contrivance of incident. Hogarth's supremacy rests on his remarkable skill in combining dramatic significance with æsthetic necessity. His men and women do a great deal more than tell a story. They exist in a coherent artistic fashion. Their forms, their movements, their expressions, their sizes, and their places both on the plane of the canvas and in the perspective, their colour and handling, all these work vigorously together to bring our æsthetic impressions into line with those moral reactions at which

the painter aimed. Hogarth's immortality, in short, depends not at all upon his *sæva indignatio*, upon the moral rigour of his preaching, but upon the extraordinary force and skill with which he drove art to support his thesis. He was a good, almost a first-rate, painter, as well, but without his extraordinary felicity of arrangement he could never have taken the place he now occupies in the history of the eighteenth century. All this sounds like digression as well as platitude, but it has a purpose. I began this paragraph by saying that the critics of a generation or two ago gave nearly all their attention to an aspect of art—it is no real part of art itself—which is, after all, the least important. At the present moment there is a tendency to run into another extreme, and to speak as if art began and ended with realisation, or in other words as if the rank of an artist ought to be determined by nothing but his power to carry out no matter what conception. Art for art's sake is a phrase too often misunderstood, even by those who are readiest to use it. All artistic materials are so pregnant with expression that the keenest enjoyment may be derived from their use, even when there has been no antecedent preparation in the creative faculties. We are told by a great authority that in literature the subject is nothing, the treatment everything; but this is only true if we make the word treatment include the mental processes of determination and selection, before materials are touched. In short, criticism should occupy itself more than it does with the artistic fitness of a painter's conceptions, and with the artistic value of his personal and racial modifications of what may be called standard truth.

So far as I know there is at present but one writer who has made any serious attempt to differentiate schools on lines approaching to those here suggested, and many of the practitioners of what is called scientific criticism ignore them altogether. The critic who confines an inquiry into the characteristics of a school to the strictly technical side of its productions sets an arbitrary limit to his field. All technique, no doubt, is or should be art, but all art is not technique. I once heard a good painter declare that there is no art outside technique, but such an assertion will only hold water if we give such a generous extension to the scope of the term "technique" as to deprive it of all definable meaning. The decisions arrived at in the artist's brain are, no doubt, governed imperiously by his knowledge of technical necessities, but technique itself only begins with the carrying out. However, I need not



ELIZA AND THOMAS LINLEY, 1768

The Lord Sackville



labour this particular point, for it is only a question of definition. Whether we include them in the term technique or not, no one will contend that the mental activities of an artist, or, generically, of a school, are, as a fact, less distinctive than the management of materials. The work of Art begins when it takes form in the mind, and the process of selecting impressions is governed by exactly the same æsthetic instincts as those which control the hand. The characteristics of a school are, in short, to be found in its ways of seeing nature and selecting among her phenomena, just as much as in its technical methods and predilections. I might go farther, and say that in the former we find a safer test. Technical methods are more liable to change, are more easily influenced by individuals, by fashion, by scientific discoveries, by the accidents of supply and demand.

Systems of execution may be taught, and history shows that they vary immensely at different periods with one and the same people. By all this I do not in the least mean that conception is more important than execution in the final result. The two are, of course, mutually dependent. But as conception must, in the nature of things, come chronologically before execution, it affects it decisively in the long run and affords a more immediate test. I shall presently make an attempt to define, or rather to describe, the permanent and unchanging features of our national art, but first it may be convenient to sketch what I take to be the real track across the centuries of English pictorial ideas.

During the middle ages the most consummate of the pictorial arts was illumination. It was a *métier* that could be easily mastered in the monastic solitudes and as easily transmitted from one generation of monks to another. It made, moreover, its chief intellectual demand on that quality of patience in which monks were presumably richer than the rest of the world. From the mere decoration of initials it progressed to illustrations, in the modern sense, and finally to portrait miniatures. The scribe begat the *peintre ymagier*; the *peintre ymagier* begat the portraitist in little, whose first works were decorations to the written page, just as the first portraits of the painter at large were set modestly in the corners of votive altarpieces. The Flemish illuminators especially distinguished themselves by their skill in this direction; and we know from Vasari that Giulio Clovio, the famous scribe and illuminator of the sixteenth century, did not confine himself to the decoration of books, but

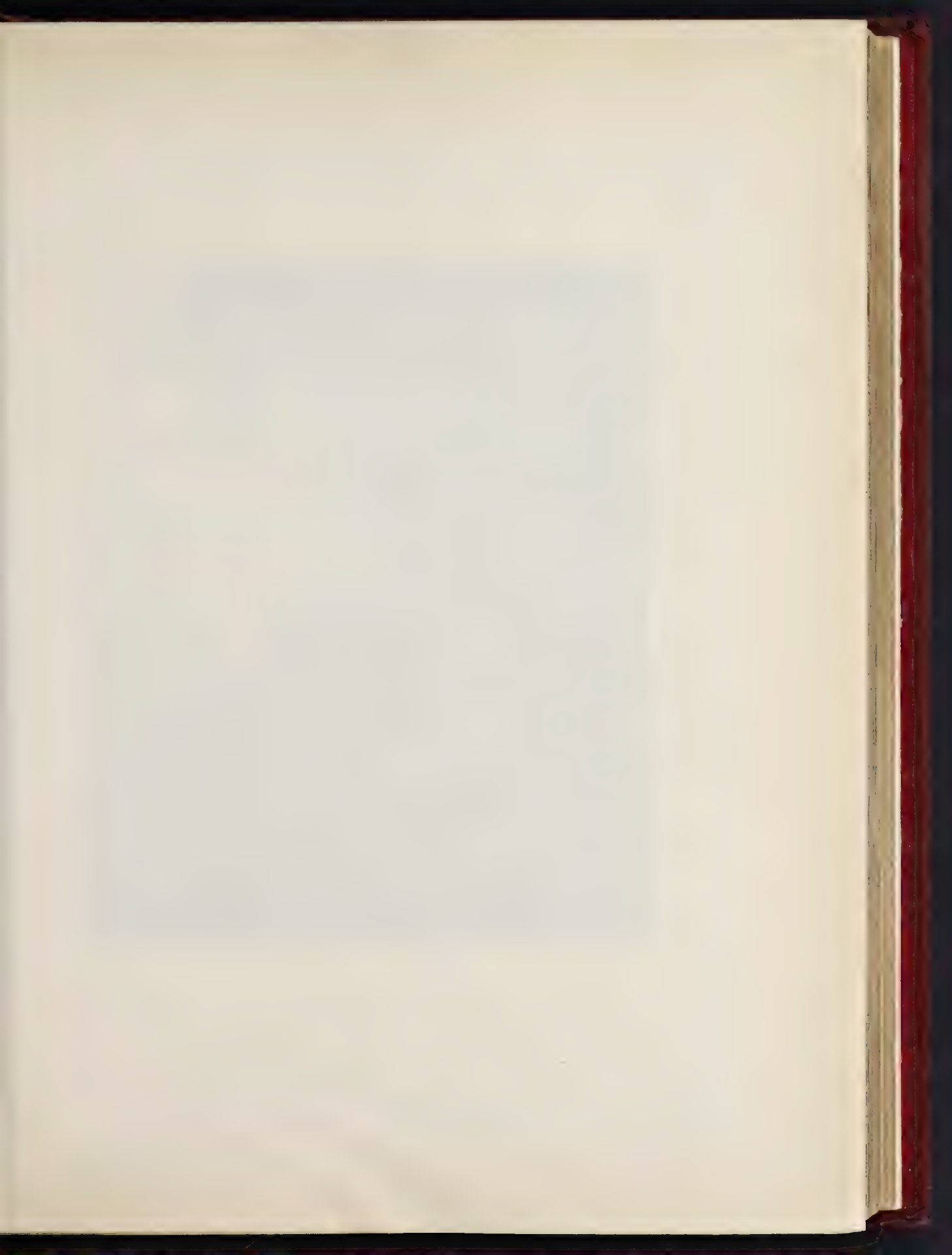
also painted separate portraits in little. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the traditions of the illuminator must have been still alive in England, where the art of decorating manuscripts had reached a level unsurpassed even in France or Italy. The impulse towards a secular use of the art seems to have been given by Holbein. At any rate the first English miniaturist of whom we have any substantial knowledge is his disciple, Nicholas Hilliard; and yet a phrase used by Hilliard himself suggests that he was not confined to a single exemplar: "Holbein's manner of limning I have ever imitated, and hold it for the best," he declares in his essay on miniature painting. Certain it is, too, that when we turn from Holbein to the Englishman we find the latter animated by an entirely non-Teutonic spirit. In no portrait by the great German is there any visible pre-occupation with elegance as we understand the word. That he was very far from being insensible to a somewhat formal kind of grace we know from his designs for goldsmithery, but in portraiture he was content with dignity of arrangement and fidelity of interpretation. Even in his most graceful works, such as the Duke of Norfolk's "Christina, Duchess of Milan," we find little trace of that peculiar elegance of movement, of that subtly careless harmony of line, in which Hilliard is so rich. One of the best of this master's works is the portrait of himself, now or recently in the collection of Mr. Jeffrey Whitehead. Contrast it with Holbein's miniature of the little Duke of Suffolk at Windsor, and you will see at once the radical difference between the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon. The Holbein is entirely natural, absolutely sincere, and realised as completely as if it were a life-size portrait. In the Hilliard you will discover a touch of artifice and an abundant slightness of execution. But the movement is full of elegance, while the head and figure are admirable in contour, and occupy the field with extraordinary felicity. Holbein posed his sitters, perhaps even dressed them, with the greatest solicitude, and then copied the result. Hilliard selected like an impressionist, and never lost sight either of elegance or of the exact form and scale of the narrow surface on which his work had to be carried out. And in this he was perhaps the first exponent of the principles which have governed the better English portrait-painters from his day to our own.

After Hilliard came the Olivers, Isaac and Peter. Isaac began in a style which may be easily confounded with that of Hilliard, but as time went on he simplified his manner, until at last he painted in a dry, over-systematic fashion

which inclines one towards belief in the theory that his blood was partly French. Two of his finest miniatures are Lord Derby's "Countess of Essex" and the portrait of himself in the Royal Collection at Windsor. The latter is a little miracle of execution, and leaves the comparatively shallow art of Hilliard far behind. His larger miniatures—the "Henry, Prince of Wales" and "Sir Philip Sidney," at Windsor; the "Earl of Dorset," at South Kensington—are more ambitious and elaborate, but in them the qualities we are tracing are less conspicuously displayed. Peter Oliver and the Hoskinses—if we accept the tradition of two, father and son—supply the transition from the later and dryer manner of Isaac to the freer and broader methods which began to prevail in the reign of Charles I. This improvement is generally put down entirely to the credit of Van Dyck, but dates cast some doubt upon such a conclusion. The change seems to have begun before the Fleming settled in England. We can point to miniatures dated before 1632, the year of his arrival, which are conceived and executed entirely in the style associated with his example. Van Dyck paid indeed a short visit to this country in 1621, and perhaps another ten years later. But it was not until 1632 that he came to stay, and began his great series of English portraits. Again it must not be forgotten that Van Dyck's manner, both of conceiving and carrying out a picture, underwent a notable change when he entered the service of Charles I. He was, in fact, one of the most adaptable of all great painters. His art went through four distinct phases, and it passed from one to the other with extraordinary rapidity. Before his Italian journey he painted so like Rubens that it takes some experience to distinguish between the two. In Italy he picked up Venetian colour and Genoese dignity with no apparent effort. Back in Antwerp we find him working in a style compounded of Italian and Flemish elements, and then in England he undergoes a fourth transformation. Is it unreasonable to suppose that such a man would be affected by, as much as he would affect, any new *milieu* in which he found himself? The dignity of his Genoese portraits was suggested by his sitters, and so the peculiar distinction which marked his art in England was inspired partly by the grand air which then distinguished the English aristocracy, partly by the methods of interpretation he found in vogue with the humble but not inefficient native painters. There is no denying the fact that before he crossed the Channel English miniaturists had already begun to do work displaying, on a minute

scale, exactly those characteristics which were only to become conspicuous in Van Dyck after 1632. England and the pupil of Rubens acted and reacted on each other. After his advent the shrinking from the Teutonic precision of Holbein was hastened, but facts as well as probabilities are against the theory that the new movement was entirely due to his influence and example.

It is extremely difficult to compare, in any convincing way, the work of a miniaturist with that of a painter at large. No one, perhaps, will deny that a great artist can show his greatness just as easily on the back of a playing card as on a Sistine ceiling, but the mechanical difficulties of work on a large scale come in to pervert our judgment, and to make us refuse to set a miniaturist on the same plane as an equally gifted person working to the scale of life. It is, therefore, with some diffidence that I venture to suggest that in Samuel Cooper Van Dyck had a successor equal, in specific endowment, to himself. Cooper had by far the stronger grip on character. In his better miniatures we meet individualities more unmistakable than any we can find in Van Dyck. No portrait by the Fleming, not even the finest of the Charleses or the "Cornelius Van der Gheest" of the National Gallery, brings us into such intimate relation with a personality as Samuel Cooper continually does. His portraits of Cromwell, of Charles II., of James II., of Edmund Waller, of Monk, to name a few of the best, are historical documents vastly more trustworthy than a State paper. And how profoundly artistic they are also! Each occupies its narrow surface to perfection, each is a masterpiece of design, of drawing, of modelling, and even of colour; and each stops exactly where it should. There is no effort to tell more than the conditions will allow, no attempt to rival work on a larger scale. Solicitude is concentrated on the heads, and there every touch helps to add intensity to the artist's record of the man before him. A fine Cooper is a triumph of selection, of precision in the right place, of suggestion in the right place, of balance and harmony all over. Some of his virtues were inherited by his pupils and successors, Laurence Crosse, Thomas Flatman—who occasionally came very near to the master himself—the Dixons, and others of less importance; but, speaking broadly, the first great period of English miniature painting came to an end with the close of the seventeenth century. It fell for a time mainly into the hands of derelict foreigners, dull dogs mostly, whose



LANDSCAPE. ? 1701

Mrs. Joseph



work is without individuality or charm. It was to revive later and have a second period of glory, but it was never again to develop such a consummate artist as Samuel Cooper.

Now what is it that distinguishes our English miniaturists from their rivals on the Continent and gives them their own peculiar charm? Is it not, to put it shortly, a finer sense of the limitations of their art? Do they not show an instinctive perception of those constituents of the intelligent human animal which will tell to advantage when reproduced on a very small scale? French and German miniaturists almost invariably give their works the air of reduced pictures. On a surface of two or three square inches they reproduce detail so elaborately that the result looks too often like a mechanical reduction from a larger work. Many of their portraits would lose little or nothing by being enormously magnified, an experiment which would play havoc with any Englishman with, perhaps, a single exception. John Smart's best miniatures are quite extraordinary for their fusion of surface, and for the completeness of their modelling. In these respects, indeed, they excel all other English things of the kind, and even the most elaborate of the French School. But Smart was an exception, to be classed, from the æsthetic point of view, rather with enamellers than with miniature painters proper, and, in any case, he belongs to a period later than that with which we are now concerned. From the days of Nicholas Hilliard down to the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century, English miniaturists were distinguished by the qualities to which I have alluded. Both in conception and in execution they were more immediately controlled by the peculiar conditions of their art than their foreign rivals. They understood that a portrait no bigger than a crown piece should not aim at the encyclopædic treatment suitable to an eight-foot canvas. When a sitter presented himself, they saw that certain aspects, certain details of his personality, would lend themselves to reproduction on a minute scale, and would, after fitting treatment, result in a work of art thoroughly organised within itself, bearing a pleasant relation to the surface on which it existed, to the means by which it was created, and to the purpose to which it was to be put. They made no attempt to astonish with their skill or to pose for anything but what they were. In a word they were content to work simply and sincerely under the conditions imposed by their *métier*.

We see then that from the very beginning of anything like portrait paint-

ing in England, by Englishmen, certain traditions, habits, or predilections began to establish themselves. Speaking generally, these were confined to the native painters, and were not shared by the foreigners who worked by their sides. To recapitulate is to be more tedious than ever, but even so I must repeat the idea I wish to impress upon the reader. The really distinguished foreigners who worked here were Holbein, Cornelis Janssen Van Ceulen, Van Dyck, and Sir Peter Lely; Rubens was a meteor, who shone in the English sky only for a moment, and Kneller was a nobody. Holbein was practically unaffected by his English *milieu*. His art remained what it was before he came here at all, and we cannot claim to have changed him in the least—except in so far as a Duke of Norfolk was more picturesque than a Swiss burgomaster. Cornelis Janssen, again, was entirely a Dutchman—in spite of the possibility that he was English by birth—and in Holland he painted his best pictures. Van Dyck was of different metal. His art was modified wherever he went. In Antwerp he realised Flemish ideals; in Genoa, Genoese; in England, English. His influence upon the painters in London was as if he had apostrophised them thus: "I see the material you have to work upon and what you are trying to do with it; quite right, but have more courage; do it thus, and thus!" He did not say, like Torrigiano, "You are beasts of English," you are all wrong, begin again at the beginning. He simply put himself at their head, combined their ideals with his own, and worked the combination up to something like perfection. Lely repeated the experiment, from a lower but even more sympathetic standpoint. His equipment came from Van Dyck, but early in his career he began to direct it to very English aims. For one reason and another the great ability of Sir Peter Lely has never won a proper recognition. Technically, I think he has more right to the credit of having founded the English school of painting than any one else. He was the first to modify the practice of Van Dyck in declared sympathy with the English genius, the first to apply the large and sound methods of the Dutch and Flemings to the more selective conceptions which he found popular in this country. In most people's minds he is bracketed with the far inferior Kneller, and even by serious critics his pictures are dismissed as if they were little more than fashion plates. And yet without going even so far as Hampton Court, you may see pictures which prove him to have been the real link between Van Dyck and the English miniaturists on the

one hand, and the school led by Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and Romney on the other. The National Portrait Gallery, among other things, possesses a portrait of the Comtesse de Grammont—"La Belle Hamilton"—in which the distinctive features of English painting a century later are foreshadowed with curious completeness.* Reynolds, especially, is anticipated. The fat impasto, the glowing transparent colour, the poetic landscape,† all these suggest a comparison with Reynolds which they can well sustain. The arrangement is less elegant than Sir Joshua would have made it—in this particular indeed the picture is inferior to most Lelys—but for the rest it would, even taken alone, justify what has been said as to its author's place in the development of English painting. And there is no need to take it alone. Other pictures in the same Gallery, the "Mrs. Jane Middleton," the "Nell Gwynn," the "Moll Davis," the "Duke of Buckingham," as well as the famous beauties at Hampton Court, all lead us to the same conclusion. Lely was the first picture painter to show in any considerable degree those characteristics which have been distinctively English ever since his death. But for our own "little masters," who had worked minutely in the same spirit, he would deserve to be called the real father of our school. As it is, he was only a capable Dutchman, with the great tradition of his country in his blood and a generous infusion of that kind of sympathy which makes a Saxon witty—and a little cantankerous!—when he settles west of St. George's Channel. Apart from Van Dyck and Lely, the crowd of foreigners who worked in England stood on one side of any real line of descent in our national Art. They either, like Holbein, drew upon qualities in which the Anglo-Saxon is deficient, or they failed, like the Moreelses, the Honthorsts, and even the really great Cornelis Janssen Van Ceulen, to excite his emulation at all.

It would be easy to carry this line of argument into other matters, and to show how the perennial characteristics of all British art are those we have traced down through the miniaturists to the portrait painters of the eighteenth century. *Virtuosité* has never been an English virtue. At no time have our

* Strangely enough, in this particular version of her features, Lely has abandoned his usual habit of flattery, and has painted the Hamilton not so very *belle*. Her identity with the sumptuous "St. Catherine" at Hampton Court is nevertheless obvious.

† This may have been adapted by Lely from some landscape by Cornelis Huysmans, to whose work it bears a strong affinity.

artists, of any kind, made an elaborate mastery of their tools an end for its own sake. Like the Venetians, the best among them have concentrated themselves on the particular æsthetic emotion which stirred them at the time. And so in none of our creative activities do we find the diffused patience of the German or the logic of the Frenchman, any more than we find such national peculiarities as the sombre spirituality of the Spaniard or the Dutchman's adoration of his material. The Anglo-Saxon is content to lay down his brush as soon as he has expressed the emotion with which he took it up. Very few English works of art are open to the praise so often lavished on polish. When "Opus Anglicanum" made the needles of English ladies famous all over Christendom, it gave, perhaps, the only example we can point to of an English art excelling that of foreigners in finish. The fact is curious, because the converse is the rule in matters industrial. Guns, engines, cutlery, locks, and countless other things which depend for efficiency upon nicety of finish are better made here than elsewhere. Hence we may conclude that the feature in our arts just alluded to is not due to a national incapacity for taking pains. So far as it can be referred to any outside cause, it probably arises from the mere absence of a laborious tradition. During those early centuries when such elaboration as he could compass was demanded from every artist, painting in this country had scarcely begun. Englishmen—and for many reasons it was greatly to their loss—escaped those tentative years during which the conscious effort of other schools was given to painful attempts at illusion. Our early masters had comparative freedom before their eyes, and could begin with that free play of selection to which primitive schools could only arrive after a long wrestle with the object. The distinctive features of our national art correspond to the rest of our national character, to its promptness, its energy, its preference of practical conclusions before logical approaches, and to its comparative neglect, at all times and in all connections, of what the modern critic means by "form."

Before I bring this chapter to an end I had better say in as few words as possible what I believe our positive national characteristics to be. And I must begin by confessing that before any useful idea on the matter can be arrived at a great mass of what calls itself *art* must be eliminated from the question. In England, for a reason not difficult to guess, there has been an enormous production of sham pictures, especially of painted anecdotes masquerading



DAVID GARRICK, Esq., 1768

Late D. R. Blaine, Esq.



as pictures. Such things do not really belong to the march of art at all. They are the little boys with wooden swords who strut beside the regiment. The people who encourage their makers are those who have more money than culture, a class which is still enormously larger here than in any other country on this side of the Atlantic. The painting, modelling, building, and writing which go on to satisfy their amiable but untutored ambitions, must be excluded from our minds before we can arrive at sound notions about our national capacity for art.

Looking first at those characteristics which are common to all the arts, I think we may fairly set down moderation as one of our national virtues, or defects; a virtue if we look at immediate results, a defect, possibly, if we take into account its influence on the national activities as a whole. Nelson was not content with nineteen ships out of twenty when it was at all possible to capture the lot. This spirit finds little echo in English dealings with art. The pricking desire which drove the French architects into building cathedrals twice as high as Westminster Abbey, and, incidentally, into creating so generous a demand for the subsidiary arts, was far less active in our own builders. The architects of Durham and Norwich, of Lincoln, Salisbury and York, preferred restraint to effort. Their ruling idea was to keep everything within easy control, and so to arrive in the end at a comparatively modest but incontestably more harmonious result. The great Church of Amiens is marvellous in detail, but as a balanced, artistic creation it cannot be compared to Salisbury, or indeed to any one of those English cathedrals which express a single controlling idea. Such an absurdity as Beauvais could never have been conceived in this country. This national love of moderation runs through all our arts, and saves our artists from one of the most fatal of temptations, the temptation to astonish by skill instead of to please by sincerity. Speaking broadly, all those English painters who deserve to be remembered at all confine themselves to simple ideas. They set about a picture on the impulse of a single pictorial notion, they lay down their palettes as soon as that notion is expressed. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. The most ambitious of all painters, the painter who more than any one else forced paint up to and beyond its extremest limit of expression, was an Englishman. And it is just because he so racked his material, stretching it sometimes to the breaking, that the genius of Turner satisfies the painter so much less than

the amateur. Putting Turner aside, we may run through all the names in English art which deserve to live, and we shall find that restraint, moderation, contentment with what paint can easily do, marks them all.

The second characteristic to be noted lies at the root of all true art, and its presence in English painting gives it by far its highest claim to respect. English pictures are seldom without a breath of sincere æsthetic emotion. Our school is conspicuously free from the kind of mistaken energy which has in other countries so often crushed art under displays of archæology, theology, and pictorial gymnastics. We have had too many painters whose sole qualification was sincerity, we have had few with the opposite defect, an abundant skill and nothing relevant to say with it. A comprehensive display of our school might interest the mind over little; it would not chill the senses as they are chilled by Guido and Guercino, by Cornelis Van Haarlem and Martin Heemskerk, by Coypel and Lebrun.

Possessing emotion, the English painter had to be a colourist, for colour is the most sensuous element of the formative arts. In no school, except that of Venice, has the desire for colour expression been so universal as in our own. The key to all fine colour, as colour, is the preservation of inner light, and English painters, even those of the third or fourth rank, have, as a rule, kept that necessity steadily in view. The worst thing about a colour school is that its failures are so disastrously aggressive and conspicuous. One picture full of bad colour will do more to spoil the general effect of a collection than a dozen in which design fails of its point, and this fact has often led to cavillings at the right of our school to be called one of colour at all. This question will have to be gone into in detail later on, when we come to discuss Gainsborough's rank among colourists. At present I must pass on to the only other characteristic of English art that need here be alluded to.

Strictly speaking it is not an artistic quality at all, for it is concerned rather with objective reproduction than with æsthetic expression. Women and children have been painted better in England than anywhere else. English artists have understood them more profoundly, have penetrated more deeply into their distinctive characteristics, have grasped more firmly and displayed with more felicity the perennial differences between man and his companion, than Italian, Spaniard, Frenchman, or Teuton. Raphael and the Venetians painted woman gloriously as a physical type. They reproduced the large, universal constituents

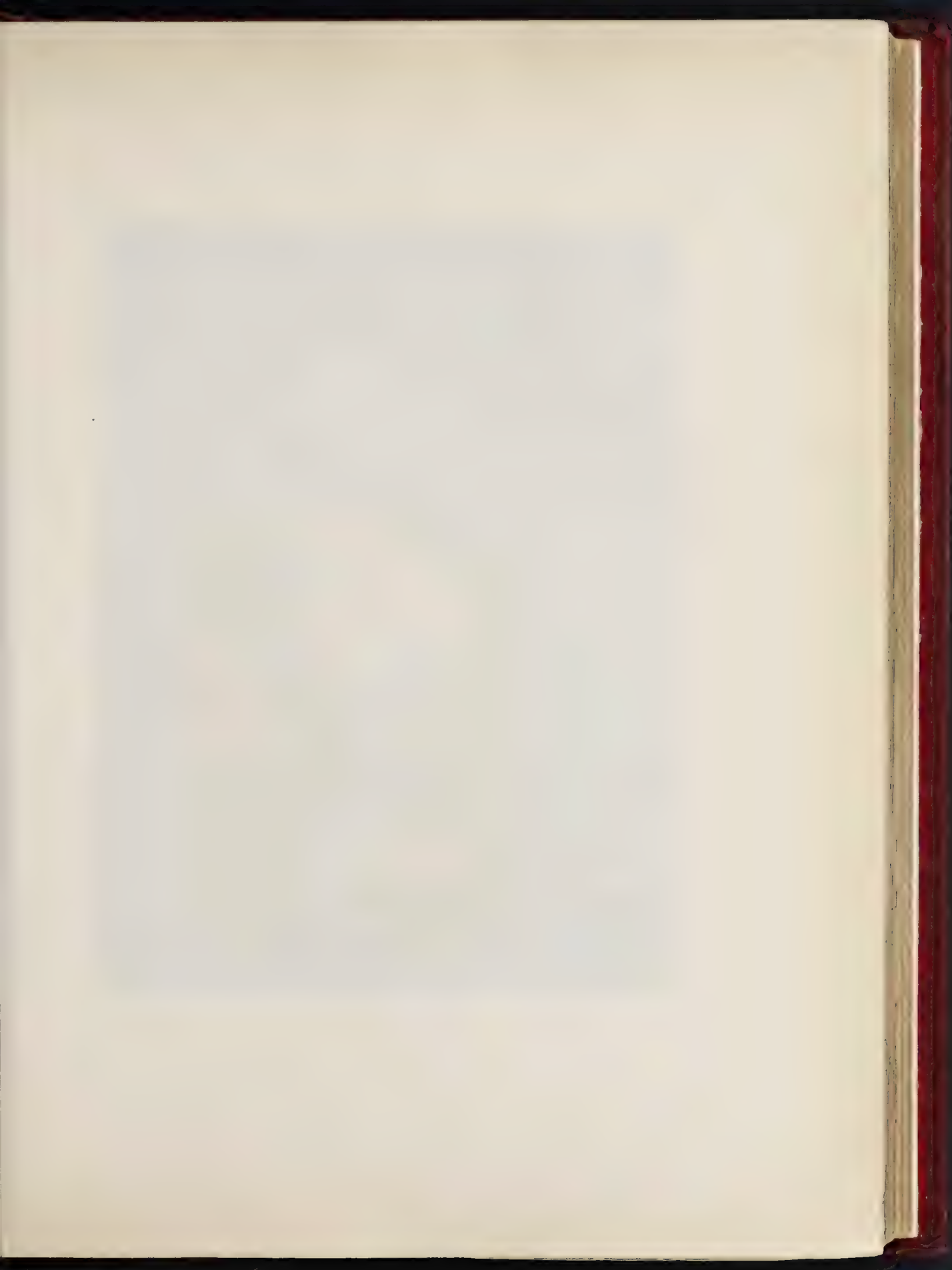
of her beauty with a success which has never been excelled. But the Romans of Sanzio and the North Italians of Giorgione, Titian, Palma, Lotto, Paolo Veronese, and Moretto, superb as they are, are curiously animal. Large, grave, and voluptuous, they seem to stand apart from the main stream of life, as if waiting for that maternity which they accept as their only purpose in the world. None of these men and none of their successors fastened upon those subtle results of generations of culture and worship in which the most intimate charm of woman resides. Woman as man's companion, with a set of qualities complementary to his own, alert where he is dull, pliant where he is rigid, courageous where he shrinks, and cowering where he is bold; woman with her personal witchery, her civilised distinction, her promptness to supplement with instinctive wit the primitive forces of man, woman as mistress, as mother, as, in fact, both prize and cause in all the strife of existence, has been seen with a deeper sympathy and caressed with a lighter hand, by our English painters than by any of their rivals.

This superiority depends on some permanent characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, for it runs through the whole of our school. We do not need to go to Gainsborough, or Reynolds, or Romney, to find justice done to the fairer half of humanity. English painters of the second and third rank, in fact of as many ranks as you choose to divide the possibilities of art into, can suggest the beauty, the affection and the wit of woman, even when they can do little else. Hogarth, whose purpose scarcely included objective beauty, could not paint an unattractive woman without taking refuge in the grotesque, while such men as Morland, Wheatley, Rowlandson, and even the coarse Gillray, could hardly avoid making their women lovely even in the most unlovely situations. It would not be too much to say that English artists seem to have so compelling a sense of the qualities which make for female charm that they find it almost impossible to suppress them even when their presence is embarrassing. It would be tedious to multiply instances of what I mean, but in these days when everything painted between the accession of George I. and the death of George IV. is so eagerly sought out and displayed, readers can have no difficulty in thinking of many for themselves. Quentin La Tour was a greater artist than John Russell, but the one quality he misses is the charm so readily won by the other. The French miniaturists were better equipped than their English rivals, but not one among them approached Cosway, or Smart, or Engleheart in the comprehension of the

feminine armoury. To all this I can only think of one conspicuous exception among English artists. Charles Keene saw most things, but his eye failed to grasp the spirit of the curves which make for human beauty. His women never show the combination of wit with softness, of alert intelligence with adaptability, which is the female note. They are born spinsters, independent, angular, and humorous. Putting Keene aside, we may start with the followers of Van Dyck and come down through those of Lely, Hogarth, Reynolds and Lawrence to the present day, and through bad art and good art alike, we shall find running the savour of feminine charm.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE 1782 4.
Gainsborough 10-87 17



MRS. HENRY FANE. ? 1772

E. Raphael, Esq.





THE PAINTERS DAUGHTERS 1756
JOHN CONSTABLE PAINTED.

CHAPTER II

THE "EAST NEUK" OF SUFFOLK



OW are we to explain the apparently curious fact that no great landscape painter has been born among grandiose scenery? Those particular districts of Europe which are famous for their beauty have given birth to few artists of any kind, and, so far as my knowledge goes, to not one single landscape painter of the first or even of the second rank. The only school the members of which were, in any considerable proportion, natives of districts endowed with much natural sublimity, is the Italian, and that is precisely the school in which landscape painting occupies the smallest part. Switzerland, Tyrol, Southern Italy, the most scenic parts of France, of England and Scotland, of Norway,

all these we should search in vain for the birthplace of any recorder of their own or any other country's charms. Claude was born in Lorraine, Rubens in Westphalia or perhaps in Antwerp, Ruysdael and Hobbema among the canals of Western Holland. Turner first saw the light a few yards from the Strand, Gainsborough and Constable among the cornfields of Suffolk, Crome at Norwich. Rousseau and Corot were born in Paris, Troyon at Sèvres. There is nothing surprising in the fact that no painter, or at most only one, has succeeded in doing much with great scenery. Things perfect in themselves do not easily submit to the modulation of the artist. The Parthenon is infinitely less pictorial than a thatched cottage, a Derby winner than a broken-down cart-horse, the Jungfrau than a Netherlandish polder. Even a beautiful girl is not really so picturesque as an ugly old woman, but in her case we relax the otherwise peremptory demand for personal expression and allow objectivity to have its turn. Why, in this one instance, we should be so ready to allow imitation to encroach upon creation it is, perhaps, not difficult to understand. The eye has so keen a sense of the subtleties of the human form that the works of Monsieur Jules Lefebvre, and of others like him, are, perhaps, more creative *qu'ils n'en ont l'air!* However that may be, it is quite certain that objects with a commanding and balanced beauty of their own are not, as a rule, good themes for the artist. Their balance is too strong and complete for easy submission to the impress of another individuality. This is quite enough to account for the avoidance of such themes as the Alps by all but greatly daring persons like Turner. It does not explain, of course, why great landscape painters are not born among the mountains. Mountaineers are supposed to be more affected than other people by love of home, and their poetry depends more than that of lowlanders upon interest in nature's phenomena and a comprehension of her moods. But here perhaps, we get a hint of the true explanation. The ideas excited by fine scenery are better fitted for expression in words than in paint, and so the artistic temperaments which come into the world among the hills turn into Wordsworths rather than into Gainsboroughs and Corots. It is upon the plains or in the streets of cities that nearly all the great painters of landscape have first opened their eyes on the world.

The particular quality in Nature's face which is most valuable to the artist is that which can best be described by the French word *intimité*. Things

not too large, things which can not only be seen as a whole but possessed, as it were, by the eye and the tactile imagination: things which can be sauntered round and realised in their three dimensions, things which fit affectionately into the things about them, which do not brag of their size or sublimity, or of any kind of unusualness; things in happy measure—country roads pleasantly proportioned to the trees which line them, cottages snuggling, like cosy domestic beasts, under their shading elms, lanes wandering lazily round gentle elevations; things, above all, which invite the manipulation, the inevitable re-arrangement, of art; all these attract the landscape painter and give him his true opportunity. Great roads stretching emphatically away to distant horizons, mountains dwarfing everything in their neighbourhood, valleys asserting themselves in some great dominant curve, waterfalls like Niagara, the sea at large and its first cousin the African desert—on these the creative painter, the painter who wishes to make something of his own, instinctively turns his back. They disconcert his powers by setting too wide a gulf between conception and realisation, and force him to confess the weakness of his material rather than to prove its capacity. A painter like Turner, whose boyhood was familiar with the squalor of a great city, may run now and then to another extreme, and wrestle with problems of light and colour which paint can never thoroughly solve. We are sometimes told we ought to judge an artist by his intentions rather than by his performances, but to do so would be against the whole spirit of art. In a sense, of course, we allow for intention in making up our admirations, as, for instance, when we prefer the immature but sincere art of the early Bolognese to the empty proficiency of their successors. But, speaking generally, we have a higher respect for the artist who does a modest thing well than for one who does an ambitious thing badly. The ambitious conceptions of a Cornelius have not saved him from being more than half forgotten already, while the management of sunlight in a room keeps de Hoogh still warm in our affections. The intentions of Turner are apt to be non-pictorial as well as over-ambitious. He grapples too often with phenomena which he can only vaguely suggest, and so produces in us a sense of disappointment with paint rather than one of admiration for the painter. The sun playing on the Alps through a gauze of vapour touches the very poignancy of beauty, but no formative art can do more than snatch at it, and excite a memory which soon turns to damn the artist. Sanity,

restraint, an absorbing love for his material coupled with a determination to show its power and to veil its weakness—these are characteristics of the perfect artist, and they lead him to prefer comparatively humble tasks, well within his own and his palette's compass, to those in which achievement lags breathless behind desire.

It may be that the connection here suggested between the scenes among which an artist spends his childhood and his æsthetic gift is quite imaginary, and that the real explanation of the greater artistic fertility of lowlands is to be sought in nothing more recondite than their denser population. However that may be, the fact remains that such scenery as abounds in the English eastern counties has been the foundation of most great landscape art, and so we may fairly congratulate those painters who made their first steps in life between the Yare and the Thames. Our immediate concern is with the nook of country which lies between the Stour and the Orwell. It is what the French call a *côte*, though one on a very moderate scale. The hill-side rises in one long steady slope from the Stour, spreads itself into fields diapered with country lanes and fringed with villages, each village with its own flint-armoured church and its own white-coated rectory, and then stoops slowly to the tidal river, the Orwell, which for a few hours in every day is one of the most beautiful of English streams. The rising flood of population has left this peninsula almost untouched. The builder scarcely knows it, and you may wander in its lanes for hours without seeing a new house, or having to shiver for one of those substitutions of contrived for accidental picturesqueness which are now belittling so much of England. The lanes are deep and devious, bordered with luxuriant hedges, and overhung with those nobly drawn trees, heavy with leafage but full of structure and variety, which only England can show. The fields are dark and rich, like those of Brabant; the rivers, like the lanes, creep among the shadows, expanding now and then into broad bosoms of silent water in which the gleaming processions of the clouds are mirrored. The farms and cottages dotted over the fields are small, white and thatched, with roofs high pitched and tall chimneys, reminding us of the little Dutch homesteads which still sleep among the oaks of Guelderland as they did in the days of Hobbema. It is an ideal nursery for an artist, and the fitness of things was nicely observed when two of our greatest landscape painters first saw the light among its lanes and hedges. And these two men, Gainsborough and Constable, looked upon it all



COUNTESS OF SUSSEX AND LADY
BARBARA YELVERTON

The Lord Burton



at first with eyes curiously alike. Constable, no doubt, had the more independent spirit. His earliest attempts show that he was determined, from the very beginning, to paint what he saw as he saw it, and not to accept a convention from any one else. Gainsborough, on the other hand, began by taking a lead from the Dutchmen in his choice of subject and treatment. The early works of Constable have a consequent freshness which we do not find in those of Gainsborough. The *genius loci* nevertheless had a parallel effect on both. It prevented aberrations and it taught them style, holding them by the fascination of its simple but consummate beauty during those years in which the young painter is most strongly tempted to force his art.

The most exquisite part of all this district is associated more with Constable than Gainsborough. Nothing about Sudbury rivals in beauty the southern slope of the Bergholt peninsula. The bend of the fields down to the Stour, and the short course of that river from the little town of Dedham to its disappearance in the tidal estuary over against Manningtree, form in summer a rich museum of Nature's pictures. At every turn of the lands, at every bend of the stream, fresh combinations present themselves, and each is more delicious than the last. No one with artistic ambitions could walk through such a country and feel no desire to caress it on canvas. Those who know their Constable meet his pictures and sketches at every step, and can recognise, here in a fold of the ground, there in the salutation of some bending tree, the note which arrested his steps, made him spread his camp-stool and open his colour box. Farther to the west and north the pictures crowd less thickly upon each other. The trees disperse, the voluptuous closeness with which Nature packs her beauties along the margin of the Stour disappears, and is replaced by conditions which give more play to the sky, and to those infinite modulations which tempt the eye to a far horizon. This difference in neighbourhoods is accurately reflected in the pictures of the two great painters. Perhaps had their chronology been reversed and Constable been the first comer, their tastes would have been reversed too. It is difficult to imagine the "Cornfield" painted in 1750 and the Wynants-like scenes of Gainsborough's early years in 1825. Almost from the very beginning Constable was a maker of pictures. His earliest landscapes show that he artfully chose a point of view and that he was keenly alive to the pattern his trees, and lanes, and watercourses were about to make. With Gainsborough it was not so to quite the same degree. Many of his early works are rather studies

than pictures. The landscape in oil in the National Gallery of Ireland, here reproduced, is thoroughly characteristic. The influence of Wynants is unmistakable, but the actual work is obviously governed by the wish to become familiar with the forms, tones and textures of the piece of country selected rather than by the creative impulse. Gainsborough, consciously or unconsciously, spent his early years at Ipswich in laying foundations rather than in producing works of art, and this gives unusual importance to his environment. I have been tempted to dwell upon it because it seems to me exactly the right school for a landscape painter, a school in which there was every provision for learning the rudiments and becoming master of the tools, and practically no temptation to wander outside the true province of art. In a future chapter I shall have to describe some of Gainsborough's primitive endeavours, and to show how he, like so many other youthful artists, began by trying to invent compositions out of his head, just as Cuyp invented mountains. But he soon discovered the futility of such a proceeding, and commenced the series of elaborate studies on which the splendid freedom of his later years was built.

It is not so easy to identify his exact sites as it is in the case of Constable. In the course of two or three days' wanderings round East Bergholt and Dedham, a whole regiment of Constable's pictures can be traced to their source. I have tried to do the same with Gainsborough, but with small success. This is partly due, of course, to the greater lapse of time. A century and a half divide us from the days when he explored the Suffolk fields. The materials, moreover, for many of his early landscapes are too slight for identification unless the seeker has unusual luck. An old stile overhung by a single tree, the corner of a sand-pit with a winding road beside it, the edge of a waste land which may now be hidden under the suburbs of Ipswich—to look for these is like the proverbial search for a needle in a 'bottle of hay.' In Gainsborough's time the population of Ipswich was less than ten thousand; it is now about six times as much. In 1760 its streets were among the most picturesque in England. Mr. John Cobbold, at the Holy Wells, just outside the town, has a series of water-colour drawings of Ipswich made about a century ago. These show the streets and open squares to have been lined with those picturesque half-timbered and elaborately plastered houses of which a few relics still remain to reproach the present age. A town like that, small and trim, and set among those well-wooded undulations which still preserve

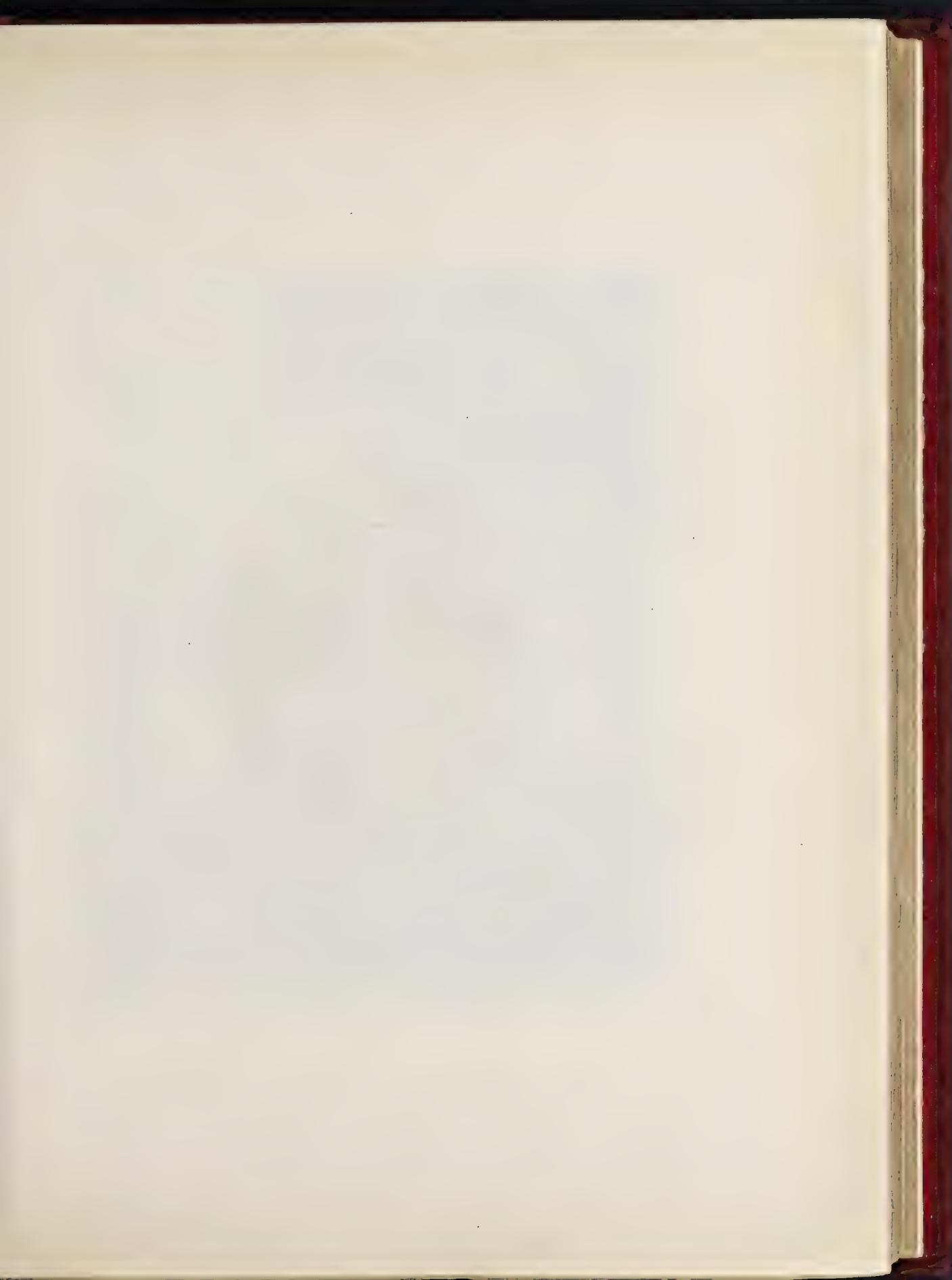
their charm in spite of tall chimneys and other signs of 'progress,' was bound to affect the prepossessions of an artist. In spite of its transformation we can trace the character of its site in many of Gainsborough's early works. The fall of the ground, the peculiar carriage of the trees, the very sky which rolls above it, seem to strike a note of their own, and that note recurs in many a landscape like the Landguard Fort and Cornard Wood. It is now a hundred and forty years since Gainsborough left Ipswich for Bath, so that even in the lane a mile or so from the town which still bears his name, it would be unreasonable to look for many recognisable features. But in the disposition of the ground and the lines of hedgerow and coppice we find reminders of his work and confirmations of the assertion he used to make in after life, that Suffolk had made him an artist. The whole question of the influence of East Anglia on her painters is most interesting. If we add the members of the Norwich school to Gainsborough and Constable, we are faced by the curious fact that one corner of England at once produced a considerable school of landscape painters and stamped her own individuality on their works. Put into so many words this seems natural enough, but it is difficult to think of any other instance of so strong a reaction between the artist and his native soil. The Dutch landscape painters loved to get away from the flats and sky-domes of Holland, the French to exchange their native fields for the trees and rocks of Fontainebleau, the non-eastern English to find their themes in Wales, in Scotland, in Italy. Constable, Crome, Vincent and Stark, even Cotman himself, the most eclectic of the school, were all nursed by the soil on which they were born, and if in after years they now and then went abroad for their subjects, it was on the inspiration of their native fields that their most sympathetic work was done.

With Gainsborough, no doubt, the case was slightly different. His gift for painting men and women came in to complicate his career. At an early age he deserted the country for the town, and thenceforth his work at landscape had to be fitted into the intervals of portraiture and controlled by its requirements. His landscapes grew steadily less iconic and more ideal, until at last they put on so generalised an aspect that we feel tempted to call this branch of his activity landscape-painting in the abstract, and its results the souls of landscape without the bodies. But in spite of all this the real fields never lost their power over his

fancy. He never sank into artificiality. He never saw landscape through the eyes of the scene-painter, or the dancing-master, or the Editor of the Classical Dictionary. The true spirit of rural England breathes through all he did, and in his last pictures, as in his first, the roots of his inspiration seek the memories of his native Suffolk.



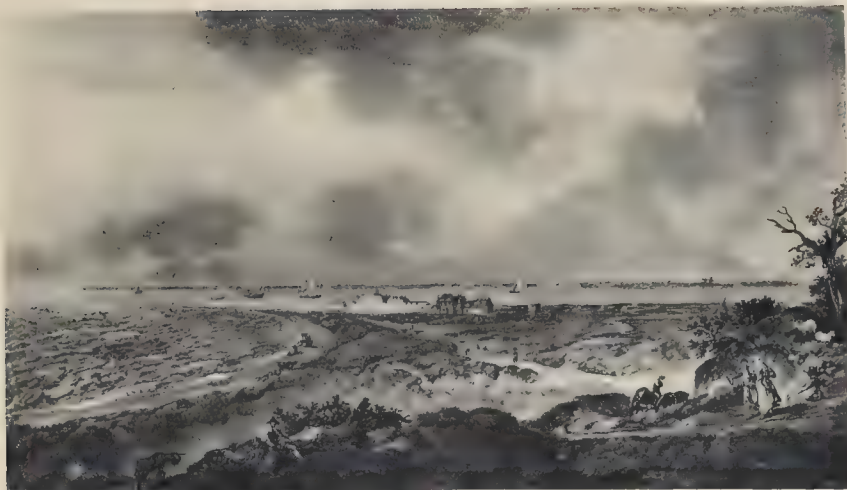
LORD ARCHIBALD HAMILTON (1782)
Painted by Thomas Gainsborough



THE HARVEST WAGGON

L. Phillips, Esq.





LANDGUARD FORT

CHAPTER III

GAINSBOROUGH'S FAMILY, BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS—HIS MASTERS—
GRAVELOT—HAYMAN



THE first difficulty biographers of Gainsborough have to face lies in that dearth of small but important facts which makes such a contrast between his career and that of his great rival, Sir Joshua. So long ago as 1797 John Thomas Smith, the well known Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, begged Constable to collect information during one of his visits to the neighbourhood of Ipswich. The result is shown in the following letter:—

"DEAR FRIEND SMITH,

"EAST BERGHOLT, 7th May, 1797.

"If you remember in my last I promised to write again soon and tell what I could about Gainsborough. I hope you will not think me

negligent when I inform you that I have not been able to learn anything of consequence respecting him: I can assure you it is not for want of asking that I have not been successful, for indeed I have talked with those who knew him. I believe in Ipswich they did not know his value till they had lost him. He belonged to something of a musical club in that town, and painted some of their portraits in a picture of a choir; it is said to be very curious. I heard it was in Colchester; I shall endeavour to see it before I come to town, which will be soon. He was generally the butt of the company, and his wig was to them a fund of amusement, as it was often snatched from his head and thrown about the room, &c.; but enough of this, I shall now give you a few lines, verbatim, which my friend, Dr. Hamilton, of Ipswich, was so good as to send me. . . .

"I have not been neglectful of the inquiries respecting Gainsborough, but have learned nothing worth your notice. There is no vale or grove distinguished by his name in this neighbourhood.* There is a place up the river side where he often sat to sketch, on account of the beauty of the landscape, its extensiveness and richness in variety, both in the fore and back grounds. It comprehended Bramford and other distant villages on one side; and on the other side of the river extended towards Nacton, &c. Freston alehouse must have been near, for it appears he has introduced the Boot signpost in many of his best pictures. . . ."

"This, my dear friend, is the little all I have yet gained, but though I have been unsuccessful, it does not follow that I should relinquish my inquiries. If you want to know the exact time of his birth, I will take a ride over to Sudbury, and look into the register. There is an exceeding fine picture of his painting at Mr. Kilderby's,† in Ipswich. . . .

"Thine Sincerely,

"JOHN CONSTABLE."

The allusions to Gainsborough in the letters of his contemporaries are curiously few. Romney, who lived an even more retired life, is far oftener mentioned. The chief cause of the silence was, no doubt, Gainsborough's preference for friends of a class to which the pen is a strange and fearsome instrument over those who wrote letters and kept diaries. It must be

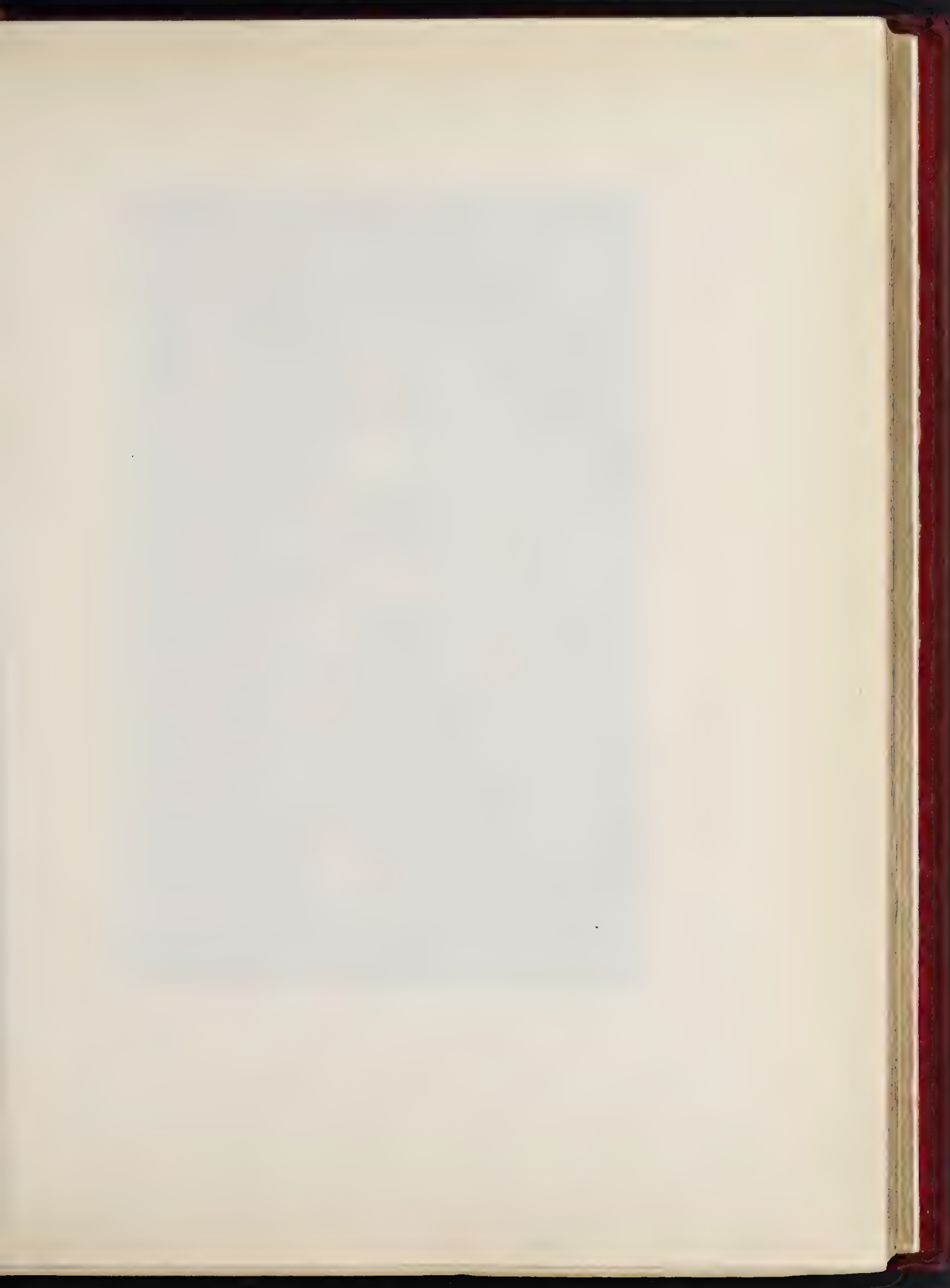
* Here Dr. Hamilton was mistaken; "Gainsborough's Lane" is about a mile from Ipswich.

† Probably the "Mall in St. James's Park," which then belonged to Kilderbee.

remembered, too, that his career in London was comparatively short. The years during which habits and a circle of friends are most easily formed were passed in Ipswich and Bath, and what little we can tell about the domestic conditions of the painter we learn mostly from those who knew him in the provinces. He was born in the early days of May 1727, at Sudbury, in Suffolk. His actual birthplace was a picturesque old house on the confines of the town, which had been an inn, by the sign of the Black Horse. Its appearance has been preserved to us in an engraving by Finden, but the building has disappeared, and its exact locality cannot now be identified. Thomas was the youngest of nine children. His father was variously described as a clothier, a milliner, a crape manufacturer, a shroud maker, and as, on occasion, a respectable smuggler. We are told that he was a Dissenter, and that his wife, the painter's mother, belonged to the Church of England. Here, however, there is reason to believe that the facts have been reversed. Gainsborough the elder was a handsome man, of good manners, extremely careful of his dress, an excellent citizen, upright in his commercial dealings, kind and considerate with those about him. Stories are told, too, which show him to have been gifted with a vein of humour. One night, says Fulcher, he was travelling homewards in a light cart in which a keg of "free" brandy had been disposed among a number of shrouds, the staple of his more legitimate trade, when he was stopped by an inquisitive exciseman. "What have you in your cart, Mr. Gainsborough?" "I'll show you," he cried, and snatching up a shroud he wrapped his tall figure in it to the discomfiture of the gauger. Fulcher also tells us that, when in full dress, he always wore a sword, and possessed, moreover, the skill of a ready fencer, being equally expert with both hands. This was an unusual accomplishment for a tradesman, and confirms the notion that Gainsborough senior was a very remarkable person. He refused, we are told, to press for his dues from those to whom payment was inconvenient, and so lost much money. He was also in the habit of foregoing the "toll" on spinners' wages exacted by other masters in his trade, and so, perhaps, we need feel no surprise that, in 1733, when his son Thomas was but six years old, he was gazetted a bankrupt. He died on the 29th of October, 1748, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Gregory, Sudbury. His wife, whose maiden name was Burroughs, seems to have been worthy of her mate. She was well educated, and,

we are told, was an accomplished flower-painter. She lived to see her son well forward on the road to fame, and died at Sudbury on the 24th of May, 1769. She was buried in the graveyard of the Independent Meeting House, which, taken in connection with the fact that her husband had been interred in the churchyard of St. Gregory's more than twenty years before, seems to cast a doubt on the assertions of Fulcher and others as to the religious tenets of Gainsborough's father and mother. It is not likely that the Dissenter was buried in the churchyard and the churchwoman in the shadow of the Independent chapel. Altogether the glimpses we catch across a century and a half give a pleasant impression of the painter's father and mother, and this is confirmed by the little we know of their sons and daughters. We are told that the only member of the family who was not a burden on the father was Thomas himself, but this can only be partially true. For all the four daughters were married, Mary to a Dissenting minister at Bath, named Gibbon; Susannah to Mr. Gardiner of the same city; Sarah to Mr. Dupont, and Elizabeth to Mr. Bird, both of Sudbury. The three elder sons, John, Humphry, and Robert, were all failures from the worldly standpoint, but the little we know of their characters leaves us with a sneaking kindness for them all. The fourth, Mathias, died as a child.

John, commonly known about his native town as "Scheming Jack," was the eldest of the family. He really seems, like his younger brother Humphry, of whom I shall have to speak presently, to have been gifted with considerable genius for mechanics. Unfortunately those who have recorded his achievements appear to have been quite destitute of any such gift themselves, and so it is difficult to understand what "Scheming Jack" really did invent. He seems, however, to have hit upon the principle of the turbine, for what else can Thicknesse mean by a "wheel that turned in a still bucket of water"? A metal turbine, laid on the water in a bucket, would turn as it sank to the bottom. Unhappily, like so many other inventors, Jack had been denied the faculty for contriving links between invention and profits. The cradle which rocked itself and the "cuckoo which sang all the year round" were toys, but the turbine offered possibilities which some one about him ought to have recognised. A chronometer, built in competition for the Government prize of £20,000, which was won by Harrison, had better luck, for, though unsuccessful in the competition, it was awarded a sum of money for its



THE HON. ANNE DUNCOMBE

The Lord Rothschild



ingenuity. In his "Sketch of the Life of Thomas Gainsborough," Philip Thicknesse describes a visit he paid to "Scheming Jack" about the year 1768. His account is so interesting that I may be forgiven for quoting it in full, although it travels to some extent over ground already covered.

"I never saw John Gainsborough but once," he says, "and that is more than twenty years ago; but passing through Sudbury, where he has always resided, I visited him as a friend of his brother's, but previously to seeing him had sat an hour with his wife and, I think, seven daughters. It was on a Sunday morning, and I found them all clean, but clothed in the most humble manner. These females seemed all endowed with good sense, but their countenances, even the children's, were overcast with distress. I had taken an opportunity to give the eldest daughter a guinea (for I knew the character of the father) before he appeared, but the mother, perceiving what I had done, said, 'God certainly sent you, sir, for we have a piece of beef for dinner but no bread to eat with it.' I was shocked at this information and asked her whether Mr. Gainsborough, her brother, did not assist them. 'Oh, yes,' said she, 'he often sends us five guineas, but the instant my husband gets it he lays it all out in brasswork to discover the longitude.' At that moment her longitudinal husband appeared. He would not even suffer me to tell him my name, nor that I was a friend of his brother's, but brought forward his brasswork, and after showing me how nearly it was complete, observed that he only wanted two guineas to complete it. I could scarcely detect whether his deranged imagination or his wonderful ingenuity was most to be admired, but I informed him that I had not capacity to comprehend the genius of his unfinished works, and therefore wished him to show me such as were completed. He then showed me a cradle which rocked itself, a cuckoo which sang all the year round, and a wheel that turned in a still bucket of water. He informed me that he had visited Mr. Harrison and his timepiece, but, said he, 'Harrison made no account of me in my shabby coat, for he had lords and dukes with him, but after he had showed the lords that a great motion to the machine would in no way affect its regularity, I whispered him to give it a gentle motion,' a suggestion which, he seems to say, disturbed Harrison considerably. A man at Colchester made the first smoke-jack, and John Gainsborough walked over to see it. The inventor refused to let the eye of a rival 'artist' fall upon it. He boasted, however, that it would roast a

whole sheep, upon which 'Scheming Jack' declared that he would go home and make one to roast a whole ox, which he did! I then took leave," concludes Thicknesse, "of this eccentric and unfortunate man without giving him the two guineas he solicited, and now lament he has lost the aid of his excellent brother, for, alas! without aid he cannot subsist, and must be verging upon fourscore years of age, for I think he was twenty years older than his youngest brother."

John Gainsborough added some little flirtation with painting to his other pursuits, but the only definite knowledge we have of his proceedings in this direction is contained in the tragedy of a signboard, as related by Fulcher. It seems that "on one occasion he was waited on by the landlord of a village inn, 'The Bull,' who was ambitious of having a new sign 'by Gainsborough,' but restricted the price to twenty shillings. John demanded thirty: Boniface, however, was inexorable—he would not advance by a single sixpence. The artist described in glowing colours the prospective merits of the picture, and, in addition to other recommendations, mentioned that the bull should be drawn fastened down with a gold chain, in itself worth ten shillings. Still the landlord would not raise his terms. The bargain was struck, the sign painted and hung up before the ale-house, where it swung to and fro, the admiration of the villagers and the envy of all the other publicans, till a heavy shower falling one night washed out every vestige of the animal. . . . The landlord waited upon 'Scheming Jack' for an explanation. 'It is your own fault,' said the indignant painter, 'I would have chained him down for ten shillings and you would not let me; the bull, therefore, finding himself at liberty, has run away!'" It was, of course, a distempered bull. John Gainsborough remained an inventor to the end of his life. Fulcher puts some strain on our credulity by asserting that, when very advanced in age, he started from Sudbury on a journey to India, to test his chronometer. In any case he got no farther than London, where he was taken ill and died. After his death, says Fulcher, his house at Sudbury was found to be filled with models of every size and shape, nearly all unfinished.

Humphry, the second son, was almost a repetition of the first. He had the same mechanical genius and the same inability to turn it to profit. Fortunately he also had a profession, for he was an Independent minister, with a chapel at Henley-on-Thames. His most important inspiration seems

to have been that of the steam condenser. Here again the accounts which have come down to us are a little vague, but they seem to show that he hit upon the notion of providing a steam-engine with a separate condenser at least as soon as its actual patentee. The story goes that he was called upon, at Henley, by a stranger to whom he confidently explained his models, and that this stranger was in some way connected with Watt, who afterwards took out his famous patent. Thicknesse tells us that after Humphry Gainsborough's death, which took place in 1776, his brother the painter gave him, Thicknesse, "the model of his steam-engine: that engine alone would have furnished a fortune to all the Gainsboroughs and their descendants, had not that unsuspicious, good-hearted man let a cunning, designing artist see it, who surreptitiously carried it off in his mind's eye." Every one who has ever known an inventor has heard stories like this. But Humphry Gainsborough has better claims to be remembered as a mechanician than such as depend upon hearsay. He anticipated the modern invention of fireproof safes; he designed an excellent universal dial,* while for a tide mill of his contrivance he obtained a premium of fifty pounds from the Society of Arts. Moreover, he was a conscientious minister. His mechanical pursuits were his relaxation. So exemplary was he in the fulfilment of his clerical duties that he was coveted by the Establishment. He was offered preferment if he would take orders and enter the Church, but resisted the temptation and died an Independent. His death was sudden. He had promised to dine with some friend who lived not far from his own home, but failing to appear at the appointed hour, the friend sallied out on a search and found him lying dead on the road.

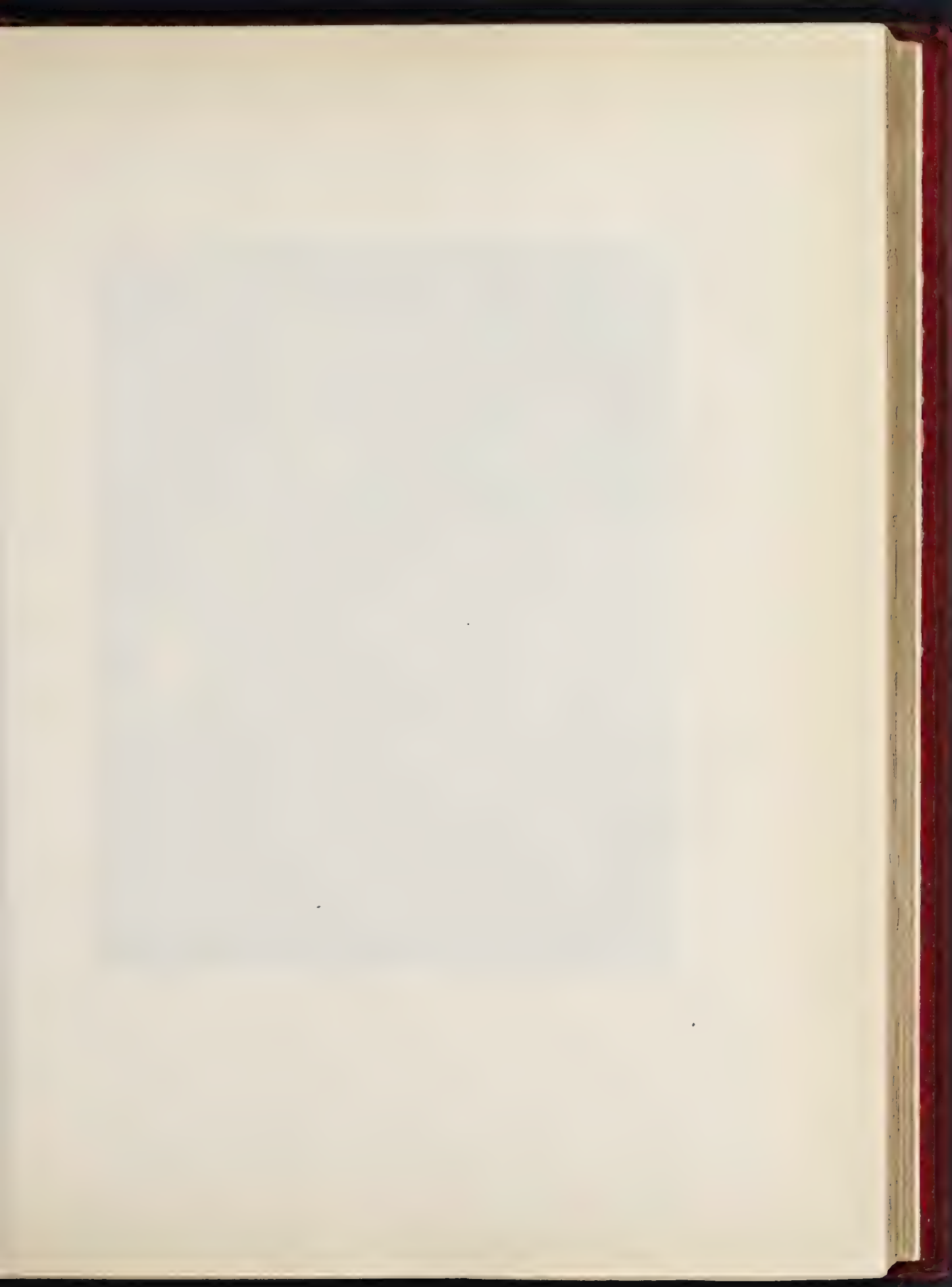
Of Gainsborough's two remaining brothers, Robert and Mathias, nothing is now to be discovered beyond what Fulcher tells us. It is related that the former eloped with a girl whom he afterwards married, and that he passed his days in Lancashire. Mathias died as a boy. He was running out of a room with a fork in his hand, when he fell; the prongs ran into his head and killed him.

Gainsborough's uncle, the Rev. Humphry Burroughs, was the headmaster of Sudbury Grammar School, and thither in due course the boy was

* Fulcher's statement that this dial went to the British Museum seems to have no foundation.

sent to begin his education. His progress in learning was not fast, for every unobserved moment was given to the practice of those elementary forms of art which are dear to the schoolboy. He covered, of course, the title-pages, fly-leaves and margins of his books with sketches of flowers, trees, animals, and men and women. At ten he is said to have spent every holiday with his pencil, and at twelve he was already importuning his parents to make him a painter; so it is not surprising that he was taken away from school at fourteen. From that age onward he had no further education, and yet his letters show that he knew how to clothe his thoughts in nervous, though careless, English. He was quick, observant and eager, full of interest in life and ready to gather knowledge as he went along. So that, in spite of the early date at which his grammars were finally put aside, those few letters which have come down to us show none of the clumsy involution which as a rule marks the style of the half-educated writer. In this respect Gainsborough was an extraordinary contrast to Romney, who seems to have been entirely devoid of the most elementary literary faculty. Gainsborough's earliest serious drawing is said to have been a group of trees, which he afterwards gave, with a number of similar things, to his first patron, Mr. Philip Thicknesse. "I considered it," writes Thicknesse, "a wonderful performance, noteworthy of a place in one of the painter's best landscapes." The Lieutenant-Governor was probably no bad judge in such a matter, and the drawing may well have deserved his praise. For we have plenty of evidence that Gainsborough began on that surest foundation for success, an infinite capacity for taking pains. The rock on which precocious artists usually wreck themselves is the attempt to create, or at least to interpret, before they know. You must understand a tree before you can summarise it, and the best way to understand it is to dissect it with the pencil.

Be all this as it may, the boy gave exactly those signs of ability which the people about him were best able to recognise. He did not throw off irresponsible conceptions in which only an experienced painter could see promise; he worked hard from nature, reproducing every tree, stump and stile, as he afterwards declared, in the neighbourhood of Sudbury. Holidays were often begged for this purpose, when the young artist would betake himself into the fields and lanes to spend long summer days in transferring



THE COTTAGE DOOR, 1772

Duke of Westminster, K.G.



some parts of their beauty to paper. On one occasion the usual sanction from his father, backing up his request for a holiday, was refused, but Tom was equal to the occasion. For a boy of his skill it was easy to write "Give Tom a holiday" in the paternal fist, and the Rev. Humphry Burroughs was deceived by the forgery. Unluckily the trick was discovered, and Gainsborough senior paid a horrified tribute to the excellence of the imitation by declaring "Tom will be hanged!" Smith* gives an improved edition of this story, according to which the boy was an habitual criminal rather than a "first offender." He tells us that on a certain occasion a necessity arose for the use of the family warming-pan, and that on the said utensil being taken down from its hook, it was found crammed with forged orders for a holiday. Another story of the painter's childhood has to do with the famous portrait, still extant, known as "Tom Peartree." On several occasions the orchard behind the Gainsboroughs' house had been robbed, the thief always getting off undetected. But one day the boy happened to be drawing among some shrubs in the garden, when he noticed a man leaning over the palings, and watching the laden pear-trees with a wistful eye. As the man gazed the boy portrayed him, and the resulting sketch was afterwards instrumental in bringing the robber to book. From this sketch Gainsborough painted the portrait in oil which is still in existence. He cut it out, after the manner of those Dutch fire-screens which were once so fashionable, and the story goes that he used to fix it on the orchard fence, where the excellence of the imitation deceived the casual observer as Zeuxis did the birds.

All these unmistakable signs of a vocation had their effect upon his parents. At the age of fourteen they sent him to London to study in earnest. On the authority, apparently, of Charles Grignon, the engraver, he is said to have boarded with a silversmith, name unknown. In any case there is little doubt that his first school was one of those academies in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane which preceded the great foundation of George III. His first serious master in London was the fascinating artist whom we know as Hubert Gravelot, who varied his work as an illustrator by teaching. So many errors have crept into the biographies—in dictionaries and catalogues—of Gravelot, and he was such an interesting person, that I may be pardoned for giving a sketch of his career. It is extracted, in the main, from the only

* "Nollekens and his Times," vol. ii. p. 149.

real authorities, the *Éloge de Mons. Gravelot*,* by his brother d'Anville, the geographer, and his own works.

Hubert François Bourguignon, called Gravelot, was born in Paris on the 26th of March 1699.† His father, Hubert Bourguignon, was a master tailor, his mother, one Charlotte Vaugon. Hubert was the second son; his elder brother, Charles, who afterwards became famous as a geographer, took the name of d'Anville, apparently at the same time as his *cadet* assumed that of Gravelot. Why the boys should have become dissatisfied with their patronymic it is now impossible to say. But changes of name were in vogue at the time, witness the example of Voltaire, while both "d'Anville" and "Gravelot" were more distinctive than "Bourguignon," and had what was, perhaps, the advantage of dissociating their bearers from the paternal shop. D'Anville tells us that Bourguignon *père* spent his savings in giving his boys an education above their station, so the father himself no doubt suggested the change. The brothers were sent to the *pension* "Aux Quatre Nations," where the elder seems to have done all the work. He passed through the regular course with distinction, while Hubert escaped to his pencil at every opportunity. Both quitted the *pension* at the same time, d'Anville to pursue his studies and to win the fame of exact knowledge, Hubert to work at art. This he must have done to considerable purpose. In any case he did enough to set his father contriving in a new direction for his advancement. A post of some sort was procured for him in the suite of the Duc de la Feuillade, who was then setting out on a special embassy to the Vatican. The Embassy was arrested at Lyons. There Gravelot spent all his money—on books, he said—and so, when the mission was abandoned, he had to come back with it to Paris. In the French capital he fell into all sorts of dissipation, and that in spite of his passion for reading and poetasting, as well as for work with pencil and brush. Bourguignon *père* saw it all with antique displeasure. "*Le père de Gravelot*," says Goncourt, "*qui était . . . du temps de la paternité draconienne à lettres de cachet et à embarquement pour les Isles*," turned his thoughts to another diplomat *ex machinâ*. The Chevalier de la

* In the *Nécrologe des Hommes célèbres de France*, vol. for 1774.

† The *acte de naissance* of Gravelot exists in the Parish Registers of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and runs as follows:—"Du Dimanche 29 de Mars 1699, fut baptisé Hubert François, fils d'Hubert Bourguignon, maître tailleur, et de Charlotte Vaugon, sa femme. L'enfant est né le 26 de ce mois."

Rochalard, who was under orders for San Domingo, as Governor-General, was a customer of the master tailor. Under his wing Gravelot was duly tucked, to arrive safely at his destination a few weeks later. His first employment in *les isles* was to make, or rather draw, a map of the Colony, in which, we are told, he showed himself a worthy disciple of his brother. But he was not happy at San Domingo. "*L'enfant de Paris*," says Goncourt, "*se sentait bien loin*," but that can scarcely be the whole explanation, for the child of Paris afterwards made himself happy enough in London for some thirteen years. But so far as we can tell, Gravelot had no taste which a West Indian island could gratify, and presently a catastrophe befell which hastened his departure. His father—who really seems to have been the most paternal of parents—sent the young man a consignment of merchandise to the value of fourteen thousand francs. The ship was lost on the voyage, and Gravelot was so overwhelmed with chagrin that he fell into a fever and came near to death. As soon as he was again on his feet he made a rush for home, setting out with only four Spanish doubloons in his pocket. The New World had brought him nothing but experience.

Gravelot was now thirty years old, and his career was still to begin. He at last determined to concentrate himself on art, and entered the studio of Jean Restout the second.* This was in 1729-30, and for some two years he seems to have worked hard and improved so rapidly that his name began to be known in the Paris *ateliers*. But French competition was very strong. The peculiar talent of Gravelot was no rarity in the country of Watteau and Boucher, on the cobble-stones which were already being worn by the feet of Cochin and Eisen, and were soon to bear Moreau le Jeune himself. Of all three of these Gravelot was in a sense the father, but in 1732 the demand for those little designs which he afterwards poured out in countless numbers was still to be developed, and meanwhile many pencils were at work upon such things as the *Ecole des Garçons*, the *Ecole des Filles*, and the *Petits Comédiens*.† To escape all these elbows and to find a clearer road to fortune,

* Jean Restout (born March 26, 1692; died January 1, 1768) was a son of the first Jean Restout and father of the third. He was one of the most prolific of those uninteresting artists who form the Gallic echo of the seventeenth-century Bolognese. He was a nephew and pupil of François Jouvenet.

† These are supposed by the Goncourts to be the first engravings published after Gravelot's designs. *L'Art du dix-huitième siècle*, vol. 2, p. 10.

Gravelot came to London not later than the end of 1732. In 1734 we find him writing to his brother in terms inconsistent with less than a year or two's experience of this country. At first he busied himself a good deal over geographical questions, sending to d'Anville maps of the English counties, *levées géométriquement*, and information generally for his brother's geographical works. But he settled down before long into his own proper groove. The tradition, repeated in most of the dictionaries, that he was invited to London by the engraver Dubosc,* to help in the plates for the English version of Bernard Picart's *Cérémonies Religieuses*, seems to have no foundation beyond the bare fact that he worked on that publication. The designs made in the earlier years of his stay are now difficult to identify, and offer an opportunity to bibliographers and makers of *Catalogues raisonnés*. The earliest engravings after Gravelot on which I have seen a date are the fanciful plates of "A Marriage" and "The Humours of the Lottery," which were engraved by Remigius Parr,† and are both dated 1740. Long before this he had won a respectable place among the English artists. We know from his letters that he numbered most of the leading men in the more artistic sections of London society among his friends. The correspondence of Garrick, published in London in 1831, includes three letters which show Gravelot to have been on terms of affectionate familiarity with the great actor and his wife. He took an active part in those numerous endeavours to found an English Academy of St. Luke which preceded the actual birth of the Royal Academy in 1769. He acted as master in more than one of the drawing clubs which sprang up and disappeared during those years of unrest which were brought to a close by the successful collusion of George III. with the seceders from the Incorporated Society of Artists.‡

Gravelot's friendship with the Garricks sprang from his employment, not long after his arrival in London, on the illustrations for the 1740 edition of

* Claude Dubosc came to England about 1712, to assist N. Dorigny on his plates after Raphael's cartoons. He did a good deal of work here, Marlborough's Battles, Picart's *Cérémonies Religieuses*, a plate after Poussin's "Continence of Scipio," &c., but he seems never to have won any reputation in his own country.

† Born 1723; died after 1750. He must have been a boy of seventeen when he executed these plates.

‡ Gravelot's pupil, Charles Grignon, or Grignion, was a member of the Committee appointed in 1755, after his master's return to France, to arrange for the foundation of an Academy. Grignon was born in London, of French parents, in 1716. He eventually became a member of the Incorporated Society, to which he remained



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

Sir Wm. Agnew, Bart.



Theobald's Shakespeare. The Goncourts wax merry over this commission. "*Shakespeare et Gravelot!*" they exclaim. "*Rien que le rapprochement des noms et l'écrasement de l'un par l'autre font comprendre à quel degré de ridicule l'interprétation de l'aimable Français devait descendre: elle dépasse encore ce qu'on en peut attendre. Il faut voir Hamlet dans sa grand scène, un Hamlet dans une pose d'abbé galant, la reine en costume d'une Gaussin, le roi en Marquis de Comédie, et, dans le fond, des jolis petits violons qui se trémoussent et se dégingandent comme à une tribune de musique, des Fêtes Roulantes.*" Gravelot, in fact, illustrated the poet through the stage, and if his vignettes look strange in our eyes, who are accustomed to the archæology of the Lyceum and such pictures as Mr. Sargent's "Lady Macbeth" and Mr. Abbey's "Richard III.," we have to remember that the people of his day were able to shudder with Garrick, although he too quaked in a costume not unlike that of an *abbé galant* before the ghost of Hamlet's father. But this, perhaps, is a little disingenuous. Gravelot could not have echoed the passions of Shakespeare, no matter what the moods of the time had been. Voltaire suited him better, but even there we find him avoiding such passages as demanded more than the elegance and gentle satire of a little master. Before Shakespeare, he had lavished his *mauvais bon gout national*, as the Goncourts so happily call it, on the Decameron, as he did afterwards upon various Greek and Latin authors and upon a crowd of English classics, among which "Tom Jones," perhaps, fared as well as any.

In 1745 Gravelot returned to France, driven away, says his brother, by the discomfort of residence in a country then at war with his own. His reputation had preceded him, and it was not long before his vogue became so great that none of those little eighteenth-century volumes which we now collect with such fervour was thought complete without a frontispiece and vignettes, or at least *culs-de-lampe*, of his invention. He also painted pictures, although none can now be certainly identified. The catalogue of his *vente après décès* contains a "lot" thus described: *plusieurs tableaux peints par*

staunch until its final decease. His father was a famous watchmaker in Russell Street, Covent Garden, which explains, perhaps, how Gravelot was able to send a watch worth sixty guineas as a present to his brother in 1736. (Letter quoted by Goncourt, *loc. cit.*) Grignon died in 1810, at the great age of ninety-four. Confusion has sometimes arisen between himself and his nephew, Charles Grignon, *junior* (born 1754; died 1804), who was a gold-medallist of the Royal Academy and a moderately successful painter of classical subjects and portraits.

feu M. Gravelot à Londres et à Paris. It is true that they only brought sixteen livres eighteen sous, which appears to give point to d'Anville's declaration that although his "efforts received the approbation of Mons. Boucher, Gravelot gave up painting because he had not begun its practice soon enough, and it cost him too much effort." A picture ascribed to him was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1867. It was then the property of Mr. Ralph Wornum—misprinted "Woman" by Goncourt—after whose death it was acquired by Mr. J. P. Heseltine. It reproduces, in reverse, one of Gravelot's happiest engraved designs, which is known as *La Lecture*. In execution it is rather English than French, and it shows none of the hesitation, the going more than once over the ground, we should expect in one who found painting too arduous for his powers. It may be by Gravelot, but the attribution must, I fear, be taken with a query. *Apropos* of another picture, the Goncourts quote a letter to Lady Hervey—the only lady not of French birth, they say, who figures among the rare portraits of Cochin—in which he remonstrates with his patroness because she had proclaimed her dissatisfaction with a picture he had on hand, and had taken it away without allowing it to be finished. Incidentally, this letter shows that Gravelot understood the use of a "Ghost."

The commission to illustrate, or rather to embellish, an edition of Voltaire, must have been one of the most gratifying he ever received. His letter of thanks to the sage of Ferney and his publisher, Cramer, is such a little model of good taste that I cannot forbear quoting it in full:

"Extremement flatté, monsieur, du choix que M. Cramer fait de moi pour les dessins de la grande édition qu'il projette de vos ouvrages; si quelque chose pouvait me flatter encore de plus, se serait vous satisfaire. C'est dans cette vue que je soumets à votre revision le choix que j'ai fait des sujets pour votre Henriade. En pensant qu'il falloit retrouver dans les tableaux la marche du poème, j'ai eu égard aussi à la variété qui pouvoit les rendre plus piquants. Quant au talent que je puis apporter à l'exécution, vous en jugerez sur les deux dessins que j'ai remis à M. Cramer. Concevez, Monsieur, à quel point je souhaite qu'ils se trouvent à votre gré, puisque ce seroit un moyen de participer en quelque façon à cette immortalité qui vous est si décidément acquise. C'est avec les sentiments d'un de vos plus vifs admirateurs, que je suis, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur"

Could anything of the sort be simpler or more graceful? It is the Gravelot who spent his substance on books and so much of his early years on the concoction of *vers de société*. And Voltaire was so delighted, both with drawings and letter, that he enlisted the artist in a scheme of vengeance on his enemy, Fréron. The letter still exists in which Cramer explains what the philosopher requires, and points out in detail how Fréron is to be chastised. "*Il faut dessiner une lyre, suspendue agréablement avec des guirlandes de fleurs, et un âme qui brait de toute sa force en la regardant, avec ces mots en bas :*

*Que veut dire
Celle lyre ?
C'est Melpomène ou Clairon,
Et ce Monsieur qui suspire :
N'est ce pas Monsieur F ?*

Cette plaisanterie doit se mettre à la tête d'un petit ouvrage qui n'attend que cette estampe pour paraître et que je vous enverrai d'abord. Si vous ne pouvez pas faire cette petite commission, qui feroit grand plaisir à notre cher philosophe, mandez-le moi d'abord. . . ." Gravelot made the design, which was engraved by Choffard.

Deserting the habits of his youth, Gravelot became more or less of a recluse in his declining years. He married twice after his return to Paris, and displayed as a husband qualities as attractive as those which had distinguished him as an artist. His first wife died in 1759; he married his second in November 1770, when he was nearly seventy-two, partly no doubt because an increasing affection of the eyes threatened to leave him helpless in his last years. "*Le bonhomme aux gros traits, aux yeux vifs, à l'air lourd, rustique, Anglaisé, à la physionomie d'un patriarche villageois de Greuze*"—that is the comment of the Goncourts on the only two original portraits of Gravelot known to exist. One of these is by Quentin La Tour, engraved by Mazzard; the other by himself, engraved by Henriquez. He is, indeed, so like a *patriarche villageois de Greuze* that he might have been Greuze's actual model. Gravelot died on the 19th of April, 1773.

The connection between Gainsborough and Gravelot did not last very long, nor probably was it very intimate. But we may safely say that while he was pursuing his studies in London the youth from Suffolk met no artist whose

work was so sympathetic to himself as that of the Frenchman. The figure drawings of both men belong decisively to the same family. Not only are they similar in method, they betray a search for the same characteristics in the movements of men and women, they show the same delicacy of apprehension, the same love of all that is civilised, unaffected and distinguished in manner and *allure*. Gainsborough was the freer draughtsman, Gravelot the more precise, and in some cases there is little else to suggest a difference of hand.* Curiously enough, however, it was only in after years that the Englishman grew so like his French teacher. In 1745, when the latter went back to Paris, Gainsborough was still drawing in a painfully tight and elaborate fashion. It was not until about 1760 that he began to produce those drawings which throw back, as it were, to Gravelot. Whether it was the memory of what he had seen during the twenty-four months spent by the two artists in drawing side by side that had so powerful an influence over him, or whether he and Gravelot had some unrecorded meetings in after years, it is now impossible to say. Some biographers declare that the Frenchman made a second stay in London, about the year 1750, but d'Anville makes no allusion to anything of the kind. All that we can say for certain is that during the years 1742-45 the two were master and pupil, and that the drawings made by the pupil twenty years afterwards bear a startling resemblance to those he had seen growing under his teacher's pencil. In this connection I may again quote from "L'Art du dix-huitième Siècle," to show how the mature work of Gravelot strikes a *Français des Français*, and gives point to what I have said as to his effect upon the most gifted of his English pupils: "*Quand il (Gravelot) quittait l'Angleterre, la native élégance de son dessin, ou revenait un souvenir de Watteau, avait gagné à ce long séjour comme un complément et un achèvement d'élégance Anglaise. Elle y avait pris cette aristocratie, cette rareté de distinction, qui se dégage des choses, des femmes et des hommes de là-bas. Elle en emportait le goût de ces jeunes costumes d'honnêteté, de ces chapeaux de pailles ingénus, de ces robes plates, de tout ce blanc, simplicité fraîche, blanche pudeur friande de la femme, qui va devenir bientôt chez nous la mode*

* The Print Room of the British Museum has long possessed two drawings of one model, ascribed severally to Gravelot and Gainsborough. These might be quoted as examples of the similarity between the work of the two men, could the old ascription be accepted. Both drawings, however, are clearly the work of Charles Grignon.



LADY SHEFFIELD

Baron F. de Rothschild



du linon et des fichus menteurs." So far as it goes this description would suit the pupil as well as the master. On page 60 you will see the reproduction of one of the Englishman's earliest figure pictures. To this the French critic might have applied the lines I have quoted without the change of a word. The touch of distinction, the formal grace, the freshness, innocence, and purity in the *allure* of these two women, are just the qualities to which Gainsborough's attention might have been drawn by Gravelot had not Nature been beforehand, and planted in the Suffolk youth an unrivalled eye for the *simplicité fraîche*, the *blanche pudeur friande de la femme*.

The contrast between Gainsborough's first master and his second was remarkable, and yet, as teachers, the one was the complement of the other. If Gravelot awoke his native gift for enjoying the rarer and finer aspects of the world and the people in it, Hayman put into his hand exactly the right instrument for its exploitation. As a *painter*, Hayman was not greatly inferior to Hogarth. His works are often slovenly in draughtsmanship and are always without grace, lightness, and imagination. But their execution is of the sound, fat, simple kind which was usual in English work during the first half of the eighteenth century, and formed the most desirable soil, as it were, in which to plant the flowers of Gainsborough's fancy. He was, in short, no bad guide for a beginner of genius—so far as the *métier* was concerned.

Francis Hayman was a countryman of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was born at Exeter in 1708. His master was Robert Brown, a pupil and assistant of Sir James Thornhill.* His first regular employment in London was at Drury Lane Theatre, where he painted scenes for Fleetwood, whose widow he afterwards married. He seems to have been brought into contact with Gravelot through his illustrations for Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakespeare, published 1744-6, which were engraved by the Frenchman. These were the first of many designs for books, of which the most

* It was of Brown that the story was told how on a certain occasion his quick wits saved his master's life. The two men were painting the dome of St. Paul's, perched on a scaffold a hundred and fifty feet above the floor. The knight stepped back to admire a head he had just finished, forgetting the gulf which yawned behind him. Another step and he would have been over the edge, when Brown dashed a loaded brush across the newly-painted face. Thornhill dashed forward, shouting, "Good God, what have you done?" "I have only saved your life!" quietly answered the scholar. Some of Brown's works, very much darkened, are still to be seen in the city churches.

notable, perhaps, were those for Smollett's edition of "Don Quixote"; the original drawings are now in the British Museum. His chief work as a painter was the decoration of Vauxhall Gardens. Here he had Hogarth for his collaborator, and some confusion exists between their respective productions. Hayman, however, appears to have been solely responsible for the series of four large scenes from Shakespeare which decorated the pavilion of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The more frivolous designs in the alcoves were apportioned between himself and the painter of the "Marriage *à la mode*." Other notable pictures by him are, "Moses striking the Rock," at the Foundling Hospital; "Sir John Falstaff raising Recruits," in which Quin sat for Falstaff, now in the National Gallery of Ireland; "Garrick as Richard III."; "Sir Robert Walpole in Hayman's Studio," now in the National Portrait Gallery; and "A Convivial Company," now, or recently, in the possession of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, with the painter's own figure seated on the ground and sketching in the corner. All these are painted in a sound method, and show a good technical equipment. They are the work of a straightforward, intelligent, and most unimaginative artist, whose ambition was confined to the honest realisation of the simple ideas which came into his mind. The important part taken by Hayman in the marchings and counter-marchings which led to the foundation of the Royal Academy is well known. At present I need say little more about him, except that tradition declares his influence over Gainsborough outside the studio, to have been often exerted in undesirable directions. It is the fashion nowadays to whitewash all the traditional rakes. The modern biographer tries to prove that Frans Hals, Jan Steen, Adriaan Brouwer, and George Morland were little short of saints, and but for the immortal autobiography no doubt he would do as much for Cellini himself. The tradition of Hayman's conviviality is not very strong, and in various ways the known facts of his career seem inconsistent with any great irregularity of life. But in human affairs there is no limit to inconsistency, and we shall presently encounter phrases in Gainsborough's own letters which amount to a confession that during those early years in London he saw more of the rackety side of life than was good for a lad of his years.

Hayman's most flourishing period was after Gainsborough's pupilage had come to an end. His reputation touched its high-water mark between 1760

and 1769, during the years which saw the throes which led finally to the birth of the Royal Academy. Of this institution he was the first librarian, at a salary, apparently, of ten shillings and sixpence per week. He died on the 2nd of February, 1776, in a house which is now divided into Nos. 42 and 43 Dean Street, Soho.

The only relic of Gainsborough's years in London to which we can point with any certainty is a pair of portraits, in pencil, in the National Gallery of Ireland. They represent a middle-aged man and woman of the middle—and not the upper middle—classes. A respectable shopkeeper and his wife, one would say. They are drawn with a hard pencil on a fine water-colour paper, and are in excellent preservation except for a few *pentimenti* which have been obligingly introduced by some later possessor. So far as I know, they are the only things Gainsborough ever both signed and dated. On each the signature *Tho: Gainsborough fecit, 1743-44*, appears. They were acquired four years ago from an old house in Carlow. Their authenticity is quite beyond dispute. Allowing for a few symptoms of inexperience, they agree precisely with other early drawings. The heads are well modelled, and the costumes drawn with elaborate care, though as yet without facility. Both heads are full of character, and if we could only identify the originals we should probably find they played some not unimportant part in the young artist's London life. It has been suggested that they represent his father and mother, but their apparent ages do not confirm that idea, neither is the character in the man's head what we should expect to find in the honest smuggler of Sudbury; lastly, we have no reason to suppose either that Gainsborough was in his native town in 1743-44, or that his parents were in London.

Gainsborough's last year in the capital was passed in an attempt to practise on his own account. He took rooms in Hatton Garden, where he painted portraits at prices varying from three to five guineas, and landscapes for such dealers as were to be found in those days. He also practised modelling, and, we are told, acquired great skill in the rendering of animal forms and movements. It is said that he modelled an old horse with peculiar effect, and that a cast from it was at one time popular in the shops of the Italian *formatori*. It may well be so, for the drawings of animals—horses, cows, donkeys, goats, &c.—which fill his sketch-books betray the modeller's interest

in structure. The *charpente* is always well marked and the planes broadly seen. But modelling was not a lucrative pursuit and candidates for five-guinea portraits were few, so after a twelve months' trial of Hatton Garden the boy—he was still only eighteen—returned in a happy hour to his native Suffolk.



PORTRAITS ABOUT 1752

[1752]



THE BLUE BOY. ? 1770

Duke of Westminster, K.G.





CORNARD WOOD 1752-4

CHAPTER IV

RETURN TO SUDBURY—EARLY LANDSCAPES—MARRIAGE—IPSWICH



ALTHOUGH we have little or no direct information on the point, we can feel but slight doubt as to how Gainsborough spent the months which immediately followed his return home. His native town cannot have offered much encouragement to portrait painting, while, even if it did, his failure in London must have made him unwilling to commit his fortunes entirely to that pursuit. No doubt he gave most of his attention to landscape, and resumed that study of every tree and stile in the neighbourhood which had been interrupted by his life in a city. To this time must be attributed a certain number of rather elaborate compositions which, at first sight, one hesitates to ascribe to Gains-

borough at all. The earliest of these belongs to Mr. John Cobbold, of the Holy Wells, Ipswich (Plate I.). It is a long canvas, embracing a wide view, and reminding one in a general way of pictures like the once famous "Claude's Mill." Rocky slopes occupy the foreground, with little figures dotted over them. Waterways intersect the middle distance, while far away a few strange-looking hills rise above the plain. The hills are like Cuypp's mountains; they are the invention of a lowlander who had, so far, seen nothing more lofty than the cupola of St. Paul's. The execution is elaborately careful, and in many ways quite unlike anything Gainsborough did in after years. But his personality can be traced in the figures, in the minuter details of the handling, and in the tendency of the colour scheme, different superficially though it is from those employed when his eye was on the object. For the scene is no transcript from Nature. It is an "ideal landscape" in the old-fashioned sense, which is another term for a collection of more or less plausible elements marshalled into a picturesque impossibility. The existence of these pictures and of others like them suggests a new theory of Gainsborough's early development which has at least the merit of agreeing with all the known facts. We have seen that he was fourteen when he went to London and eighteen when he left it, ages at which the most precocious artist has not, as a rule, a stiff backbone. Even at eighteen his art would be an echo from the older men about him. From Gravelot he received a bent towards grace, refinement, and civilisation generally. Hayman taught him to paint simply and eschew experiment. Why should not Richard Wilson, who was thirty-one in 1745, have planted in his mind his first notion of what a landscape should be? Wilson did not leave London for Italy until 1750, and in the narrow society of the time the two men must have often met. Between their characters there was much in common—Wilson was fond of gay company, and had a reputation not unlike that of Hayman, who was, moreover, one of his intimates. The only difficulty in the way of accepting the landscape painter as one of those who formed the early taste of our hero is the anecdote according to which Wilson never painted a landscape until he went to Rome. The story goes that he called one morning upon Zucarelli, who was settled in the Eternal City, and that to beguile a wait in the studio, he took up a canvas and sketched the view from his friend's window. Zucarelli asked him if he had ever studied landscape; Wilson answered "No." "Then," said the other, "I advise you to try

for you are sure of a great success." If we suppose that instead of being the first landscape he had ever attempted, this was merely the first taken seriously by any competent adviser, we shall arrive at a more probable account of what happened, as well as at one which was pretty sure to be transformed in time into the more dramatic version. That a born artist like Wilson, and a native of Wales, should live to be thirty-six, producing mediocre portraits and almost starving at the work, and should then blossom in a day into a landscape painter of the first class, is too improbable to be accepted on the authority of a tempting anecdote. I prefer to believe that his genius acted in a more normal way, and that the signs of his influence traceable in Gainsborough's earliest landscapes, as they are again in the productions of his maturity, were the result of direct example. As a fact we know that Wilson did paint at least one landscape before he went to Rome, for an engraving after a view of Dover by him, dated 1748, is still extant. Mr. Cobbold's landscape is just such a thing as a young man who admired Wilson's early work would paint. The colour, atmosphere, and rich *impasto* of the older man were beyond him, but the flow of line, the arrangement of the masses, and the scenic effect of the whole betray the source of his inspiration. Another picture which must in part be referred to these early years and influences belongs to Messrs. Shepherd. The sky and the more distant parts of the landscape agree exactly with Mr. Cobbold's picture. They belong to about 1747-8. The foreground with its large trees and the figures are later, and date from about the same time as the "Cornard Wood." My belief, then, about such things as these is that they represent Gainsborough's first steps as a landscape painter, and were executed, for the most part, during the short time which intervened between his return to Sudbury and his migration to Ipswich with his wife. Soon after his establishment in the county town he received that commission from Philip Thicknesse which inaugurated and may well have begotten those more exact and topographical productions usually known as "early Gainsboroughs." Before touching further upon these, however, I must tell once more, I suppose, the curious story of the artist's marriage.

Allan Cunningham, Gainsborough's first serious biographer, thus recounts his introduction to the lady who was to share his hearth and bear his children: "It happened, in one of his pictorial excursions among the woods of Suffolk, that he sat down to make a sketch of some fine trees, with sheep reposing

below and wood-doves roosting above, when a young woman entered unexpectedly upon the scene and was at once admitted into the landscape and the feelings of the artist. The name of this young lady was Margaret Burr; she was of Scottish extraction, and in her sixteenth year, and to the charms of good sense and good looks was added a clear annuity of two hundred pounds. These are matters which no writer of romance would overlook; and were accordingly felt by a young, an ardent, and susceptible man; nor must I omit to add that country rumour conferred other attractions—she was said to be the natural daughter of one of our exiled princes; nor was she, when a wife and a mother, desirous of having this circumstance forgotten. On an occasion of household festivity, when her husband was high in fame, she vindicated some little ostentation in her dress by whispering to her niece, 'I have some right to this—for you know, my love, I am a prince's daughter.'" So far Allan Cunningham. Fulcher, who wrote a quarter of a century later, confirms his story so far as the name of the young lady, her beauty, and her annuity of two hundred pounds go. But he adds that her brother was in Gainsborough senior's employment as a traveller, and that her close connection with the son began with the painting of her portrait. This took many sittings, and before it was finished the pair were engaged, mainly on the lady's initiative. The tradition of Miss Burr's extraordinary beauty was still fresh in Sudbury when Fulcher wrote, but the secret of her parentage has never been disclosed. The existence and punctual payment throughout her life of the two hundred pounds, an income which would go at least as far as five hundred will now, seems beyond dispute. Thicknesse, who hated Mrs. Gainsborough and never lost an opportunity of having a fling at her, calls her "a pretty Scots girl, of low birth, who, by the luck of the day, had an annuity settled upon her for life of two hundred pounds." Young women of low birth, in the ordinary sense of that term, don't have two hundred a year settled upon them by the luck of the time. It is pretty certain that some one of ample means and some social importance was responsible for Margaret Burr's existence. In his "Diary of a Lover of Literature,"* Thomas Green, of Ipswich, has this entry under date April 22, 1818: "Much chat with Mrs. Dupuis respecting

* Green's "Diary" was partially and privately published at Ipswich in 1810, with the title, "Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature." It was continued in the *Gentleman's Magazine* between 1834 and 1839. The above quotation is taken from vol. xv. new series, page 471.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. ? 1786

Sir Robert Peel, Bart.



Gainsborough, who lived here on the site which Mrs. Tunney's house now occupies. Very lively, gay, and dissipated. His wife Margaret, natural daughter of the Duke of Bedford. Rapid in painting—his creations sudden." Two pieces of evidence, which must be taken for what they are worth, seem to confirm Mrs. Dupuis. Mrs. Gainsborough was very like John, fourth Duke of Bedford, as no one who saw their portraits hanging not far apart at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885 could help perceiving. Curiously enough this portrait of the Duke is believed to be the only oil picture on which Gainsborough ever put his name. Again, among the few letters of Gainsborough still extant is the following :

"MY LORD DUKE,

"BATH, May 29, 1768.

"A most noteworthy honest man, and one of the greatest geniuses for musical composition England ever produced, is now in London, and has got two or three members of Parliament along with him out of Devonshire, to make application for one of the receivers of the land tax of that county, now resigned by a very old man, one Mr. Haddy. His name is William Jackson, lives at Exeter, and for plainness, truth, and ingenuity, at the same time, is beloved as no man ever was. Your Grace has doubtless heard his compositions; but he is no fiddler, your Grace may take my word for it: he is extremely clever and good, is a married man with a young family, and is qualified over and over for the place; has got friends of fortune, who will be bound for him in any sum; and they are all making applications to his Grace the Duke of Grafton to get him this place. But, my Lord Duke, I told him they could not do it without me; that I must write a letter to your Grace about it. He is at Mr. Arnold's, in Norfolk Street, in the Strand; and if your Grace would be pleased to think of it, I should be ever bound to pray for your Grace. Your Grace knows that I am an *original*, and therefore, I hope, will be the more ready to pardon this monstrous freedom from

"Your Grace's, &c.,

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH."

Considering the formality of the time and the social gulf which then yawned between a Duke of Bedford and a provincial "face-painter," considering also the artist's usual style to any one who was at all in the relation of a patron,

this letter seems to be curiously familiar, and to suggest, moreover, in one of its phrases, that its writer had some special claim on the good offices of the gentleman addressed. This particular duke, however, can scarcely have been Margaret Burr's father. The credit or imputation must lie at the door of his elder brother, Wriothesley, whom he succeeded. Here I must leave the question of Mrs. Gainsborough's extraction, confessing that to me some probability seems to lurk about the Bedford hypothesis.

After his marriage, Thomas Gainsborough brought his wife home to his father, who welcomed "Master Tom's wife" with the declaration that she was handsomer than the great local beauty, Madame Kedington. Soon afterwards the newly wedded pair took a house in Friar Street, but before many months had passed they determined on a move to Ipswich. The county town, though small enough, would give better opportunities than Sudbury, and Margaret was probably glad to assert her independence, especially as she was the bearer of the purse. They took a small house in Brook Street, at the modest rent of six pounds, and Gainsborough at once set about recording the beauties of the neighbourhood. A very short time after the move he made the acquaintance of a man who was to exercise a considerable influence upon his life and memory, in Philip Thicknesse, Lieutenant-Governor of Landguard Fort. The introduction was brought about by "Tom Peartree." According to Governor Thicknesse, the famous portrait had been acquired by one Creighton, printer and editor of the *Ipswich Journal*, who used to amuse himself by sticking it up on his garden fence just as Gainsborough had done at Sudbury. Thicknesse, like others, took it for a real man, and, on learning the deception, asked for the artist's address. "I . . . visited Mr. Gainsborough," he goes on to say, "and told him I came to chide him for having imposed a shadow instead of a substance upon me. Mr. Gainsborough received me in his painting room, in which stood several portraits, truly drawn, perfectly like, but stiffly painted and worse coloured; among them was the late Admiral Vernon's, for it was not many years after he had taken Porto Bello, with six ships only; but when I turned my eyes to his little landscapes and drawings, I was charmed; these were the works of fancy, and gave him infinite delight." Gainsborough's style in portraiture at this time can still be judged, and to some extent it bears out the criticisms of Thicknesse. His figures, however, were rather quaint and *naïf* than stiff, his colour rather negative than bad.

But for us the interesting point is the effect his landscapes had on the Lieutenant-Governor—works of fancy he calls them, a strange description for things painted on the lines of the Irish National Gallery picture, and others of the same period. The landscapes which so pleased Thicknesse were probably conceived on the more imaginative system of Mr. Cobbold's picture. So far as can be judged from the engraving, one of the earliest of Gainsborough's more exact and topographical pictures was the view of Harwich Roads and the Mouth of the Stour from the high ground north of Landguard Fort. This was the result of a commission from Thicknesse himself. Unhappily, the picture perished soon after it was painted, in consequence, says the Governor, of having been placed against a wall in the building of which sea water had been used. We only know it from Thomas Major's plate. But the engraving is so good, it suggests so admirably the colour and handling, as well as the more simple characteristics of the master, that I have little hesitation in asserting upon its testimony alone that the original must have been one of the first things done by Gainsborough in this particular style. The picture in the Irish National Gallery corresponds to it exactly. A comparatively large landscape, sold at Christie's some five or six years ago, and lately in the possession of Mr. W. H. Fuller, of New York, belongs to the same date. An elaborate objectiveness distinguishes them all. High in tone, grey and restrained in colour, precise in handling, juvenile in their *étouffage*, governed by that artistically topographical spirit which seeks beauty through an obedience to Nature which has just a touch of the slavish about it, they afforded a splendid foundation for the breadth and freedom of his later years, and they mark the commencement of the Gainsborough we now love and appreciate. I do not wish to drive my theory too far, but among all the early Gainsboroughs of the usual type seen by me, and those are not a few, I know none so early as the three alluded to above. The "Cornard Wood," in the National Gallery, is later, though not very much so. The other early pictures there belong to the time when he began to experiment with grounds and to loosen his hand. According to this view, most of the things Gainsborough did before his settlement in Ipswich have still, for the most part, to be identified.

Let us turn again for a moment to the "Landguard Fort." It was a wide picture, painted to fit a space over the Governor's chimney-piece. More than half the canvas was sky. The view was taken from the rising ground which

is now covered by the southernmost houses of Felixstowe. The tail of this eminence occupies the foreground. Over it are dotted some dainty, artificial, Watteau-esque little figures: an elegant young shepherd asleep; a pretty girl with her lover, her hat and skirts blown about by the wind; a man, Thicknesse himself perhaps, resting on a felled tree; a cart disappearing, Dutch fashion, over the brow of the hill; one of those donkeys of which Gainsborough was almost as fond as Constable, climbing the hill on the right. Cows, sheep, and a few wayfarers making for the fort, complete the *étouffage*. The flats about the "garrison" and the fort itself lie in the middle distance, while beyond it the estuary of the Stour bears a procession of ships up with the tide to Ipswich. Harwich is on the horizon, and above it rolls a finely studied April sky. The picture must have possessed an extraordinary charm, so frank and full of light does it seem in Major's plate. No wonder Thicknesse was delighted with his bargain. "I was much pleased," he says, "with the performance, and asking him his price, he modestly said he hoped I would not think fifteen guineas too much. I assured him that, in my opinion, it would, if offered to be sold in London, produce double that sum, and accordingly paid him, and lent him an excellent fiddle, &c." Thicknesse suspected that he had become the owner of a very fine piece of art, and so, not long afterwards, he took the picture to London to show to Thomas Major,* the engraver, who was then "esteemed the first artist . . . in his way." Major admired it so much that Thicknesse pressed him to engrave it, "for both their sakes as well as mine," which he did after receiving a guarantee for the sale of ten guineas' worth of impressions.

I have dwelt on this picture at some length because it is one of the few positive landmarks we have in the growth of its author's genius. We know that it belongs to the years between 1747 and 1750; it bears strong internal evidence of being one of the first, if not the very first, of those unmistakable creations which are called 'early Gainsboroughs,' and yet we know that the young painter had been hard at work ever since he was fourteen. All this seems to justify my assumption that most of the pictures he painted in London, at Sudbury,

* Major was born in 1720. He spent much of his early years in Paris, where he was imprisoned by the French Government in 1745 as a hostage for the safety of the French prisoners taken at Culloden. He was afterwards engraver to the king for no less than forty years, and was the first associate-engraver elected into the Royal Academy. He died in 1799.



MRS. JOHN DOUGLAS. ? 1786

Baron F. de Rothschild



and perhaps during the first six months or so at Ipswich, have still to be discovered.

The view in Suffolk (Irish National Gallery), was probably painted about the same time as the Landguard Fort. It represents exactly the same stage of development, the same sincerity, the same conscience, the same artistic inexperience. The tones are high, the handling precise, the colour only redeemed from coldness by its transparency in the shadows. A certain dexterity in the brushing is the one thing about it to suggest that its author had already been five or six years at work, and might one day paint the Blue Boy. The scene may still, I think, be identified. If I am not mistaken, it lies on the road between Dedham and Sudbury, about two miles to the westward of the former. The square stump of Dedham Church may just be distinguished in the distance, backed by the long ridge which separates the Stour and Colne valleys. At this time Gainsborough's palette was very simple. Vermilion, blue black, indigo, terra-verte, yellow ochre, Naples yellow, burnt umber, burnt sienna, raw sienna, and perhaps mummy—these are about all the pigments we can trace, and he seems to have used them with as little vehicle as possible. He paints on a fine canvas, and seems to have begun with a general glaze of what looks like mummy, into which he painted in a thin but solid *impasto*. His method is curiously *naïf* in parts, as where he suggests the open mouth of a sort of cave or tunnel in the chalk with a simple dab of semi-transparent brown. His fidelity to high tones and neutral colour gives all his early pictures an air of having been painted in a March east wind. They depend, too, for a great part of their effect on these high windy skies, in which the grey cumuli contrast but slightly with the greenish-blue beyond. Between pictures like this and the early work of Constable there is a considerable and most interesting resemblance. Both men were commencing landscape painters with little help from teaching. Both wrestled with Nature for her secrets and both tried pretty much the same falls. Constable was bolder with his palette than Gainsborough; the latter, on the other hand, studied the forms, the measurements moulded, of the world about him with more solicitude. In spite of these differences, we are sometimes startled by the similarity in essentials between them. It is not the sort of likeness which leads to confusion. In some ways, indeed, it would be difficult to name two members of one school who resemble each other less. The likeness depends

upon a similarity of aim, which would lead them to select almost identical materials from any scene painted by both. Compare, for instance, Gainsborough's "Landguard Fort" with Constable's "Harwich: Sea and Lighthouse," in the National Gallery. Dress either of them in the colour of the other, and you will make a new Constable, or Gainsborough, as the case may be. The similarity extends even to the pattern made by the clouds in the sky.

For the next stage in Gainsborough's progress we may take the "Cornard Wood" as the typical production. Less happy, perhaps, in conception than either of the two pictures already described, it marks a distinct advance in the use of his materials. The handling is freer, the painting fatter, the colour less Marchi-like, the values more convincing, than we found them in the Dublin picture or in Major's rendering of similar things in the "Landguard Fort." The one quality in which he has not progressed is the rightness of artistic judgment which not only conceives a picture well as a whole, but resists the temptation to be irrelevant in detail. "Gainsborough's Forest," as the picture used to be called, is a composition of some twenty to five and twenty trees, near the edge of a wood. A road runs through it near the right of the canvas; on the left some oaks are mirrored in a pond, one of those dark and silent pieces of water which look as if they were quietly waiting for you. The sense of solitude is removed by several little figures, as well as by a pair of donkeys and a cow. A gleam of sunshine pierces the regiment of rolling clouds to fall on the village of Cornard, whose spire rises at the point for which the road is making. The composition might, perhaps, have been improved by increasing the size and height of the most conspicuous tree, which would take away a certain flatness it has at present, and make the line of the tree tops more amusing. However, it is a little impertinent to criticise Gainsborough on such a point, and I must be content to notice a more indisputable error in judgment which occurs among the details. The painter has so literally followed the accidental facts which faced him in Cornard Wood that he has introduced into his picture one of those puzzles which are more effective in destroying the breadth, the unity of impression, of a work of art than almost any other device you can name. On the left of his canvas he has elaborately painted, on the surface of his suicidal pond, the reflections of things themselves invisible. This at once sends the spectator questing for the originals

of these intrusive shadows, and changes enjoyment into an irrelevant curiosity.

The figures in this picture, as in several more of Gainsborough's early landscapes, are very un-English. It is commonly asserted that he had access to some private collections of Dutch pictures in his early years, and made the landscape painters of Holland, especially Wynants, his models. The aspect of his own early work certainly bears out the assertion, and this introduction of figures recalling those of Jan Both, Thomas Wyck, Lingelbach and others of the same school, supplies a confirmatory detail. We know from the practice of his later years, when he copied Van Dyck, Rubens, and Murillo, that Gainsborough explored the secrets of his predecessors in that obvious if not always profitable way. I find that, in a sketch I wrote some years ago for the publishers of the *Portfolio*, I say of Gainsborough that, "like every other painter reared in the eastern counties, he seems to have formed himself on Dutch models. Just as, a generation later, old Crome and his disciples were to mould themselves on the examples of Hobbema and Ruysdael, so Gainsborough seems to have taken the mediocre Wynants for his master. The connection is unmistakable. In his early pictures the method is thoroughly Wynants-like. The conceptions throw back to the Dutchman; the palette is like his; the bits of roadside scenery, even the placing of the figures, the oppositions of sky and earth, of cloud and tree, of sandy foreground and forest edge, of empty to crowded spaces, are so identical that the difference could hardly be expressed in words. It is only in the delicacy of his colour and the lightness of his *impasto* that Gainsborough shows a distinct superiority at this time over his chosen guide. His work, indeed, from the very first has a distinction of which no trace is to be found in Wynants, but this distinction springs entirely from these two points of superiority. Gainsborough never ventured upon the use of full tones until he had mastered the harmonies to be won from greys. In his 'Great Cornard Wood,' the typical example of his first period, there is no positive colour. The chromatic scale is almost as quiet as Van Goyen's. The result is that we have a picture as thoroughly at peace with itself, as completely single-minded in its aim, as a Van Goyen or a Ruysdael." Those who have had patience to read what I have just been saying on this picture will understand that I should now modify one or two of these phrases, but, in the main, further study has only confirmed the conclusions of

four years ago, except that I now think Gainsborough's likeness to the Dutchman to be less deliberate than I thought it at first. He took hints from them more or less unconsciously. It was as though Wynants were alive and saw what the Englishman was trying to do, and slipped in a whisper of advice now and then. In the light of such things as the two pencil portraits in the Irish National Gallery, we can see that Gainsborough was pre-destined to begin landscape work just as he did, and in no other way.

So far as we can now judge, Gainsborough developed more rapidly as a landscape painter than as a maker of portraits. If all his landscapes could be brought together, it would not be difficult, I fancy, to mark stages of progress almost as numerous as the pictures themselves, down, that is, to the time of the "Watering Place" and the "Cottage Door," which left no heights to conquer. From the "Cornard Wood" onwards, his progress is marked by a continual loosening of the hand, by a gradual warming of the colour and lowering of the tones, and by an increasing felicity of arrangement which led at last to that best sort of composition which evolves unity from apparent accident. The various stages are well marked in the national collection, though not always by important pictures. Confining ourselves to such as certainly belong to the Suffolk period, with which we are at present concerned, the "View of Dedham" should, I think, be named after the "Forest." It is not very happy in arrangement; pictures divided sharply into foreground and extreme distance seldom are; but it shows a distinct advance in colour and in freedom of execution upon the landscapes already described. The view is taken, I think, from the lane in which Constable painted his "Cornfield"—which, by the way, is not a view of Dedham, as some of the books call it, but one of Stratford St. Mary, looking north. Next to the "Dedham" I should place the two small landscapes lately presented to the National Gallery by the Misses Lane, the painter's great-grand-nieces, which are reproduced in this volume. In their case the advance is very clearly marked. The painter's hand is lighter, his colour more luminous, his composition better understood. The better of the two is a little gem in its way. I should say that these two little pictures were painted shortly before he left Suffolk for Bath. They represent his powers at the close of the period when they were habitually exercised in the actual presence of Nature. In the landscapes painted around Ipswich we find, for instance, the species of trees always recognisable, although the fidelity



MARY, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.



with which the characteristics of an oak are rendered in the "Forest" soon begins to diminish. After 1758, he was to pass his life in cities. His landscapes were in the main to be built up at home, from the sketches amassed during fifteen years of enthusiastic study. The simplicity, the sincerity, I may say the humility, of his early style was to give way to the freedom, the poetry, the superb subjectivity of a manner which retained nothing of the Suffolk fields but the love they had inspired for the face of Nature.

So far I have said nothing about the portraits painted by Gainsborough during these early years. They are now very difficult to trace, and I suspect them to have been much less numerous than has been usually supposed. The most important, perhaps, is the Admiral Vernon of the National Portrait Gallery, which dates from about 1749-50. It is painted with extreme care, the crimson coat especially being rendered in a very juvenile and painstaking fashion. Scarcely less interesting is the half-length of Miss Hoppesley in the collection of Sir Charles Tennant. A few portraits-in-little also survive, which clearly date from about the same period as the "Cornard Wood" and other landscapes of that class. One of these is the group of two women belonging to Mr. Cobbold, of Ipswich, another is the charming group of a lady and gentleman which used to go by the name of "Thomas Sandby and his Wife": it was lent by Archdeacon Burney to the Gainsborough Exhibition in 1885 and is now in Paris; another is the single figure of a man lately in the collection of Mr. W. H. Fuller, of New York, to which I shall have to refer again later; another is the pair of heads of his two daughters, in the Foster collection at South Kensington. The apparent age of the girls dates the Kensington picture, which must have been painted about 1757-8. It therefore shows his style towards the close of the Ipswich period. From this time also date the portrait of his daughter chasing a butterfly and two pictures belonging to his great-nephew, the Rev. Edward Gardiner, which represent, the one the painter's elder daughter at about the age of six or seven, the other the same girl a year or two older, with her younger sister. These last two pictures are both reproduced in Mrs. Bell's biography.* I should ascribe to the years before 1758 only such portraits as, in style, approach those here named. The more sensuous possibilities of the palette were unexplored by Gainsborough until after he left his native county. No picture that we know to have been painted in Ipswich shows any sign of a

* "Thomas Gainsborough: A Record of his Life and Work," by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers), 1897.

desire to do more with colour than echo modestly the quieter tints of Nature. It was not until he had settled in Bath, and had made acquaintance with the Van Dyck at Wilton and other fine things in the same neighbourhood, that he awoke to a full sense of what could be done with paint. Mrs. Bell reproduces a bust in an oval in which she sees a portrait of General Wolfe. The picture belongs to Mrs. Pym, of Braxted, Kent. Its identification with the hero of Quebec appears to me far from convincing, while its execution points rather to the Bath than the Ipswich period. One of the best examples I have ever seen of his later years in Suffolk was a half-length of Miss Katherine Edgar, in an oval, which was lent to the winter exhibition at the New Gallery in 1897-8 by Mr. George Donaldson. It agreed exactly in execution with the above-mentioned portraits of Gainsborough's daughters, especially in the peculiar radiating brush strokes with which the face was mostly built up. This peculiarity can be traced in Gainsborough's handling down to the end of his life, but in later portraits, such as the "Mrs. Siddons" of the National Gallery, the "Mrs. Graham" at Edinburgh, and a good many others, it disappears in the general fusion of the surface. Mr. Edgar's portrait, also a bust in an oval, is now in the possession of Messrs. Lawrie & Co., of Old Bond Street. It will be referred to presently.

We have to remember that, living in a house rented at no more than six pounds a year, and having only two girls to keep besides himself and his wife, Gainsborough was under no compulsion to do more than provide a supplement to the family income. We know that he painted many portraits, from a letter of his own in which he speaks of his unwillingness to leave home while sitters were biting, but their scarcity compared to other things painted at Ipswich, warrants the belief that during those fourteen years his activity in that direction was not so very great, and that the move to Bath in 1758 was a bolder venture than usually supposed. Another thing confirms this view, that Gainsborough was in the habit of receiving pupils into the house in Brook Street. The name of only one—the son of Joshua Kirby—has come down to us, but a casual phrase in one of Kirby senior's letters makes it certain that the boy had at least one fellow-pupil.

Joshua Kirby was among the first acquaintances made by Gainsborough at Ipswich. His name has become well known through his rôle of *quasi-victim* in the cabals which led to the foundation of the Royal Academy. Kirby

was born at Parham, in Suffolk, in 1716, and was consequently our hero's senior by some ten years. In 1738 he settled in Ipswich, where he was employed by a coach and house painter. The beginning of his friendship with Gainsborough is thus recounted by Fulcher: "One day as he (Gainsborough) was sketching near Freston Tower, on the banks of the Orwell, a stranger who was passing paused to watch the progress of his pencil, and after looking on in silence for a few minutes, introduced himself to Gainsborough as 'Joshua Kirby.' A warm friendship, strengthened by kindred pursuits, commenced between them. Many a long day's ramble they took together; many a sketch was made of the quaint old house in the Butter Market, Ipswich; and many a winter evening did they spend in each other's company, discoursing on the art they loved, while the future Mrs. Trimmer, perchance, sat drawing by their side." Some of this reads like guessing. In 1745 the old house in the Butter Market was by no means so singular in Ipswich as it is now. But the broad fact is indisputable that the two men became fast friends, and that when, about 1753, Kirby settled in London, he left his son William with Gainsborough, to be taught art and the manners of polite society. In a letter from Kirby senior to the boy, written to urge upon him the practice of religion, this sentence occurs: "My letter may serve as Sunday meditation, and let no one see it except Master W., the companion of your studies." So Gainsborough had at least two pupils under his roof. His early friendship with Kirby may help to account for the peculiar mixture of sentiments he felt in later years for the Royal Academy. That it continued unimpaired to the end we may conclude from his wish to be buried beside him in Kew Churchyard. The only tangible relics of it we now possess are a portrait head of Kirby in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington, and the plate etched by Gainsborough for Dr. Brook Taylor's "Method of Perspective made Easy," which was written by Kirby and published in 1754.

Another friendship, started in Ipswich, had such an influence upon Gainsborough's career, and fills so large a place in all the accounts of his life, that in spite of its being an often told story, I shall have to treat it at some length. I mean, of course, the friendship with Thicknesse. Philip Thicknesse has, I think, been rather hardly treated by Gainsborough's biographers. All the evidence goes to show that the decisive move in the painter's career was

taken not only on his advice but under the actual impulse of his energy. Gainsborough was quite capable of passing his whole life in the backwater of Ipswich, just as Crome did at Norwich. In that case we should, no doubt, still have dwelt upon his works with delight, just as we do on those of Crome. But the world would never have possessed the superb artist who showed that the most dazzling productions of the seventeenth century could be rivalled in the formal days of the eighteenth. Thicknesse, no doubt, had faults which made him impossible as a patron, but posterity owes him a debt which it should not ignore. Fulcher develops an extraordinary bitterness against him, but his pages put the anti-Thicknesse case so fully that I may as well quote them here. "Philip Thicknesse," he says, "was ushered into the world under circumstances singularly advantageous, yet they proved to him positive misfortunes. Descended from an ancient family and possessed of high connections, these things only served to call attention to his follies and to make his failings conspicuous. Handsome and insolent, a soldier and a bully, the father of a peer, and a scandaliser of the nobility, he abused every privilege and neglected no opportunity of self-injury. He had, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of lessening the number of his friends and increasing the number of his enemies. He was perpetually imagining insult, and would sniff an injury from afar. Explanation, concession, apology, everything that would satisfy a gentleman, would not satisfy Philip Thicknesse. Contention was essential to his existence. Presented with a commission in early life, almost the first use he made of it was to fight a duel. He obtained promotion, and libelled his superior officer. Imprisonment could not teach him wisdom, for at the expiration of his term of confinement, his liberty again served as a cloak for maliciousness. At length, having lost friends, health, and fortune, he could think of no better method of revenging himself on mankind than by publishing his biography, wherein his spites, his bickerings, his disappointments, the ill-natured things he did, the mistakes he made, the worth he insulted, are recorded with a minuteness which his most malignant enemy might have envied. How he cured Lord Thurlow of bile, and quarrelled with him about payment; how he was entrusted with the care of two young ladies in France, and how he confined them in a convent because their dog made a meal of Mrs. Thicknesse's paroquet; how he befriended an eminent actor in early life, and how ungrateful it was of him not to subscribe for a



MRS. SIDDONS

National Gallery



copy of the "Memoirs"; how he was entrusted with some private letters of Lady Wortley Montague (*sic*), and how Lord Erskine wheedled him out of the secret of their address; how he got himself into the Queen's Bench Prison, and how his release was hailed by the Scotchman who attempted to assassinate Wilkes, and by the veritable Cock Lane Ghost—all these things are told with a solemn gravity, expectant not merely of attention, but of sympathy, approval, and applause. With more than the weakness of Johnson's biographer, he had none of his reverence and devotion. Scarcely a Boswell in intellect, he was a Steevens at heart." There we have the worst view of Thicknesse, vigorously if not elegantly painted. According to this he was a monster scarcely fit to live, who, when not being consciously malicious, was blundering into what might well have been results of malice. A candid perusal of all he wrote about himself and about Gainsborough leaves, I submit, a very different impression on the mind. But before I go into that I had better say in a few words who he was.

Philip Thicknesse came of an old Staffordshire family, settled at Barterly or Batterly since the days of Edward I. His father, the Rev. John Thicknesse, was rector of Farthinghoe, Northamptonshire. On May 10, 1749, Philip married Elizabeth, only child of James Tuchet or Touchet, afterwards 5th Earl of Castlehaven in the peerage of Ireland and 16th Baron Audley in that of England. On the death of Lord Castlehaven the Irish earldom became extinct, but the son of Lady Elizabeth Thicknesse succeeded to the barony, taking the name of Touchet. He handed on the barony to two successive male heirs, after whom it fell into abeyance between sisters. Lady Elizabeth died in 1762, and Thicknesse married a Miss Ford of Bath. It was with this second wife that Gainsborough had such stormy relations.

Plenty of material exists for the formation of a true notion of Philip Thicknesse's character. He wrote his own memoirs in three volumes;* he published a book of travels;† in 1788, immediately after Gainsborough's death, he published his sketch of the painter's life,‡ to which frequent reference

* "Memoirs and Anecdotes of Philip Thicknesse, late Governor of Landguard Fort, and unfortunately Father to George Touchet, Baron Audley." London, 1788-91.

† "A Year's Journey through France and Part of Spain." London, 1777.

‡ "A Sketch of the Life and Paintings of Thomas Gainsborough, Esq." London, 1788.

has already been made. He wrote besides a few volumes on other subjects.* In addition to these opportunities for learning what he thought of himself, we have his opponents' versions of some of his many quarrels, especially the curious pamphlet by Dr. M'Kittrick-Adair.† The personality which gradually disentangles itself from all this literature is that of an energetic busybody, filled with a sense, not so much of his own importance, as of a heaven-sent ability to guide his fellow creatures if they would only be reasonable and listen. Men of that stamp are always quick and obstinate in their resentments, and so we find Thicknesse pursuing with his abuse those who had slighted his ideas. But he was not spontaneously malicious. His enmity had to be provoked, though little enough would do it. On the whole he behaved well to Gainsborough. It has sometimes been assumed that their acquaintance did not begin until near the close of the painter's life at Ipswich. But all the known facts are against that idea. Admiral Vernon's portrait, which was in Gainsborough's studio when the Governor paid his first visit, represents a man of about sixty. Now Vernon was sixty-one in 1746, when he resigned his seat in Parliament and retired to Nacton, in Suffolk, so that in all probability his portrait was painted about 1747, a supposition confirmed by Thicknesse's remark that it was "not many years after he had taken Porto Bello with six ships only," in 1739. Again, Thicknesse says that when he showed the "Landguard Fort" to Thomas Major, the engraver had just returned from France. But Major arrived in England in 1746; he would not linger in France after his release from the duration into which he had been thrown by Louis XV. as a hostage for the safety of the French taken at Culloden. I have already alluded to the internal evidence of the Landguard picture. Other little things point in the same direction, and, on the whole, we may pretty safely conclude that Thicknesse and Gainsborough were close friends during the last ten years of the Ipswich period. Their friendship hung on more than the Governor's admiration for his friend's art. Thicknesse was something of a musician, and the loan of "an excellent fiddle" seems to have started the painter on that course of half-mastering a long series of musical

* "A Treatise on the Art of Deciphering; Sketches of Persons now Living; Prose Bath Guide for the Year 1788."

† "Curious Facts and Anecdotes not contained in the Memoirs of Philip Thicknesse, Esq." London, 1790. (With a caricature portrait of P.T.)

instruments which was to employ so much of his energy. Thicknesse makes no secret of the fact that Gainsborough soon surpassed him as much on the violin as he did on canvas. Now, if I am right in my reading of his career, Gainsborough was extraordinarily sensitive to the influences about him, and if he had remained in Ipswich all his life, his art would have remained there too. Of course, it developed, and developed steadily, but it showed few of those signs of a rich fruit-time which appeared at once when he found himself in closer contact with the full stream of life and with a few masterpieces of art. Thicknesse claims the credit of the move to Bath, and I do not see why the claim should be refused. He had a house in Bath, and a wide acquaintance among the subjects of Beau Nash. Mrs. Gainsborough, we may fairly conclude from what little we know of her, was rather a drag than a willing assistant in the venture. Thicknesse declares that when a house in the Circus, at a yearly rent of fifty pounds, was proposed, she called out in dismay, "Fifty pounds a year, Mr. Gainsborough! Are you going to throw yourself into a gaol?" Upon which the Governor cried that if she disapproved of lodgings at fifty pounds a year, they should take a house of a hundred and fifty, and he (Thicknesse) would pay the rent.

So far the Governor seems to have been a valuable though, no doubt, an occasionally exasperating friend to the painter. He uprooted him from Ipswich, where his worldly success had been as modest as his art, and planted him in what was at that time perhaps the best centre in England for one who had yet to conquer fame. If Gainsborough had gone straight to London his full success might have been much longer delayed, might never indeed, have come at all. Looked at in the light of his later achievements his Suffolk portraits have the interest of very early Rembrandts—to which, by the way, they bear a curious resemblance in artistic essentials. But they might easily have failed to attract attention in the London of 1758, and their author was without that social gift, that facility in the making and keeping of desirable friends, which was so useful to Reynolds. In Bath, on the other hand, he found plenty of people ready to have their portraits done, and only the rivalry of William Hoare, the pastellist, to fear. Thanks to the much-abused Thicknesse he had introductions which at least freed him from all danger of obscurity, and, lastly, within easy reach of his new home were collections of famous pictures to supply the necessary stimulus to his

own powers. The move to Bath was excellent strategy, and the *strategos* was rather Thicknesse than Gainsborough.

The Governor has led us rather out of our chronology, and we must now retrace our steps a little to speak of some other Suffolk friends. Gainsborough's employments in his native county included the portraiture of parks and country houses as well as of their inhabitants. These commissions brought him into contact with many useful patrons—among them was the Rev. James Hingeston, vicar of Raydon, near Southwold. Gainsborough painted Mr. Hingeston once, about 1750, and his wife twice, once at the same time as her husband and again at the very close of the painter's life. Indeed this second portrait of the lady is said to be the last he finished. Fulcher quotes a letter from Hingeston's son to a friend in which he says: "I remember Gainsborough well, he was a great favourite of my father; indeed his affable and agreeable manners endeared him to all with whom his profession brought him in contact. . . . I have seen the aged features of the peasantry lit up with a grateful recollection of his many acts of kindness and consideration." In one of the rooms at Raydon hung the picture of the artist's two daughters chasing a butterfly, and the family possessed until recently many souvenirs of his genius.

Another patron was Mr. Robert Edgar, of Colchester, whose descendants lived until recently in the Red House, about a mile out of Ipswich. This acquaintance seems to have begun about the end of 1756, for in a letter dated February 24, 1757, the painter tells his friend that his picture shall be finished in two or three days, and sent home to Colchester, framed. A fortnight later he again addresses Mr. Edgar in a letter too amusing to be left unquoted:

"I am favor'd with your obliging letter, and return you many thanks for your kind intention; I thought I should have been at Colchester by this time, as I promis'd my sister I would the first opportunity; but business comes in, and being chiefly in the Faceway, I'm afraid to put people off when they are in a mind to sit. You please me much by saying that no other fault is found in your picture than the roughness of the surface, for that part being of use in giving force to the effect at a proper distance, and what a judge of painting knows an original from a copy by; in short being the touch of the pencil, which is harder to preserve than smoothness; I am much better pleas'd that they should spy out things of that kind, than to



LIEUT.-COL. ST. LEGER

H.M. The Queen [Hampton Court]



see an eye half an inch out of its place, or a nose out of drawing when viewed at a proper distance. I don't think it would be more ridiculous for a person to put his nose close to the canvas and say the colours smell offensive, than to say how rough the paint lies; for one is just as material as the other with regard to hurting the effect and drawing of a picture. Sir Godfrey Kneller used to tell them that pictures were not made to smell of; and what made his pictures more valuable than others with the connoisseurs was his pencil or touch. I hope, sir, you'll pardon this dissertation upon pencil and touch, for if I gain no better point than to make you and Mr. Clubb laugh when you next meet at the sign of the Tankard,* I shall be very well contented. I'm sure I could not paint his picture for laughing, he gave such a description of eating and drinking at that place. I little thought you were a lawyer when I said that not one in ten were worth hanging! I told Clubb of that, and he seemed to think I was lucky that I did not say one in a hundred. It's too late to ask your pardon now, but really, sir, I never saw one of your profession look so honest in my life, and that's the reason I concluded you were in the wool trade. Sir Jaspar Wood was so kind as to set me right, otherwise, perhaps, I should have made more blunders. I am, &c. &c." The roughness complained of by Mr. Edgar's friends was very unlike the ploughed fields of paint to which we have become accustomed since.† Long after he had said good-bye to Suffolk, Gainsborough painted in a fashion that would appear smooth enough now, but at no stage in his career did he show that waxy fusion of surface which is so popular with the ignorant.

In Constable's letter to John Thomas Smith, quoted at page 41, allusion is made to a musical club in Ipswich to which Gainsborough belonged, and we are told that he combined the portraits of several of the members in a picture of a choir.

The picture is only a slight sketch, painted, in the main, from memory. It includes portraits of Gainsborough himself, of his friend, Captain Clarke, and of Wood, a dancing-master, who is playing the violin, accompanied by one Mills, on the 'cello. On the opposite side of a table which fills the centre of the room,

* This is not a metaphorical phrase. The Tankard Inn still stands on the high road between Ipswich and Colchester, near the village of Capel St. Mary.

† The portrait in question now (May 1898) belongs to Messrs. Lawrie and Co. The brush strokes are visible but otherwise the painting is tight.

Gibbs, the only real musician of the party, is comfortably dozing. It is a candle-light scene, and the condition of the table hints that the party has been somewhat convivial. Mr. Strutt, who owned the picture when Fulcher was collecting his materials, told the biographer that "when Gainsborough was leaving Ipswich, his friends paid a last visit to his studio, and expressed a wish to have some memorial of his pencil." The good-natured artist complied. "One took one sketch ; another, another ; and finally, that I have been describing ('The Concert') came into my father's hands."

With this pleasant glimpse of Gainsborough's friendliness to his friends we may take leave, with him, of his days at Ipswich.



LADY MULGRAVE.



LANDSCAPE 11748 54

CHAPTER V

BATH—GAINSBOROUGH'S FRIENDS THERE—GARRICK—HENDERSON—JACKSON
OF EXETER—HIS SITTERS—THE DUKE OF ARGYLL—THE LIGONIER



BATH in the seventeen-fifties was nearing her apogee. Her popularity as a "resort" was advancing by leaps and bounds. The continent was uncomfortable or impossible for the English, who then, as now, loved change of scene. The population, both floating and resident, of the western city grew day by day, and the transformation of the "four or five hundred mean old houses on the banks of the Avon into the beautiful city stretching up the hills, which charms even eyes familiar with Bramante and Palladio," was progressing gaily. The Woods, father and son, had done most of their work, and the Avon had already been wedded

to the hills by streets, squares, and circles of stately if not exactly picturesque stone houses. Beau Nash, though very old, was still alive, and his complete mastery of his own silly business still ensured the success of the public *salons*. Few European capitals excelled Bath at this time in the opportunity it gave to those who could amuse their fellow creatures. Musicians flocked there, actors and actresses made their reputations on its stage, painters found commissions more easily than in the capital itself. From the days of Richardson to those of Dickens, no English novelist could neglect its call. Fielding, Smollett, Sheridan, Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, Bulwer—all these and many more helped to make the names, at least, of the Parade, the Circus, and the Grove, of Pulteney Street and Milsom Street, almost as familiar as Piccadilly or Pall Mall. A season in Bath was a review at leisure of London Society. A *pied-à-terre* in the western city was almost a necessity. William Pitt built himself a house in the Circus; the Dukes of Beaufort, Monmouth, Kingston, Chandos, Bedford, and Marlborough, the Earls of Sandwich and Chesterfield, Lord Clive, and a host more, had houses there, and became the subjects of Nash for a part of every year. The nearest parallel to all this in later times has been the annual exodus from England to the Riviera, but in some respects Bath had the advantage over Nice, and Cannes, and Monte Carlo; its visitors came to their own houses and they were concentrated on a much narrower *terrain*. The life they led there was not unlike that enforced in modern Homburg. Hours were more regular than morals. In the "Rooms" the balls began with minuets at 6 P.M.; country dances were not allowed till 8, tea was served at 9, at the stroke of 11 the music stopped and the servants began to put out the candles. Under such a *régime* sitters would find it easy to be at a painter's studio betimes, with their roses still blooming on their cheeks. Progress, which has destroyed so many of life's charms, has seldom done England a worse turn than when it made such a career as that of eighteenth-century Bath an impossibility for the future. Play, no doubt, was high, be-sworded gentlemen pinked each other gaily under the moon, chaperons tore their wigs with cause, and the least popular of pastimes was listening to a sermon. But the existence of a well-managed pleasure metropolis made for civility, and might, had it survived to our time, have done something to counteract that decay of manners which has made the English the most non-polite of nations.



HON. MRS. GRAHAM

National Gallery, Scotland



Gainsborough's moves were always happy. He took Bath exactly at the flood, and found no one there to discount his success except the mediocre pastellist, William Hoare. I have already described how Thicknesse helped him to the choice of a house, a new one in the Circus, and how he thereby caused sinkings of the heart to Mrs. Gainsborough. He also suggested that his own portrait should inaugurate the new campaign. As a decoy it might be useful and would at least serve to justify the praises with which he had prepared for the advent of his friend. He tells us that he sat once to Gainsborough, who, finding that commissions flowed in without the help of a specimen, put the picture aside and never touched it again. This, however, has to do with a story which must be told in its place, and need not be further touched upon just now. From the very first the painter seems to have had as many sitters as he could wish. The list of his Bath portraits is a long one, and includes a much greater number of his finest things than is generally supposed. His Bath period, in fact, was not the period of semi-development we too often hear it called. The line of cleavage between Ipswich and Bath is unmistakable, but no such line can be drawn between Bath and London. No sooner had he arrived in the West than he seems to have modified his methods both of conception and execution. The earliest Bath portraits we can find are easier in arrangement, warmer in colour, fatter and broader in the painting, than anything done in Suffolk. Some new influence came into his life with a bound. During his ten or eleven years at Ipswich he had shown curiously little aptitude for spontaneous expansion—that is, for adding new beauties to his art by dint of spurring his own imagination. All the elements of his pictures of 1758 are to be found in those painted in 1750. The six or eight years have given more freedom to the brush and more boldness to the palette; but the aims are the same. The idea of using colour expressively, as a musician uses the tones of the violin, has not yet dawned upon his mind. He sees in it little more than a means of differentiating between one surface and another, and the notion of creating with its help alone has still to be adopted from without.

The adoption seems to have been made as soon as he arrived at Bath. The new influence in his life could only be the example of men greater and more essentially sympathetic with himself, than those he had previously known

and followed. So far as we can now discover the few collections of old masters within reach of Ipswich were practically confined to the Dutch school. Wilts, Somerset and Gloucester, on the other hand, were full of great houses in which, even in 1758, many of the chief masters of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools were waiting to give their message to the first receptive mind which came in their way. Badminton, Corsham, Longleat, Longford, Bowood, and Wilton, besides many less important places, were easily accessible, and we know that Gainsborough had dealings with the owners of them all. The great Van Dyck at Wilton captured him completely. He spent so many hours before it that he was able to reproduce it from memory with wonderful fidelity, and we shall find him afterwards making use of Lord Pembroke's park for the background of one of his best-known pictures. In the middle of the eighteenth century these famous houses were not so rich in works of art as they afterwards became—some of them through the brush of Gainsborough himself—but they all held things which would be a revelation to one who had passed his life in Suffolk and in London, which then gave no opportunities for this kind of study. Gainsborough was original but not a born originator. His artistic personality was a new one and the ideas he expressed were his own, but he required an external impetus to set him going. He was like a cask full of good wine; you have to tap it before you can drink. The consuming desire to declare himself, to exploit his own resources as it were, was deficient. All through his life and in every branch of his activity we find this absence of initiative. He left Ipswich in obedience to Thicknesse; he left Bath to get rid of Thicknesse; he painted like a second-rate master till he was over thirty because up till then he had only seen second-rate pictures; he fiddled, and viola-ed, and oboe-ed because Thicknesse, and Abel, and Fischer set him the example. In fact, he was perhaps the most remarkable instance we can point to of a by no means rare phenomenon—of creative power of the highest kind depending on external incentives for its use. Had Nature endowed him with Sir Joshua's faculty for keeping all his powers afoot at once, for keeping his fancy alert as well as his taste, he would have held an unrivalled place in the history of modern art. As it was he required to be driven, or rather coaxed, along the road to greatness, and the chief coaxer at this stage of his career was Van Dyck—whom he repaid with a gratitude which lasted till the end of his life. Seven copies after Van

Dyck were found in Gainsborough's studio after his death, and several others had passed into the hands of friends while he was still alive. The only other masters he copied, so far as we can now discover, were Titian, Velazquez, and Teniers, once each; Rembrandt and Wynants twice, and Murillo three times. It is curious that such a mediocre artist as Murillo should have won his way so often into such a list, but in things like the "Jack Hill" pictures we are often reminded of the Spaniard.

Before going on to speak of the pictures painted at Bath, I had better, perhaps, relate what is known of Gainsborough's life there, premising that I have been able to discover very little indeed beyond what Cunningham and Fulcher have already told us.

The rooms in the Circus were scarcely occupied before his success seems to have begun. The decoy portrait of Thicknesse was put aside after a single sitting. It was soon bruited about that the new comer could "paint a head as well as Mr. Hoare," and sitters flocked in such serious numbers to the studio that a wit was enabled to call it "gain's borough." Between 1761 and 1768, both inclusive, Gainsborough exhibited seventeen pictures, of which only two were landscapes, with the Society of Artists. Among them were portraits of such well-known people as Quin, General Honywood, Colonel Nugent, Garrick, Lady Grosvenor, the Duke of Argyll, and Captain Augustus Hervey. A large number of other known portraits can be fitted in between these, so that we have abundant evidence that the migration from the east justified itself from the first. "Business," says Thicknesse, "came in so fast that he was obliged to raise his price for a head from five to eight guineas." This modest precaution was not effective for very long, and his terms quickly rose to forty guineas for a half-length—what Thicknesse calls a head—and a hundred for a full-length. In 1765 he received, according to an entry in the books of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, sixty guineas for the whole length portrait of Garrick. But some uncertainty appears to surround this entry, which may possibly refer only to the frame. Here is the entry, with another which follows it:

To Mr. Gainsborough for Mr. Garrick's picture . . .	£63
To Mr. Wilson for a picture-frame to the picture of	
David Garrick, Esq.	£74

Wheeler, the historian of Stratford, says that Garrick *presented* his picture

to the town, and adds that "the Corporation themselves paid Mr. Wilson for the portrait of Shakespeare." The Corporation books seem to convict Wheeler of inaccuracy, but Fulcher suggests that Garrick was allowed to have the credit of a gift when in reality it had been no gift at all, an explanation more consistent with Garrick's reputation for economy than with his right to be considered a man of nice honour. To me it seems possible that both entries refer to payments for frames, and that in the second the clerk inserted the name of Garrick by mistake for Shakespeare's. On the other hand, we know from a statement in one of Gainsborough's own letters that sixty guineas was, as a fact, his price at this time for a whole length. The increase to a hundred guineas must have taken place later. In 1768 Gainsborough was included in the original members of the Royal Academy, upon which he deserted the incorporated society. During the last four years of his stay in Bath he sent seventeen portraits and fifteen landscapes to the new exhibition. Among the portraits were a second Garrick, Lady Sussex and her daughter, Lord and Lady Ligonier, Isabella, Lady Molyneux, and George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers. Most of the others were anonymous, and therefore difficult to trace with any certainty. Several of these pictures will have to be considered more at length presently. I have enumerated them here merely to show how rapidly Gainsborough sprang into fashion after quitting the obscurity of Ipswich.

Most of the gossip which has come down to us about his stay in Bath has to do, however, with his musical tastes rather than with the *métier* by which he earned his bread. The Royal Academy possesses a series of some twelve letters from Gainsborough to William Jackson*—"Jackson of Exeter"—which leave upon the reader the impression that his love of music was almost as profound as his devotion to the art which has given him immortality. I have already quoted the letter he wrote to the Duke of Bedford in favour of Jackson. So far as we know, the request it contained was not complied with, and Jackson was left to make his fortune with music alone. He was, in a sense, the converse of Gainsborough, for, professionally a musician, he spent a good deal of his time before an easel. He was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and his attempts at landscape were by no means contemptible. The little he wrote upon

* An excellent portrait of Jackson, by Downman, was exhibited last May at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street. It was in water-colours, and showed the musician not in profile, but in three-quarter face. It was inscribed in Downman's writing: "Again Wm. Jackson of Exeter, original drawing, 1795."



MRS. ROBINSON

Wallace Gallery



art is full of good sense. The sixth of his "Thirty Letters"* inquires into the reason why "those objects which displease us, or at best pass unnoticed, in Nature, please us most in painting?" And, practically, he comes to the perfectly sound conclusion that it is because they are more easily made expressive of the artist's personality than objects which have a fixed and marked character of their own. Jackson was Gainsborough's junior by three years. He was born at Exeter in 1730, and seems to have made the painter's acquaintance during periodical visits to "the Bath" between 1758 and 1767. In the latter year an adaptation of "Lycidas" with Jackson's music was successfully produced at Covent Garden. Dr. Wolcot ("Peter Pindar") was among Jackson's intimate friends; so were the Sheridans; while, late in life, he made the acquaintance of Samuel Rogers, the poet, whom he turned into a sort of *ante mortem* literary executor. Jackson's account of Gainsborough's character is to be found in a volume of essays on various subjects which he published in 1798.† I cannot do better, perhaps, than quote the more interesting passages here, especially as the friendship between the two men belonged mainly to Gainsborough's Bath period.

"In the early part of my life," Jackson begins, "I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough the painter, and as his character was, perhaps, better known to me than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him and his works given by people who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

"Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement—yet there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he professed as a musician.

"When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performances made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument, and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the *Spectator*, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the *very* instrument which had given him so much pleasure—but seemed much surprised that the music of it remained with Giardini." (Here, if

* "Thirty Letters on Various Subjects," by William Jackson. London, 1795.

† "The Four Ages; together with Essays on Various Subjects," by William Jackson, of Exeter. London, 1798.

we are to believe Thicknesse's tale of his violin, Jackson exaggerates a little.)

"He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from morn to dewy eve! Many an adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed. This was wonderful, for it was Abel's own instrument, and therefore *ought* to have produced Abel's own music!

"Fortunately my friend's passion had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy—but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument; and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attended the first beginnings on a wind-instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the violin—but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments. [It was at this time that I heard Fischer play a solo on the violin, and accompany himself on the same instrument—the air of the solo was executed with the bow, and the accompaniment *pizzicato* with the unemployed fingers of his left hand.]

"The next time I saw Gainsborough it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath; the performer was soon left harpless; and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and *arpeggios*! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation (this was not a pedal harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

"He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away—if you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians.

"This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill-luck would have it, he heard Crosdill, but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up nor bought the violoncello. All his passion for the bass was vented in description of Crosdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

"More years now passed away, when upon seeing a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, he concluded (perhaps because it was finely painted) that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor—whom, though no more, I shall forbear to name—ascended *per varios gradus* to his garret, where he found him at dinner upon a roasted apple, and smoking a pipe. '—', says he, 'I am come to buy your lute.'

"*To buy my lute!*'

"'Yes—come, name your price, and here is your money.'

"*I cannot shell my lute!*'

"'No, not for a guinea or two, but by G— you must sell it.'

"*My lute ish wert much monnay! It ish wert ten guinea.'*

"'That it is—see, here is the money.'

"*Well—if I musht—but you will not take it away yourself?*'

"'Yes, yes—good-bye, —.'

"(After he had gone down he came up again.)

"'. . . I have done but half my errand. What is your lute worth, if I have not your book?'

"*'Whad poog, Maishter Cainsporough?'*

"'Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.'

"*'Ah, py Cot, I can never part wit my poog!'*

"'Pooh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean' (putting it into his pocket).

"*'Ah, py Cot, I cannot.'*

"'Come, come, here's another ten guineas for your book—so, once more, good day t'ye.' (Descends again; and again comes up.) 'But what use is your book to me, if I don't understand it? And your lute—you may take it again, if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me my first lesson.'

"*'I will come to-morrow.'*

"'You must come now.'

"*'I musht tress myshelf.'*

"'For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day.'

"*'Ay musht be shave.'*

"'I honour your beard!'

"*'Ay musht bud on my wik.'*

"'D—n your wig! Your cap and beard become you! Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you he'd let you be shaved?'

"In this manner he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step, the second was, of course, out of his reach, and the summit became unattainable.

"He hated the harpsichord and the pianoforte. He disliked singing, particularly in parts. He detested reading; but was so like Sterne in his *Letters* that, if it were not for an originality that could be copied from no one, it might be supposed that he had formed his style upon a close imitation of that author. He had as much pleasure in looking at a violin as in hearing it. I have seen him for many minutes surveying, in silence, the perfections of an instrument, from the just proportion of the model and beauty of the workmanship.

"His conversation was sprightly, but licentious—his favourite subjects were music and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. The common topics, or any of a superior cast, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by some stroke of wit or humour."

Jackson goes on to discuss Gainsborough as a painter, but here he gets a little out of his depth, although most of his criticisms have some sort of foundation. He confirms, however, what others say as to his friend's extreme felicity in catching a likeness, and he expresses the bold but not entirely foolish opinion that Gainsborough is seen at his best in his drawings.

Some years ago the Royal Academy bought some twelve or thirteen letters addressed to Jackson by Gainsborough.* Like everything the painter ever wrote, they are full of animation and of the most transparent sincerity. Unhappily the bent towards licence to which Jackson alludes makes it impossible to print them in full. The passages left out are a little too much in the vein of *Squire Western*, a *Squire Western* with a touch of wit, to be printed in 1898. The first seems to be in answer to one of Jackson's, recommending the painter to make his landscapes follow the fashion of *Elzheimer*, *Claude*, and *Gasper Poussin*.

* These letters were in a portfolio with a collection of drawings made by Mr. Thos. Jackson, William Jackson's brother, who was minister in Turin in 1780. They were left to T. Jackson's nephew, Mr. Elmsley, Q.C., who was a county court judge at Derby. Elmsley died in 1862, and left them to his niece, J. Ballard, from whom they were bought for the Royal Academy.



THE MISSES LINLEY (MRS. SHERIDAN
AND MRS. TICKELL)

Dulwich Gallery



LETTER I

"BATH, Aug. 23.

"MY DEAR JACKSON,

"Will it—(damn this pen)—will it serve as an apology for not answering your last obliging letter to inform you that I did not receive it for near a month after it arrived shut up in a music book at Mr. Palmer's? I admire your notions of most things, and do agree with you that there might be exceeding pretty pictures painted of the kind you mention. But are you sure you don't mean instead of the Flight into Egypt, my flight out of Bath! Do you consider, my dear maggotty sir, what a deal of work history pictures require to what little dirty subjects of coal horses and jackasses, and such figures as I fill up with; no, you don't consider anything about that part of the story; you design faster than any man or any thousand men would execute. There is but one Flight I should like to paint, and that's yours out of Exeter, for while your numerous and polite acquaintances encourage you to talk so cleverly, we shall have but few productions, real and substantial productions. But to be serious (as I know you love to be), do you really think that a regular composition in the Landskip way should ever be filled with History, or any figures but such as fill a place (I won't say stop a gap) or create a little business for the eye to be drawn from the trees in order to return to them with more glee. I did not know you admired those tragi-comic pictures, because some have thought that a regular History Picture may have too much background, and the composition be hurt by not considering what ought to be principal. But I talk now like old Square-toes. There is no rule of that kind, say you.

"But then, says I,

Damme you lie!

"If I had but room and time before old Palmer seals up his packet I'd trim you. I have been riding out with him this morning. I wish I had been with him in Devonshire.

"Adieu,

"T. G."

LETTER II

"MY DEAR JACKSON,

"To show you that I can be as quick as yourself, tho: I shall never be half a quarter so clever, I am answering your letter the very moment

I received it from Mr. Palmer. I shall not tease you upon the subject of the *flight*, as we are now upon a *better*, and that which above all others I have long wished to touch upon; because tho: I'm a rogue in talking upon Painting and love to *seem* to take things wrong, I can be both serious and honest upon any subjects thoroughly pleasing to me; and such will ever be those wherein your happiness and our friendship are concerned. Let me then throw aside that damned *grinning trick* of mine for a moment, and be as serious and stupid as a Horse. Mark then, that ever since I have been quite clear in your being a real genius, so long have I been of opinion that you are daily throwing away your gift upon *Gentlemen*, and only studying how you shall become the *Gentleman* too. Now, damn gentlemen, there is not such a set of enemies to a real artist in the world as they are, if not kept at a proper distance.

"They think (and so may you for a while) that they reward your merit by their company and notice; but I, who blow away all the chaff, and, by G—, in their eyes too if they don't stand clear, know that they have but one part worth looking at, and that is their Purse; their Hearts are seldom near enough the right place to get a sight of it. If any gentlemen come to my house my man asks them if they want me (provided they don't seem satisfied with seeing the pictures), and then he asks *what* they would please to want with me; if they say a picture, 'Sir, please to walk this way, and my master will speak to you'; but if they only want me to bow and compliment, 'Sir, my master is walk'd out'—and so, my dear, there I nick them. Now, if a *Lady*, a handsome Lady, comes, 'tis as much as his life is worth to send her away so. But this is lo—" (Here the letter is torn.) "I wish you lived a little nearer so that I could see you often, or a good deal nearer if you please. I have no acquaintance now, nor will I till I can say within myself *I approve my choice*. There are but very few *clever* fellows worth hanging—and that consideration makes you the more worthy.

"Adieu for want of room, I'll write again very soon.

"T. G."

We must remember that until quite recently the word 'gentleman' was used in a quasi-technical sense by artists of every kind. Painters especially used to speak of 'the gentlemen,' where they would now say 'buyers.'

LETTER III

*"BATH, Sept. 14th.**"MY DEAR JACKSON,*

"Now you seem to lay too much stress upon me, and show yourself to be a serious fellow. I question if you could splice all my letters together whether you would find more connection and sense in them than in many land-skips joined, where half a tree was to meet half a church to make a principal object. I should not think of my pretending to reproach you who are a regular system of philosophy, a reasonable creature and a particular fellow. If I meant anything (which God knows if I did) it was this, that many a real genius is lost in the fictitious character of the gentleman; and that, as many of those creatures are continually courting you, possibly you might forget what I, without any merit to myself, remember from mere shyness, namely, that they make no part of the artist. Depend upon it, Jackson, you have more sense in your little finger than I have in my whole Body and Head; I am the most inconsistent, changeable being, so full of fits and starts, that if you mind what I say, it will be shutting your eyes to some purpose. I am only sensible of meaning, and of having once said, that I wish you lived nearer to me; but that this wish does not proceed from a selfishness rather than any desire of correcting any step of yours I much doubt. I might add perhaps in my redhot way that damme Exeter is no more a place for a Jackson than Sudbury in Suffolk is for a G.! But all the rest you know better than I can tell you, I'm certain. . . . I look upon this letter as one of my most agreeable performances, so don't let's have any of your airs. I could say a deal more, but what can a man say pent up in a corner thus

*"Yours,**"T. G."*

This last letter, unlike the rest, which are addressed to "Mr. William Jackson," bears the superscription, "William Shakespeare Jackson, Esq."

LETTER IV

"DEAR JACKSON,

"Is it true that you broke your neck in going home? I have not seen Palmer, but only the day after your departure to learn the truth. It is a

current report here that the great and the amiable Mr. Jackson got a mischief in going home, that you had tied your horse by the head so fast that his head was dragged off in going down a hill, and that you ordered the driver (like a near-sighted man) to go back for the horse's body, and that the chaise horses frightened at the sight of the boy's riding up upon a horse without a head, took fright and made for Exeter. And that you, unwilling to leave your horse in that condition, took a flying leap out of the window and pitched head foremost into a hollow tree. Miss D——I has heard this story and says if it be true she'll never touch a note again. I hope to hear from either Palmer or Bearing when I see them some more favourable account of you. I'm but little disposed to pity you because you slipped away so d—d sly, without giving me any more time than you had to jump into the hollow tree. Pray, if your d—d long fingers escaped, let's hear from you soon, and in the meantime I'll pray that it's all a lie, &c.

"BATH, Feb. 6th (1769?).

"Will you meet me at London any time, and I'll order business accordingly."

LETTER V

"MY DEAR JACKSON,

"I will suppose all you say about my exhibition Pictures to be true, because I have not time to dispute it with you. I am much obliged to you and wish I could spend a few days with you in town. But I have begun a large picture of Tommy Linley and his sister, and cannot come. I suppose you know the Boy is bound for Italy the first opportunity. Pray do you remember carrying me to a picture dealer's somewhere by Hanover Square, and my being struck with the leaving and touch of a little bit of tree; the whole picture was not above eight or ten inches high and about a foot long. I wish if you had time that you'd inquire what it might be purchased for, and give me one line more whilst you stay in town.

"If you can come this way home one may enjoy a day or two of your company. I shall be heartily glad. I can always make up one bed for a friend without any



MRS. BEAUFOY

Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.



trouble, and nobody has a better claim to that title, or a better title to that claim than yourself.

"Believe me, dear Jackson,

"Yours most sincerely,

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH."

"May 11th, 1768.

"My compliments attend all inquiring friends, and damn this pen."

The picture of Tommy Linley and his sister was probably the group at Knole (Plate V.), which was clearly intended to be larger than it is now. Its apparent date agrees with that of the letter.

LETTER VI

"DEAR JACKSON,

"If your neck is but safe damn your horse's head. I am so pleased with both your remarks, and your indigo, that I know not which to admire most, or which to think of most immediate use; the indigo you leave me in doubt whether there be any more to be got, whereas I am pretty sure of some more of your thoughts now we are fairly settled into a correspondence; your observations are like all yours, just, natural, and not common; your indigo is clean, like your understanding, and pure as your music, not to say exactly of the same blue as that Heaven from which your ideas are reflected! To say the truth of your indigo, 'tis delightful, so look sharp for some more (and I'll send you a drawing), and for your thoughts, I have often flattered myself I was just going to think so. The lugging in objects, whether agreeable to the whole or not, is a sign of the least genius of anything, for a person able to collect in the mind, will certainly group in the mind also; and if he cannot master a number of objects so as to introduce them in friendship, let him do but a few, and that you know, my Boy, makes simplicity. One part of a picture ought to be like the first part of a tune, that you guess what follows, and that makes the second part of the tune, and so I'm done.

"My respects to Tremlett. Bearing did not call upon me. I hear he's gone from Bath.

"The harp is packed up to come to you and you shall take it out with

Miss . . . as I shall not take anything for it but give (it) to you to twang upon when . . ."

Indigo is supposed to be an unsafe pigment for the oil-painter, but Gainsborough employed it with remarkable success. In the National Gallery "Mrs. Siddons" it is used with extraordinary boldness, and its enduring brilliancy justifies all the painter says of it to his correspondent.

LETTER VII

"BATH, Sept. 2nd.

"MY DEAR JACKSON,

"I should have wrote to you sooner, but have been strangely hurried since I left Exeter. In my way home I met with Lord Shelborne, who insisted on my making him a short visit, and I don't repent going (tho' I generally do, to all Lords' houses) as I met with Mr. Dunning there. There is something, exclusive of the clear and deep understanding of that gentleman, most exceedingly pleasing to me. He seems the only man who talks as Giardini plays, if you know what I mean, he puts no more motion than what goes to the real performance, which constitutes that ease and gentility peculiar to damned clever fellows, each in their way. I observe his forehead jets out, and mine runs back a good deal more than common, which accounts for some difference betwixt our parts. . . . He is an amazing compact man in every respect, and as we get a sight of everything by comparison, only think of the difference betwixt Mr. Dunning almost motionless, with a mind brandishing like lightning from corner to corner of the earth, whilst a long cross-made fellow only flings his arms about like thrashing flails without half an idea of what he would be at—and besides this neatness in outward appearance, his store room seems cleared of all French ornaments and gingerbread work, everything is simplicity and elegance and in its proper place; no disorder or confusion in the furniture, as if he were going to remove. Sober sense and great acuteness are marked very strong in his face, but if those were all I should only admire him as a great lawyer, but there is genius (in our sense of the word). [It] shines in all he says. In short, Mr. Jackson of Exeter, I begin to think there is something in the air of Devonshire that grows clever fellows. I could name four or five of you, superior to the product of any other county in England.

"Pray make my compliments to one Lady who is neat about the mouth, if you can guess, and believe me most faithfully yours

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH."

LETTER VIII

"MY DEAR JACKSON,

"I am much obliged to you for your last letter, and the lessons received before. I think I now begin to see a little into the nature of modulation and the introduction of flats and sharps; and when we meet you shall hear me play extempore. My friend Abel has been to visit me, but he made but a short stay, being obliged to go to Paris for a month or six weeks, after which he has promised to come again. There never was a poor devil so fond of harmony, with so little knowledge of it; so that what you have done is pure charity. I dined with Mr. Duntze in expectation (and indeed full assurance) of hearing your scholar Miss Flood(?) play a little, but was for the second time *flung*. . . . I'm sick of Portraits and wish very much to take my viol-da-gam and walk off to some sweet village, where I can paint landscapes and enjoy the fag end of life in quietness and ease. But these fine ladies and their tea drinkings, dancings, husband-huntings, &c. &c. &c., will fob me out of the last ten years, and I fear miss getting husbands too. But we can say nothing to these things you know, Jackson, we must jogg on and be content with the jingling of the bells, only d—— it I hate a dust, the kicking up a dust, and being confined in harness to follow the track whilst others ride in the waggon, under cover, stretching their legs in the straw at ease, and gazing at green trees and blue skies without half my taste. That's d——d hard. My comfort is I have five viols-da-gamba, three Jayes and two Barak Normans.*

"Adieu &c.,

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH.

"BATH, June 4th."

LETTER IX

"DEAR JACKSON,

"Methinks I hear you say all friendship is my —— and all sincerity my —— only because I have not had time since my hurry of finishing two full

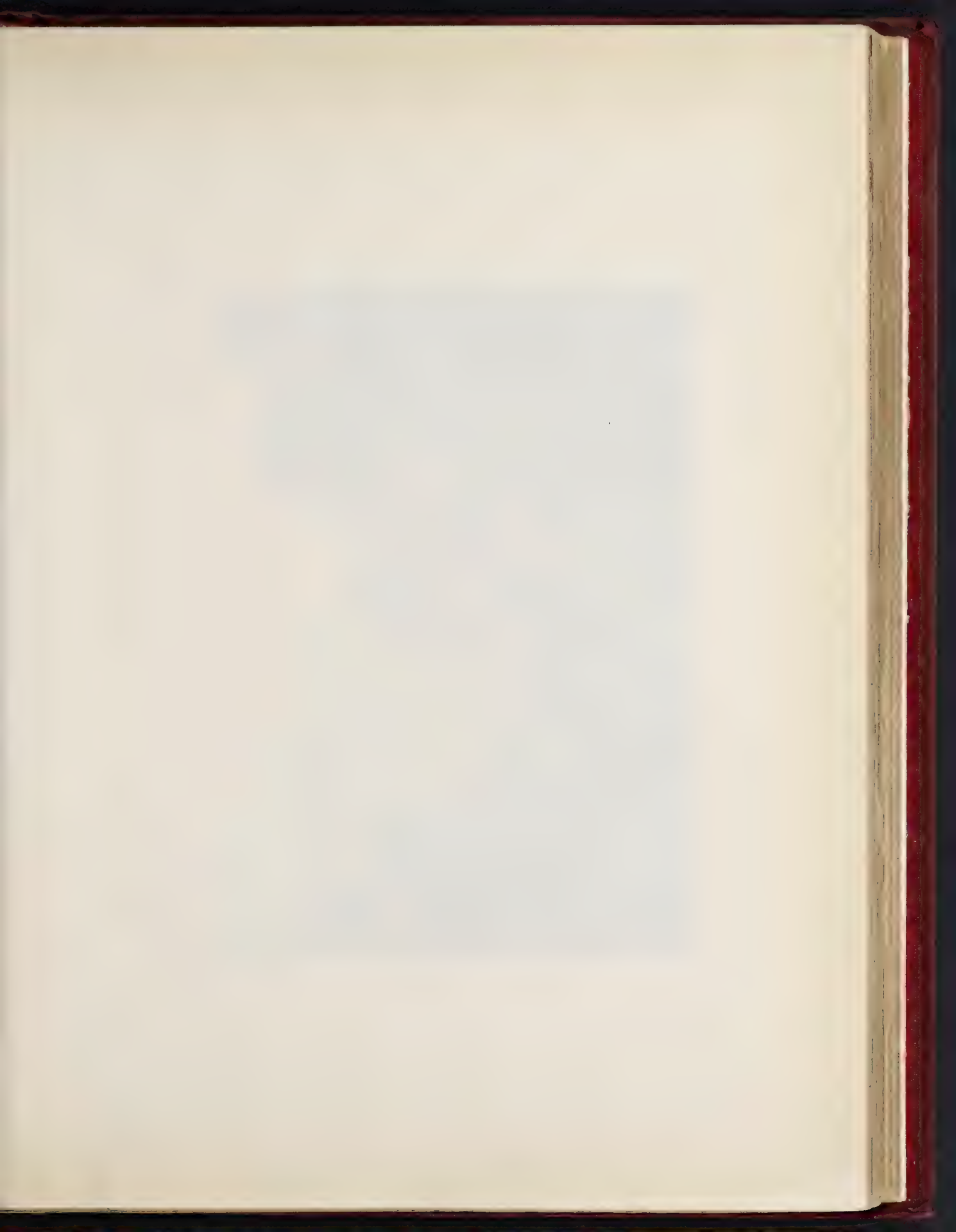
* Henry Jaye made viols in the seventeenth century; they were remarkable for the excellence of their varnish. Barak Norman (1688-1740) was also a viol maker.

lengths and a landskip for the exhibition, to answer your two last letters. But don't be in a hurry to determine anything about me ; if you are, ten to one you are wrong, those who can claim a longer acquaintance with me than Mr. Jackson knowing at this moment but very little of my real temper. I'm heartily sorry that you don't come to reside near Bath, as you expected, not because you are disappointed of the advantage of conversing with me and my books, but because I am deprived of the much greater advantages of sucking your sensible skull, and of the opportunity I might possibly have of convincing you how much I shall always esteem your various and extensive talents, not to mention what I think still better worth mentioning, namely, your honesty and undesigned plainness and openness of soul. They say your mind is not *worldly*, no, said I, because it's *heavenly*. . . . I fear, my lad, I shall have it this exhibition, for never was such slight dabs presented to the eyes of a million. But I grow dauntless out of mere stupidity as I grow old, and I believe that any one who plods on in any one way, especially if that one way will bring him bread and cheese as well as a better, will grow the same. . . . Thank for the indigo—a little of it goes a great way, which is lucky.—Adieu, &c."

LETTER X

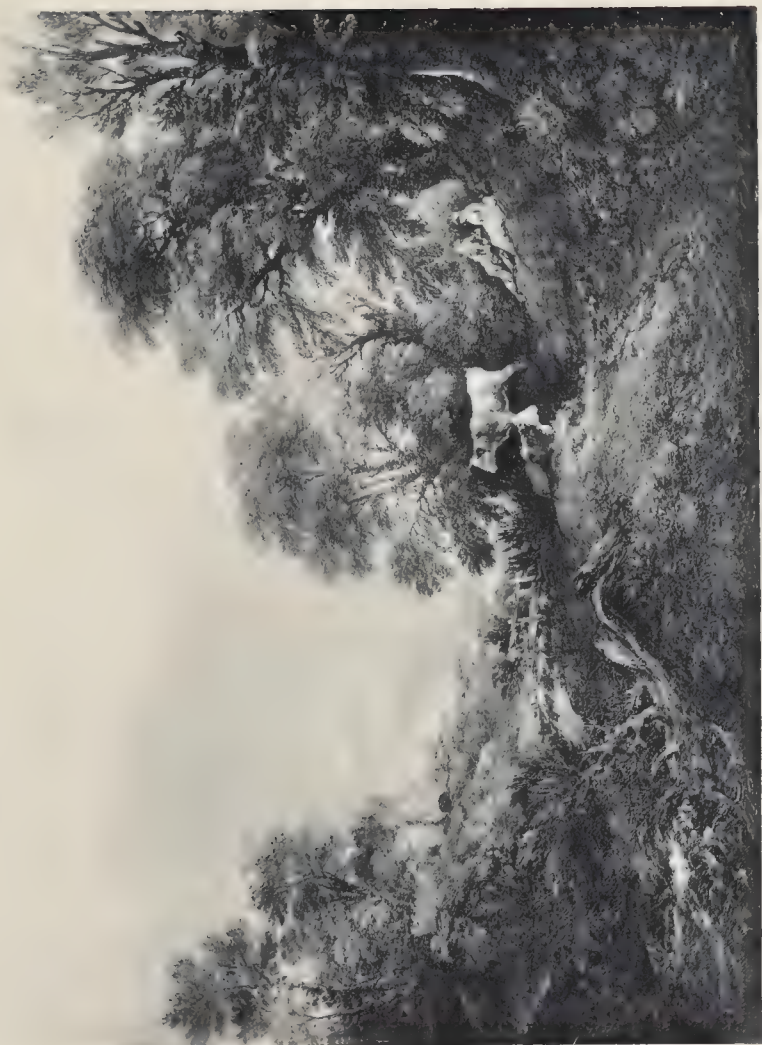
"DEAR JACKSON,

"I will confess to you that I think it unpardonable in me not to speak seriously upon a subject of so much consequence as that which has employed us of late ; therefore you shall have my thoughts without any humming, swearing, or affectation of wit. Indeed, my affection for you would naturally have led me that way before now, but that I am soon lost if I pretend to reasoning ; and you being all regularity and judgment, I own provoke me the more to break loose, as he who cannot be correct is apt to direct the eye with a little freedom of handling ; but no more of it. I must own your calculations and comparison betwixt our different professions to be just, provided you remember that in mine a man may do great things and starve in a garret if he does not conquer his passions and conform to the common eye in chusing that branch which they will encourage and pay for. Now there cannot be that difference between music and painting unless you suppose that the musician voluntarily shuns the only popular branch, and will be a chamber council when he might appear at the bar. You see, sir, I'm out of



LANDSCAPE. ? 1760

H. J. Pfungst, Esq.



my subject already. But now in again. If music will not satisfy you without a certainty (which by the by is nonsense, begging your pardon, for there is no such thing in any profession) then I say be a painter. You have more of the painter than half those who get money by it, that I will swear, if you desire it, upon a church Bible. You want a little drawing and the use of the pencil and colours which I could put into your hand in one month, without meddling with your head; I propose to let that alone, if you'll let mine off easy. There is a branch of Painting next in profit to portrait, and quite [within] your power without any more drawing than I'll answer for your having, which is Drapery and Landskip backgrounds. Perhaps you don't know that whilst a face painter is harassed to death the drapery painter sits and earns five or six hundred a year, and laughs all the while. Your next will be to tell me what I know as well as yourself, viz., that I am an impertinent coxcomb. This I know, and will speak out if you kill me for it, you are too modest, too diffident, too sensible, and too honest ever to push in music.

"Sincerely,

"T. G."

Few painters of the eighteenth century made less use of the 'drapery man' than Gainsborough, but I know of some portraits from his Bath period in which the costumes are not by himself, and in his later years he called in help now and then. The red curtain behind the "Mrs. Siddons" is not, I think, by his own hand, and a fine portrait of a lady from about 1786 exists in which the dress is by Francis Cotes.

LETTER XI

"Jan. 25th, 1777.

"DEAR JACKSON,

"I suppose I never drew a portrait half so like the sitter as my silence since the receipt of your last resembles neglect and ingratitude, owing to two of the crossest accidents that ever attended a poor fiddler. First and most unfortunately, I have been four times after Bach,* and have never laid eyes on him; and secondly and most provokingly I have had a parcel made up of two drawings and a box of pencils, such as you wrote for, ever since the day after I received your favour enclosing the *Tenth*s, and directed for you to go by the Exeter coach,

* Johann Sebastian Bach, who was in England at this time.

which has laid in my room by the neglect of two blockheads, one my nephew,* who is too proud to carry a bundle under his arm, though his betters, the journeyman tailors, always carry their foul shirts so; and my d—— cowardly footman who forsooth is afraid to peep into the street for fear of being pressed for sea service, the only service God Almighty made him for, so that, my dear Jackson, if it was not for your being endowed with Jobe's patience I should think myself deservedly for ever shut out of your favor; but surely I shall catch Bach soon to get you an answer to your letter, and for the drawings if I don't carry them myself to the inn to-morrow——!—&c. &c.

"You hear I suppose that all Lords and Members have given up their privilege of franking to ease the Taxes, I'm sorry for it."

The last of the collection is a letter asking after Jackson's health, and offering to send Dr. Moysey to see him at his, the painter's, own expense, which seems to prove that music had been to Jackson quite as uncertain a profession as he had feared. It would be impertinent to dilate on this correspondence. In the painter's own phrase he "never drew a portrait half so like the sitter" as the full length of himself he gives us in these dozen sheets of paper. Frankness, honesty, and an exuberant vitality breathe from every line, coupled with a contempt for the conventional side of life which led him too often into a sacrifice of personal dignity and made his individuality in his later years so antipathetic to such a man as Reynolds. They abound too in flashes of insight and in evidence that the painter's judgment was keen and just when he gave it a chance. The sketch of Dunning is full of vivacity, and leaves us glowing with the writer's own pleasure in the lawyer's society.

Gainsborough's friendship with Garrick began probably a little later than that with Jackson. The first of the five "Garricks" he is said to have painted was finished and exhibited with the Incorporated Society in 1766. In 1769 it was already hanging in the Town Hall of Stratford, having in the interval been for a time in the actor's house on the Adelphi Terrace. It is the well known full length in which Garrick, in blazing scarlet and blue, leans against a "term" of Shakespeare, in a park. The brilliant tints of the costume are managed with the most skilful audacity; and the face beams with vivacity and

* Gainsborough-Dupont.

wit. Fulcher says the background represents "a favourite haunt in Garrick's retreat at Hampton; the principal features of the landscape remain much in the same state now as then," and this assertion has often been repeated since.* In 1766 Gainsborough had probably never seen Garrick's "retreat at Hampton," and, as a matter of fact, this background is taken from a place much nearer Bath than London. It is a view in Lord Pembroke's park at Wilton, where the original of Fulcher's "small summer house" is known as the "Palladian Bridge." Fulcher seems to have indulged a riotous fancy over this portrait in more respects than one. He says that the painter "was unable to catch Garrick's likeness by reason of the constant change in the expression of the actor's countenance—now squinting like Wilkes, and now appearing as handsome as Lord Townsend, anon his cheeks were dilated and he puffed and gasped like the Leviathan Johnson, and then his cheeks wore the pinched aspect of Sir John Hawkins, so that the baffled painter was compelled to throw down his brush in despair." The foundation for all this, no doubt, is a paragraph in the obituary notice published by the *Gentleman's Magazine* within a few days of Gainsborough's death. Therein we are told by the writer that he himself had heard the painter declare that "he never found any portrait so difficult to hit as that of Mr. Garrick; for when he was sketching in the eyebrows, and thought he had hit upon their precise situation, and looked a second time at his model, he found the eyebrows lifted up to the middle of his forehead, and when he a third time looked they were dropped like a curtain close over the eyes; so flexible and universal was the countenance of this great player. . . . This portrait did not do any honour to either artist or comedian." I suspect that Gainsborough's half-serious grumblings did not refer to the Stratford portrait at all, which, moreover, is one of his successes from every point of view, but to one of two comparatively quiet but nevertheless most masterly half-lengths which were painted about 1770-2. One of these used to belong to Mr. D. R. Blaine, and is here reproduced (Plate VII). I have seen it, although I am unable to say in whose possession it now is. Fulcher quotes Sir William Beechey's assertion that "this picture is an admirable likeness, and one of Gainsborough's best portraits." It shows the actor in a simple black dress, with a tie wig and lace cravat and ruffles. The hands are painted with unusual care and are full of character, their gestures are explanatory, and help

* *E.g.*, in the catalogue to the Gainsborough Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885.

the quiet, conversational aspect of the face. In general conception, as well as in methods of execution, this Garrick should be classed with things like the portrait of Orpin, the Parish Clerk of Bradford-on-Avon, in the National Gallery. The Parish Clerk is, no doubt, a good deal earlier. Its conception embodies so much of what we shall find Gainsborough saying presently, in a letter to Garrick, of his scheme for a portrait of Shakespeare which never came to anything, that I am inclined to agree with Mrs. Bell that Gainsborough here made use of a notion which baffled him when he tried to apply it without the help of a sitter. This would date the "Orpin" about 1768-9. It is a little tight in execution and monotonous in illumination, faults which have almost disappeared in the Garrick. The latter picture is probably the one referred to in the following letters to the actor:

"BATH, June 22, 1772.

"DEAR SIR,

"I ask pardon for having kept your picture so long from Mrs. Garrick. It has, indeed, been of great service in keeping me going; but my chief reason for detaining it so long was the hopes of getting one copy *like* to hang in my own parlour, not as a show picture, but for my own enjoyment, to look when I please at a great man, who has thought me worthy of some little notice; but not one copy can I make which does not resemble Mr. Garrick's brother as much as himself; so I have bestowed a drop of excellent varnish to keep you out, instead of a falling tear at parting, and have only to beg of dear Mrs. Garrick to hang it in the best light she can find out, and to continue puffing for me in the manner Mr. — informs me she does.

"That you may long continue to delight and surprise the world with your original face, whilst I hobble after with my copy, is the sincere wish of, dear sir,

"Your most unaccountable and obedient servant,

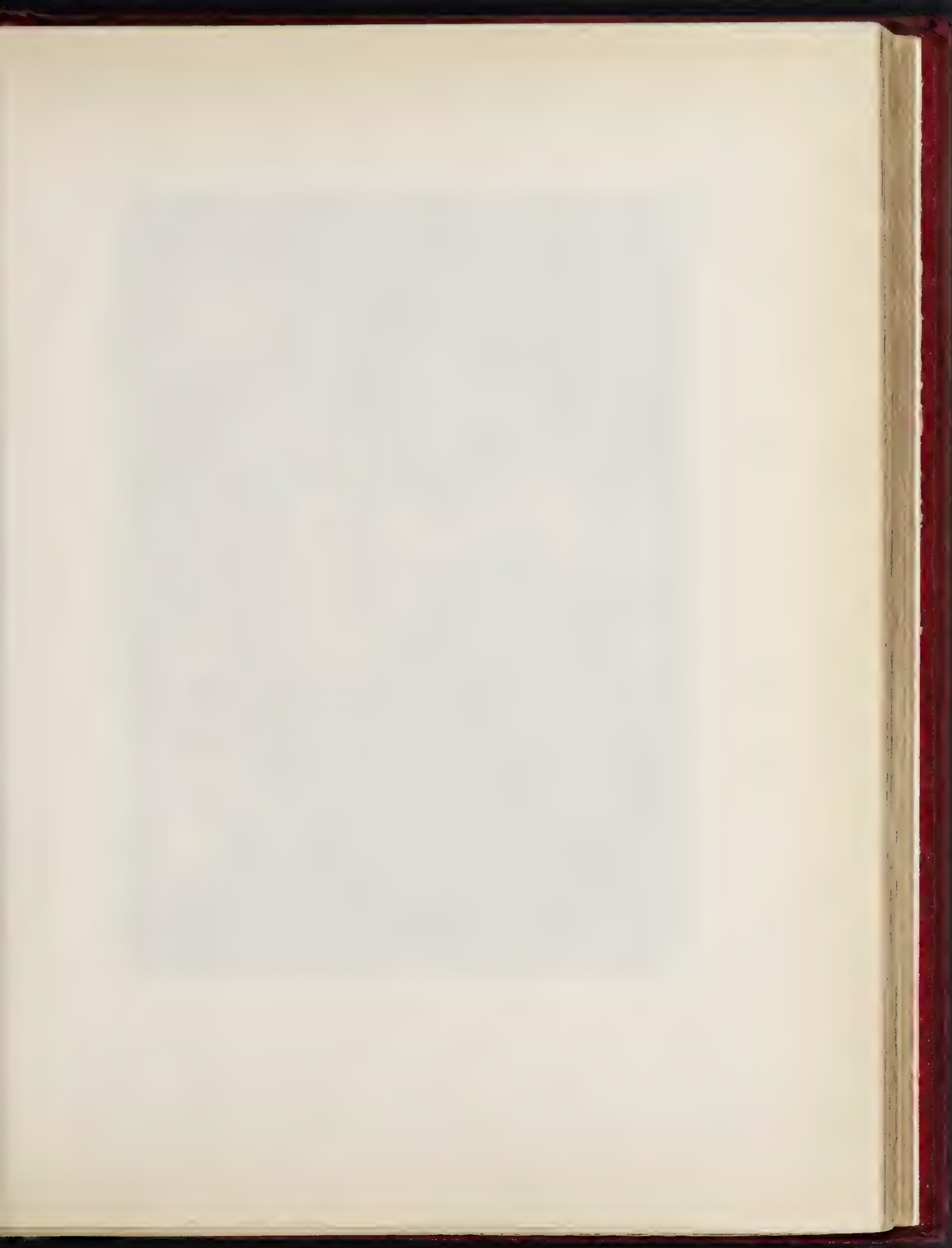
"THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

"P.S.—The picture is to go to London by the Wiltshire fly-waggon on Wednesday next; and I believe will arrive by Saturday morning."

"1772.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I never will consent that any body makes a present of your face to Clutterbuck but myself, because I always intended a copy (*by my own hand*) for



THE EARL OF ROMNEY AND HIS
SISTERS

"MARSHAM FAMILY"

The Lord Rothschild



him, that he may one day tell me what to do with my money, the only thing he understands, except jeering of folks.

"I shall look upon it that you break in upon my line of happiness in this world if you mention it; and for the original it was to be my present to Mrs. Garrick, and so it shall be in spite of your blood.

"Now for the chalk scratch; it is a poor affair, not much like the young ladies; but, however, if you do not remember what I said in my last, and caution your brother off the same *rock*, may you sink in the midst of your glory!

"I know your great stomach, and that you hate to be crammed, but by G—! you shall swallow this one bait; and when you speak of me do not let it be like a goose, but remember you are a fat turkey.

"God bless all your endeavours to delight the world, and may you sparkle to the last!

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH.

"D——n Underwood."

If my supposition, that these letters refer to the picture reproduced in our Plate VII. be correct, there should be a second version of this portrait in existence. It is probable that the editor of Garrick's correspondence is in error when he ascribes to the summer of 1772 a third portrait, which "represents a front view of Garrick in laced clothes, with a book in the right hand. It is more genteel," he goes on to say, "than Sir Joshua's—I mean than that great painter's front view of him. Gainsborough's, though extremely like, gives, what is a common fault, the impression of a larger figure than that of the sitter." This may be the portrait painted for Dr. Ralph Schomberg, whose own picture, at full length, is one of the ornaments of the National Gallery. It was probably painted a little later than 1772. It is a beautiful thing, and was engraved with exquisite delicacy by John Collyer.

It appears from the three following letters, also printed in the Garrick correspondence, that Gainsborough undertook to paint the portrait of Shakespeare already alluded to, to be used, perhaps, at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769.

"BATH, 22nd August, 1772.

"DEAR SIR,

"I doubt I stand accused (if not accursed) all this time for my neglect in not going to Stratford, and giving you a line thence as I promised; but what

can one do such weather as this—continual rainy? My genius is so damped by it, that I can do nothing to please me. I have been several days rubbing in and rubbing out my design of Shakespeare, and hang me if I think I shall let it go, or let you see it at last. I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple portrait way, and had an idea of showing where that inimitable poet had his ideas from, by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for the purpose; but, confound it, I can make nothing of my ideas, there has been such a fall of rain from the same quarter. You shall not see it, for I will cut it before you can come. Tell me, dear sir, when you purpose coming to Bath, that I may be quick enough in my motions. Shakespeare's bust is a silly smiling thing, and I have not sense enough to make him more sensible in the picture, and so I tell ye, you shall not see it. I must make a plain picture of him standing erect, and give it an old look, as if it had been painted at the time he lived; and there we shall fling 'em.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH."

"1768.

"DEAR SIR,

"I take particular notice of your friendly anxiety for my recovery, and thank you most kindly for your *sharp* thought; but having had twelve ounces of blood taken immediately away, am perfectly recovered, strong in the back and *able*—so make your sublime self easy. I suppose your letter to Mr. Sharp was upon no other business, so have enclosed it; but, observe, I thank you sincerely.

"Shakespeare shall come forth forthwith, as the lawyer says. Damn the original picture of him, *with your leave*; for I think a stupider face I never beheld except D——k's.

"I intend, with your approbation, my dear friend, to take the form from his pictures and statues, just enough to preserve his likeness *past the doubt of all blockheads* at first sight, and supply a *soul* from his works: it is impossible that such a mind and ray of heaven could shine with such a face and pair of eyes as that picture has; so, as I had before, damn that.

"I am going to dinner, and after I will try a sketch. I shall leave the *price* to you; I do not care whether I have a farthing if you will but let me do it; to be

sure, I should never ask more than my portrait price (which is sixty guineas), but perhaps ought to ask less, as there is no confinement of painting from life, but, I say, I leave it to you, promising to be contented *upon honour*. I could wish you to call *upon any pretence*, any day after next Wednesday, at the Duke of Montagu's, because you would see the Duke and Duchess in my *last* manner; but not as if you thought any thing of mine worth that trouble, only to see his Grace's landscape of Reubens, and the four Vandykes, whole length, in his Grace's dressing-room," &c. &c. &c.

"BATH, July 27, 1768.

"DEAR SIR,

"I, as well as the rest of the world, acknowledge your riches, and know your princely spirit; but all will not do, for, as I told you before, I am already overpaid for that shabby performance; and if you have a mind to make me happier than all the presents London can afford, you must do it by never thinking yourself in my debt. I wished many years for the happiness of Mr. Garrick's acquaintance, and pray, dear sir, let me now enjoy it quietly; for, sincerely and truly, I shall not be easy if you give way to any of your romantic whimsies: besides, d——n it, I thought you knew me too well, you who can read hearts and faces both at a view, and that at first sight too. Come, if you will not plague me any more upon this frightful subject, I will tell you a story about *first sight*. You must know, sir, whilst I lived at Ipswich, there was a benefit concert in which a new song was to be introduced, and I, being steward, went to the honest cabinet-maker who was our singer instead of a better, and asked him if he could sing at sight, for that I had a new song with all the parts wrote out. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I can.' Upon which I ordered Mr. Giardini of Ipswich to begin the symphony, and gave my signal for the attention of the company; but behold, a dead silence followed the symphony instead of the song; upon which I jumped up to the fellow: 'D——n you, why don't you sing? did not you tell me you could sing at *sight*?' 'Yes, please your honour, I did say I could sing at sight, but not at *first sight*.'

"I am, dear sir, your most humble servant,

"THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

"P.S.—I beg, sir, you will leave the affair of Gossett to me. I shall give him a bill payable at first sight, I assure you."

An actor with whom Gainsborough had even more intimate relations than he had with Garrick, was the Bath Roscius, John Henderson. The touch of the self-seeker which lurked under the skin of Garrick seems to have always prevented the painter's enthusiastic admiration for his gifts from warming into a close personal affection. It was different with Henderson, whose *insouciance* and transparency reflected Gainsborough's own. The younger actor—he was Garrick's junior by twenty years—was, indeed, of an essentially lovable disposition. Although an actor, he was easily abashed. His modesty was such that he was able to judge his own abilities, and was not afraid to tell Palmer, the Bath manager, that his, Henderson's, capacity was being overtaxed by the *rôles* he had to fill. He was a *gourmet* too, or rather a *gourmand*, as may be guessed from certain phrases in the following letters, which are apparently the only extant remains of his correspondence with the painter :

"BATH, 27th June, 1773.

"DEAR HENDERSON,

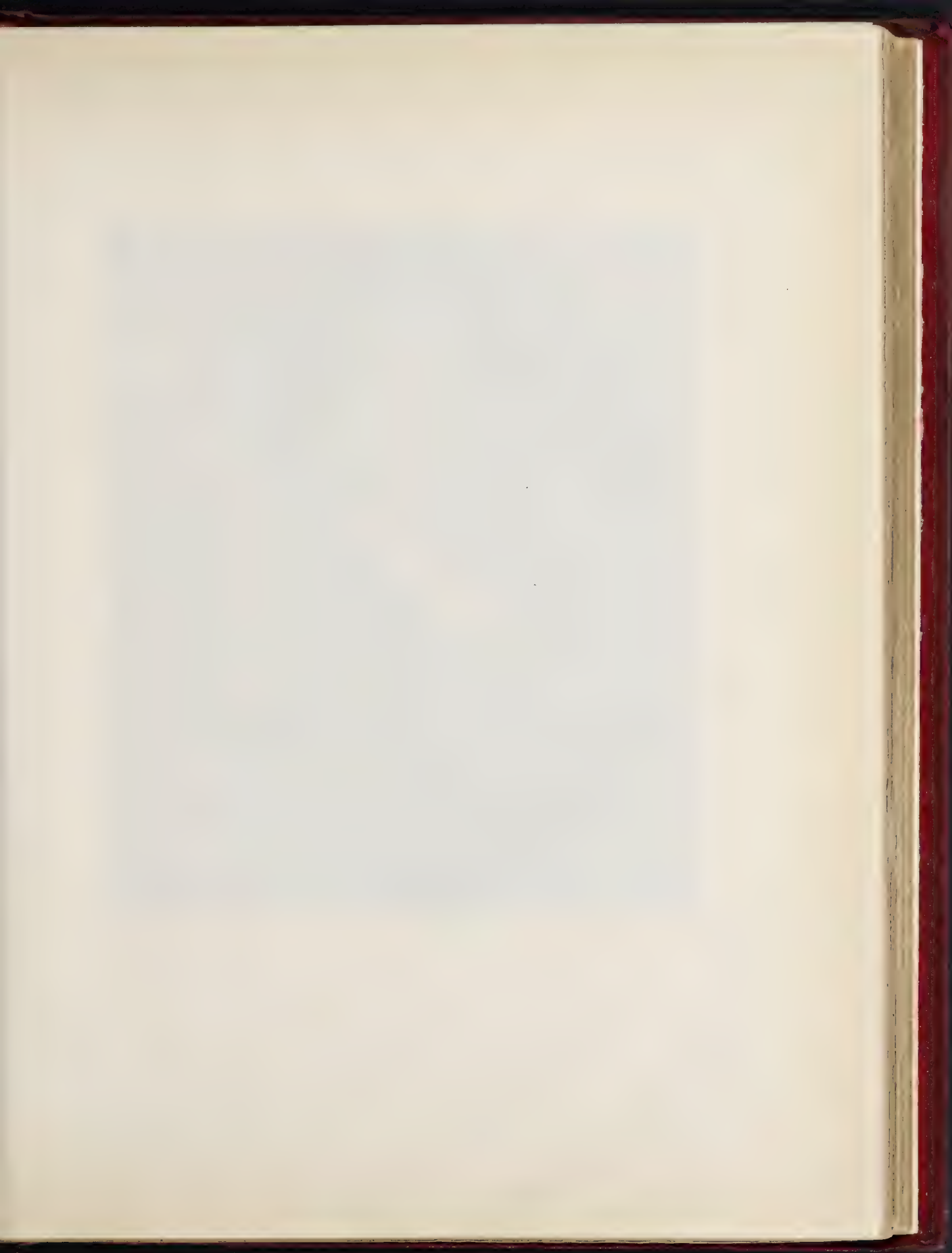
"If you had not wrote to me as you did, I should have concluded you had been laid down ; pray, my boy, take care of yourself this hot weather, and don't run about London streets, fancying you are catching strokes of *nature*, at the hazard of your constitution. It was my first school, and deeply read in petticoats I am, therefore you may allow me to caution you.

"Stick to Garrick as close as you can for your life ; you should follow his heels like his shadow in sunshine.

"No one can be so near him as yourself when you please, and I'm sure when he sees it strongly as other people do, he must be fond of such an *ogre*.

"You have nothing to do now but to stick to the few great ones of the earth, who seem to have offered you their assistance in bringing you to light, and to brush off all the low ones as fast as they light upon you. You see, I hazard the appearing a puppy in your eyes, by pretending to advise you, from the real regard and sincere desire I have of seeing you a great and happy man.

"Garrick is the greatest creature living in every respect ; he is worth studying in every action. Every view and every idea of him is worthy of being stored up for imitation, and I have ever found him a generous and sincere friend. Look upon him, Henderson, with your imitative eyes, for when he drops you'll have nothing but poor old Nature's book to look in. You'll be left to grope it out



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

Royal Academy



alone, scratching your pate in the dark, or by a farthing candle. Now is your time, my lively fellow. And, do ye hear, don't eat so devilishly; you'll get too fat when you rest playing, or get a sudden jogg by illness to bring you down again. . . .

"Adieu, my dear H.,

"Believe me yours, &c.

"T. G."

"BATH, July 18, 1773.

"DEAR HENDERSON,

"If one may judge by your last spirited epistle you are in good keeping, no one eats with a more grateful countenance or swallows with more good nature than yourself.

"If this does not seem sense, do but recollect how many hard-featured fellows there are in the world that frown in the midst of enjoyment, chew with unthankfulness, and seem to swallow with pain instead of pleasure; now any one who sees you eat pig and plumb sauce, immediately *feels that pleasure* which a plump morsel, smoothly gliding through a narrow glib passage into the regions of bliss and moistened with the dews of imagination, naturally creates.

"Some iron-faced dogs you know seem to chew dry ingratitude and swallow discontent. Let such be kept to *under parts*, and never trusted to support a character. In all but eating stick to Garrick; in that let him stick to you, for I'll be curst if you are not his master. Never mind the fools who talk of imitation and copying. All is imitation, and if you quit that natural likeness to Garrick which your mother bestowed upon you, you'll be flung. Ask Garrick else.

"Why, sir, what makes the difference between man and man is real performance and not genius or conception. There are a thousand Garricks, a thousand Giardinis and Fischers, and Abels. Why only one Garrick, with Garrick's eyes, voice, &c. &c. &c.? One Giardini with Giardini's fingers, &c. &c.? But one Fischer with Fischer's dexterity, quickness, &c.? Or more than one Abel with Abel's feeling upon the instrument? All the rest of the world are mere *hearers* and *see'rs*.

"Now, as I said in my last, as Nature seems to have intended the same thing in you as in Garrick, no matter how short or how long, her kind intention must

not be crossed. If it is, she will tip the wink to Madam Fortune and you'll be kicked down stairs.

"Think on that, Master Ford.

"God bless you,

"T. G."

Gainsborough painted Henderson's portrait at least twice. The earlier was already in existence in 1773, the year after Henderson's *début* at Bath, for in a letter bearing that date, the actor tells his manager, Palmer, that the artist had promised him a "miniature" from it. This portrait was probably the one scraped in mezzo-tint by Jones. The apparent age of the sitter points to about 1772, and a comparison with the Blaine "Garrick," painted 1770-2 (plate 7), confirms the date. The two pictures are curiously alike both in conception and in execution. In each great play is made with the hands, as if to mark the value of those extremities to an actor. It is true that Jones's mezzo-tint was not published until 1783, which might seem to indicate a portrait which was at the Academy in 1780 as the most likely original. But the evidence of age and style contradicts that idea. The 1780 portrait was probably the original of one, only partly by the hand of Gainsborough, which now hangs in the Strangers' Smoking Room of the Garrick Club. This shows a man some years older than the Henderson of Jones's mezzo-tint.

Among Bath sitters we should have to include Chatterton, if we could place any faith in Fulcher's assertion at page 89 of his biography, that the "marvellous boy" sat to Gainsborough, and that the portrait "with his long flowing hair and childlike face" is a masterpiece. No such picture can now be authenticated, although a half-length portrait agreeing with Fulcher's description still exists. It was in the possession of Mr. E. Naylor in Fulcher's time. Considerations of date, age, and locality—to name only these—make it unlikely that Gainsborough painted Chatterton.

Among other notable sitters at Bath were John, fourth Duke of Argyll, the General John Campbell who had succeeded his second cousin, the twelfth Earl and third Duke of Argyll, in 1761; two ladies whose matrimonial adventures have made them famous, the first Viscountess Grosvenor and Lady Ligonier, as well as the latter's husband, and her father, George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers. It was Lady Grosvenor who, in the phrase of Walpole, "had the mishap of being

surprised, at least once, — locked into a room" with the Duke of Cumberland, an escapade for which the Duke had to pay handsomely to the injured Viscount. The portrait of Pitt was at the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, those of his daughter and her husband were there two years later, in 1771. They were probably on Gainsborough's easel during the last days of the first Lord Ligonier's existence, for he died in the spring of 1770; and they must have been hanging on the Academy walls when all the world was laughing over the *amour* of his nephew's wife with Alferi, and its tragi-comic *dénouement* in Hyde Park.

The letters here printed give us some useful glimpses of Gainsborough's life at Bath. Among other things they show that he was by no means a fixture in the western city, but that, on the contrary, he thought little more of a visit to Exeter or even London than we do in these days of railways. This makes it imprudent to base any arguments upon the supposed inaccessibility of any particular sitter at any particular time. He may have painted portraits in Exeter, in Bristol, in London itself, or anywhere else within reasonable distance even during the years when he was domiciled in Bath. Another deduction we may fairly draw from the letters is that rather too much has been made by his biographers of his love for music. Jackson was a musician, and so in corresponding with him, if anywhere, we should expect to find that art exalted. Gainsborough no doubt talks about it a great deal, and even goes so far as to declare he would like to disappear from the world with a viol-de-gamba and a brush devoted exclusively to landscape. But this seems to be nothing more than the momentary revolt of a changeable and irresponsible nature against the daily round of bread winning. Through it all we can see the man whose real love, whose legitimate and so perhaps less exciting companion, was painting and not music. It may be that the particular branch of art by which alone a competency was to be won in the middle of the eighteenth century, was less congenial to him than the painting of landscapes. But even then I suspect his laments were due, not to any real preference for a landscape over a portrait, but merely to his impatience of the greater effort required by the latter. Mr. Horsley is my authority for a story which seems to support this idea. He received it from his godfather, Sir Augustus Callcott, who had it from the first Lord Lansdowne. One day, not very long before Gainsborough's death, Lord Lansdowne called upon him at Schomberg House. The painter came out to receive him, and led him through several rooms all hung with his own landscapes. He pointed to these saying,

"People won't buy 'em, you know," and then carried his visitor into his painting room. There he worked himself into a state of excitement, exclaiming at last, "I'm a landscape painter and yet they will come to me for portraits. I can't paint portraits. Look at that damned arm, I have been at it all the morning, and I can't get it right." He was working without sitter or model, so perhaps his bad shots were not surprising. On the whole we may fairly conclude that the chief, if not the only, reason for his delight at being able to dismiss a patron and sit down either to his viol-de-gamba or to a landscape, was the mere fact that portrait painting was his duty, and his other two pursuits his pleasure.

ALEXANDER, 10TH DUKE OF HAMILTON (1782)

BOSTON, P. M. R. 1852.1



THE PINK BOY

Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild





LANDSCAPES 1758

CHAPTER VI

PICTURES PAINTED AT BATH



AINSBOROUGH'S Bath period was one of continuous and very rapid development, but it was in no reasonable sense immature. His mastery of the painter's materials was complete before he left Suffolk. The later portraits painted at Ipswich show no signs of doubt or hesitation. They fail to delight us in the same degree as what he did in the last thirty years of his life, not through any technical incapacity, but simply because his artistic ambitions were not yet sufficiently aroused. Very seldom after leaving his native county did he draw so correctly as he did there, but the sight of fine things opened his eyes to the possibilities of colour, and his art bloomed in the more congenial atmosphere like a rose-

tree in June. The notion that a "Bath Gainsborough" is something inferior, that it holds a place in his *œuvre* distinctly below the pictures painted in London between 1774 and his death, is quite a delusion. Many of his finest things date from his years at Bath. The "Miss Linley and her Brother," at Knole, was painted there; so was the fine equestrian portrait of General Honywood, now in the possession of the Messrs. Agnew; so, as we have seen, were at least three of the "Garricks"; so was Lord Burton's "Lady Sussex and Lady Barbara Yelverton"; so were Lord Tweedmouth's two landscapes, and the similar picture now in Mr. Lionel Phillips's possession, which we reproduce (plate 10), and Lord Bateman's "Going to Market," and so, I believe, was the "Blue Boy" itself. In all of these, with the exception of one of the portraits of Garrick, colour is used with a vigour and success unsurpassed at any subsequent period, and in many, especially in the Linley group, and, of course, the "Blue Boy," the brushing is almost as free and the paint at least as fat and rich as in the best things from his later years. But I must keep clear for the present of any detailed critical discussions, and must be content to give a short account of the more notable pictures which belong to this stage of his career.

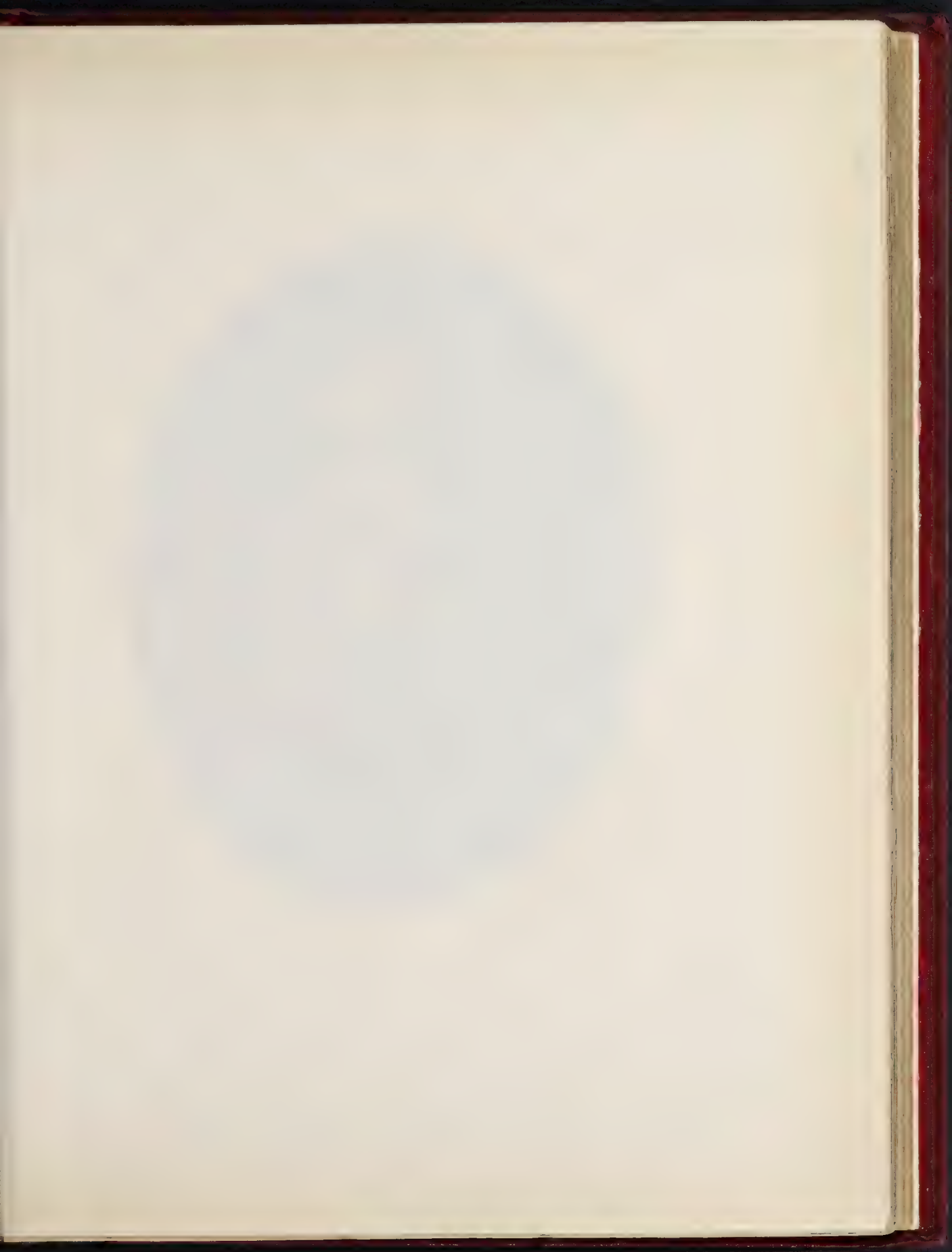
Among the first portraits painted after Gainsborough settled in Bath are two of Robert Craggs Nugent, afterwards first Viscount Clare and Earl Nugent. One of these, a full length, was the first picture ever publicly exhibited by its author. It was at the Spring Garden Exhibition of the Society of Artists of Great Britain in 1761. It now belongs to Sir George Nugent. A second portrait of the same sitter was painted, probably a year or two after the first, for the Corporation of Bristol, its present owners. Lord Nugent was a little over fifty when he sat to Gainsborough. He was then Member of Parliament for Bristol, and had already been three times married. His first wife was Lady Emilia Plunkett, a daughter of Lord Fingall. His second, Ann, had been twice a widow; she was a daughter of James Craggs, the Postmaster-General, and a great heiress. His third was Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Berkeley. Lord Nugent was a poet, but perhaps his best claim on the memory of those who read lies in the haunch of venison he sent to Goldsmith, which gave the author of "Retaliation" the chance of a rhyme. Lord Nugent's son, the Hon. Edmund, then an officer in the First Foot Guards, was painted by Gainsborough in 1764. The picture was at the exhibition of the Society of Artists in 1765. It is entered in the catalogue as "An officer, whole length."

Gainsborough's single contribution to the exhibition of 1762 was another whole length, the portrait of William Poyntz, of Midgham, Berkshire, which is now at Althorp. Poyntz was the brother of Georgiana, the first Countess Spencer, and therefore uncle to the famous Duchess of Devonshire. He was an ardent sportsman, and is painted with a gun, bare-headed, under a tree. The entry in the Society's catalogue is "A Whole Length of a Gentleman with a Gun." About the same time was painted the half-length portrait of his sister, Georgiana, now at Althorp. It is one of the finest of Gainsborough's simpler and less ambitious works, the hands especially being unusually well drawn. Lady Spencer's little daughter, who was afterwards to become so famous and to eclipse her mother in *vogue*, if not in looks, was painted probably at the same time. The little Georgiana was born in 1757, and in Gainsborough's picture she is about five or six years old. It was not her first experience of sitting, for she had been painted with her mother by Sir Joshua before she was two. The catalogue for 1763 has three entries: "Mr. Quin, whole length," "A Gentleman, whole length," and "A large landscape." As to the portrait of James Quin, Fulcher says he was with difficulty persuaded by his friends to sit to Gainsborough. "If you will let me take your likeness," said the painter, "I shall live for ever"; and the actor yielded to the flattery. He is shown sitting in a chair with a volume of plays in his hand; the arrangement of the lighting is something like that in the "Parish Clerk." The picture formerly belonged to John Wiltshire, of Shockerwick, near Bath, whose progenitor, the Bath Pickford of the time, may well have been among the friends who overcame the actor's bashfulness. The Wiltshire collection was sold at Christie's in 1867, when the Quin was bought by the late Duke of Cleveland. The second entry refers to a portrait of Medlicott, whom Fulcher calls the gay and gallant cousin of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who, Edgeworth I mean, was a friend of Humphrey Gainsborough; the third, a large landscape, cannot now be identified. In 1764 only one portrait, a whole length of some unknown gentleman, was exhibited, but the next year, 1765, saw not only the already noticed full length of Colonel Nugent, but also the great equestrian portrait of General Honywood, a picture more than ten feet square, in Spring Gardens. This picture has lately passed out of the hands of the Honywood family, and is at the present moment (April 1898) at the Messrs. Agnew's, in Old Bond Street. It represents the general riding across the canvas, from left to right, the proper left and right of the picture. He wears a scarlet uniform, and carries his sword,

unsheathed, in his right hand ; he has no scabbard. The horse, a rich bay, is a little too long. The painter has not taken the precaution to draw him in before commencing the figure, and so the fore-quarters are separated from the hind by rather too much "middle-piece." This mistake is still more conspicuous in the "Colonel St. Leger" at Hampton Court, where a quite unreasonable amount of horse shows behind the figure. Otherwise the Honywood picture is as successful in design as it is in all other ways. The landscape is one of the finest backgrounds ever painted, and reminds one of the backgrounds to some of those equestrian portraits by Velasquez which Gainsborough never saw. It is curious that Reynolds had sent a "General on Horseback" to the exhibition of 1761. Many things point to the probability that Gainsborough made an annual visit to London during the exhibition, and it is quite likely that the apparition of Sir Joshua's "General" suggested the treatment of his own.

The year 1766 was that of the Stratford "Garrick," entered in the catalogue as "A Gentleman, whole length." It was accompanied by another "gentleman," not now to be identified, by a "Lady and Gentleman," and "A large Landskip with figures." Gainsborough seems to have pinned his faith to size for the exhibition. The great majority of the portraits he sent there were whole lengths, and most of the "landskips" are described as large. In 1767 he sent a "Portrait of a Lady, whole length," a "Portrait of a Nobleman, whole length," a "Portrait of a Gentleman, whole length," and "A large Landskip." The "lady" was Lady Grosvenor, the "nobleman," the Duke of Argyll ; and the "gentleman," Mr. Vernon, a son of Lord Vernon. The Duke of Argyll's portrait was engraved in mezzotint by James Watson, and published in 1769. A second portrait of the same duke was painted later, and is now at Inverary. The last year in which Gainsborough sent to the Society of Artists was 1768, when he was represented by "An Officer, whole length," and "A Sea Officer, ditto." The "Officer" was Captain Needham, an ancestor of the present Lord Kilmorey, to whom the picture belongs. The "Sea Officer" was Captain the Hon. Augustus Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol. Both are excellent examples of the painter's work at the time, especially the Captain Hervey. He stands with his legs crossed and leans with his left elbow on the fluke of an anchor. In the distance a line-of-battle ship rides at anchor rather nearer the shore than seems altogether probable ; but on the whole both arrangement and execution show more thoughtfulness than usual.

The year 1769 saw the inauguration of the Royal Academy, and Gainsborough



G. COYTE

In America



was represented by four pictures. These are entered as follows in the catalogue: "Portrait of a Lady, whole length;" "Portrait of a Gentleman, ditto;" "A large Landskip;" and "A Boy's Head." The lady was Isabella, Lady Molyneux. She was a daughter of the second Earl of Harrington, and her husband became first Earl of Sefton in 1771. The gentleman was George Pitt, first Lord Rivers, whom Walpole calls a "venerable Corydon," "brutal, and half mad." He was the father of Penelope Pitt, who married the second Lord Ligonier. The landscape cannot be identified, but the "Boy's Head" was probably the picture now, or lately, in the possession of Mr. F. W. Newton, of Barton Grange, near Taunton. Gainsborough was on a visit there about 1766-7. A village boy was employed to wait upon him in the room set apart for his painting, and the story goes that, coming unexpectedly into the studio one day, he found the lad trying to copy something on a piece of board. His attitude and absorbed expression caught the painter's fancy, and crying, "Stay as you are," he seized a canvas, and rapidly immortalised his young assistant. The boy has a palette and brushes in his hand, and is looking upwards. He wears a red waistcoat, and the background is dark. It may be useful to note that to this 1769 Exhibition Reynolds sent a version, probably the first, of the famous allegory of "Hope nursing Love," for which Miss Morris was the model. It gives some idea of the parallel development of the two men. The motto on the title-page of the first Academy catalogue, the pioneer of a long series of a hundred and thirty, which must have caused considerable searchings of mind and note-books to the Academy and its various professors, was *Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo*. Gainsborough might have taken it for his own motto as well. From the moment of his inclusion in the thirty-six foundation members, new ambitions began to stir in his breast. Pictures poured faster from his easel; they give signs of a consciousness on his part that the new institution would ask more and give more than those it had superseded; and the idea of London, with its peculiar opportunities, one of them a chance to paint kings and queens, began to simmer in his mind. To the exhibition of 1770 he sent six pictures and a book of drawings. None of these have been identified except "No. 86, a Portrait of a Gentleman," and, with some doubt, "No. 88, a Landskip with Figures," which was probably the "Return from Harvest," here reproduced. The "gentleman" was Garrick, and the picture either the portrait engraved by Collyer, or that formerly in the Blaine Collection. This "Return from Harvest" is an earlier version of the famous picture presented

to Wiltshire, the London Carrier, which is now in the possession of Lord Tweedmouth. The later version and its companion, "A Landscape, with Figures and Cattle," also belonging to Lord Tweedmouth, were at the Academy in 1771; at least they can be identified with reasonable certainty with Nos. 79 and 80, "Landscape and Figures," and "Ditto," in that year's catalogue—the first, by the way, in which the spelling "landscape" appears. The earlier picture was in the collection of the Rev. B. Gibbons, who possessed so many good examples of the English School. It now belongs to Mr. Lionel Phillips, and is at No. 33 Grosvenor Square. Gainsborough painted this subject at least three times. The earliest version, Mr. Phillips's, is the most careful and elaborate; it has, too, a fine effect in the sky which is wanting in the other two. Lord Tweedmouth's, on the other hand, is more airy and transparent, and has a greater look of having been thrown off at a heat. It has always been one of the most popular of Gainsborough's landscapes, and when sold, in 1867, it brought the then enormous price of £3097 10s. A third version is in the possession of Mr. S. G. Holland. It is almost a monochrome, and depends for its charm entirely upon its freedom and spontaneity. Fulcher and others assert that the figures in all these "Returns from Harvest" are portraits of Gainsborough's own family. That his daughters sat to him is likely enough, but the figures are too slight and sketchy to be called portraits.

Gainsborough's relations with John Wiltshire require to be told. The story goes—and we have no reason to doubt it—that Wiltshire steadily refused payment for transporting the artist's works to the London Exhibitions. "No, no," he protested, "I love painting too much;" but finding that Gainsborough's pride was uneasy under the obligation, he at last suggested a compromise. "When you think, sir," he said, "that I have carried to the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, and I shall be more than paid." Several of these payments were made, and for a century the pictures descended in the family. Whether the "Quin," the "Foote," the "Parish Clerk," and the "Boy and Dog," to say nothing of the two landscapes, all of which were sold in the Shockerwick sale, were all acquired in this fashion it is impossible to say. If they were, Gainsborough was certainly not outdone in generosity by Wiltshire.

To the exhibition of 1771 he sent five full lengths, besides the two landscapes just mentioned. They were mostly entered in the usual way, but have been identified—chiefly by the help of Walpole's annotated catalogues—as "Lady

Sussex and Lady Barbara Yelverton," "Lady Ligonier in a Fancy Dress," "Lord Ligonier with his Horse," and "Mr. Nuthall." The fifth, "Captain Wade, Master of the Ceremonies at Bath"—the great Beau's successor—was entered without disguise. The "Lady Sussex" is now the property of Lord Burton, and is reproduced here. Lady Sussex was the daughter of Colonel Hall, of Mansfield Woodhouse, Nottinghamshire. Her daughter Barbara eloped to Gretna Green at the age of fifteen with a neighbour, Edward Thoroton Gould, by whom she had a son who succeeded to her own barony of Grey de Ruthyn. Mr. Nuthall was a friend of Pitt's. He died in 1775, after being frightened by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath. The next year, 1772, was prolific; no less than fourteen pictures were carried off to London by Wiltshire, but none of these can now be identified beyond a guess. Four portraits and ten landscapes made up the total, but the latter were all "drawings in imitation of oil painting." Several things of this kind are still in existence, and on those rare occasions when they appear in salerooms they excite dispute. They are drawings in water colour, very free in handling and bold in effect, painted on stout coarse paper laid down upon canvas, and varnished. One was sold in London in 1896. I have a photograph of it before me now. In subject it is a variation upon the drawing in the Irish National Gallery. The curious castellated building—it was probably imaginary—is the most conspicuous object in both. In both the road runs past it between groups of trees, but there the resemblance ends. In the imitation oil picture a group of peasants on the one hand, and a string of horses returning from the field on the other, make it more of an orthodox picture. Varnished Gainsborough drawings of a less important kind are quite common. In some cases, perhaps, they have been varnished by irresponsible hands, but the painter seems to have had an unaccountable fancy for the process, and in most instances the blame should rest with himself. Anything much more unpleasant than a varnished drawing it is hard to conceive.

After 1772 Gainsborough does not reappear at the Academy until 1777, when his address was no longer "Bath." The reason of his abstention is uncertain. All we know is that Walpole has the following note in his catalogue of 1773: "Gainsborough and Dance, having disagreed with Sir Joshua Reynolds, did not send any pictures to this exhibition." Several portraits can be assigned pretty confidently to these years, among them those of Lord Chesterfield, of the Duke of Bedford, of the Duchess of Montagu, of Mr. William Almack, and of Fischer, the

hautboy player, who afterwards married Gainsborough's daughter. The "Fischer" is the full length at Hampton Court, which was presented to George the Fourth by the musician's widow, Mary Gainsborough. A portrait of Lord Chesterfield may have been painted a little sooner; it is believed to be the last for which he ever sat. It bears the inscription "Aged 76, date 1769," but this seems to be a comparatively recent addition and is incorrect, as Chesterfield was not 76 until the end of 1770. This is a wonderful picture of age, with a touch of senility creeping over features which still proclaim the former acuteness and intelligence of their owner. A second portrait, whole length, said to have been at the Academy in 1778, five years after Chesterfield's death, as the "Portrait of a Nobleman," is probably the picture which now belongs to Lord Carnarvon. The old Duchess of Montagu was painted more than once. Her first portrait is a bust, in an oval, now at Montagu House. It dates from about 1765. Another portrait is at Dalkeith Palace, together with those of George, Duke of Montagu, and Henry, Duke of Buccleuch. These are all half length. To the same time we may refer a portrait of Mary, Lady Carr, now in America, reproduced in the *PORTFOLIO** over the mistaken title of "Lady Ray," and the large group of Mr. and Mrs. Dehaney, of Hayes Park, Kent, with their daughter, which is reproduced by Mrs. Bell. Sir William Agnew's "Duchess of Grafton" may be a year or two later. This duchess was Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, Bart.; she was married to the Duke of Grafton immediately after his divorce from his first wife, Anne, daughter of Lord Ravensworth, who afterwards married her fellow culprit, Lord Upper Ossory, and became by him the mother of the famous little Ladies Anne and Gertrude Fitzpatrick.

The fourth Duke of Bedford was twice painted by Gainsborough. One portrait is at Woburn; it is the one which bears Gainsborough's name, and has been already alluded to; the other was at Blenheim, but is now in the National Portrait Gallery. This duke succeeded his brother, Wriothsley, in 1732, when he was only twenty-two years of age. It was to the likeness between him and Mrs. Gainsborough, as shown in their portraits, to which allusion was made in our third chapter. But if Mrs. Gainsborough was really a left-handed offshoot of the Russell family, her father was probably Wriothsley, the second duke, who died without legitimate issue in 1732. Both these portraits are good average examples of the heads turned out in such numbers by Gainsborough.

* *Thomas Gainsborough*, 1894, p. 23.



MRS. MEARS

Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.



Their merit consists in the strong individuality imparted to the sitters with what is often the slightest of means, and in the skill with which scarlet, green, blue and other bright colours are kept in right subordination to the more important parts. The number of these things is very considerable. The National Portrait Gallery has five besides the "Bedford"—Lord Cornwallis, Lord Amherst, George Colman, John Henderson, and Stringer Lawrence; the National Gallery of Ireland one—the Duke of Northumberland; the National Gallery two—Sir Henry Bate Dudley and Miss Gainsborough; and many others appear periodically at the Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House. The two portraits we reproduce of Gainsborough himself are in this class. They are feigned ovals; so are the "Sheridan," the "Duke of Argyll," the "Lord Archibald Campbell," the "Canning," and the great majority of his heads.

I now come to the possibility, or rather the strong probability, that the "Blue Boy" itself was painted at Bath. The traditions connected with this famous canvas involve so many inconsistencies that a satisfactory conclusion is not easy to arrive at. One fact of which there seems to be no doubt is that it represents Jonathan Buttall, an ironmonger who lived at the corner of King and Greek Streets, Soho. It is commonly said to have been painted in 1779, as an answer to a certain passage in the eighth discourse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which was delivered on the 10th of December, 1778. Here is the passage: "Although it is not my business to enter into the detail of our art, yet I must take this opportunity of mentioning one of the means of producing that great effect which we observe in the works of the Venetian painters, as I think it is not generally known or observed. It ought, in my opinion, to be indispensably observed, that the masses of light in a picture be always of a warm mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours; and for this purpose, a small proportion of cold colours will be sufficient. Let this conduct be reversed; let the light be cold, and the surrounding colours warm, as we often see in the works of the Roman and Florentine painters, and it will be out of the power of art, even in the hands of Rubens and Titian, to make a picture splendid and harmonious." Here Reynolds seems to have fallen into the strange error of confusing colour with tint. His own practice should have warned him of the infelicity of the terms he was using. A cold blue is enough to destroy the splendour of a picture even when it is kept to subordinate parts; a warm blue,

glowing with inner light, makes as fine a keynote as any painter can desire. Sir Joshua's statement comes, in fact, to little more than the truism that a splendid colour effect cannot be produced with cold colour, for a cold red would be quite as depressing as a cold blue. It is difficult to believe that the President was free from back-thought when he penned the lines so often quoted, for, even if we exclude the Blue Boy, nearly every Academy exhibition must have had a Gainsborough in which blue was the dominant colour. The authentic repartee to the eighth discourse was, no doubt, the "Mrs. Siddons," for there Gainsborough has carefully broken every law laid down by the President. All the evidence we have tends to disprove that the "Blue Boy" could have been his answer. In his "Book for a Rainy Day" (p. 305), John Thomas Smith records the following scrap of talk with his friend John Taylor.* The talk took place in 1832, when Taylor was ninety-three years old. "Did you know Gainsborough, sir?" "Oh, I remember him; he was an odd man at times. I recollect my master, Hayman, coming home after he had been to the Exhibition, and saying what an extraordinary picture Gainsborough had painted of a Blue Boy; it is as fine as Vandyke!" "Who was the Blue Boy, sir?" "Why, he was an ironmonger. . . . He lived at the corner of Greek and King Streets, Soho; an immensely rich man." Now, Hayman died in 1776, three years before the date usually given for the "Blue Boy's" appearance at the Royal Academy, and two years before Reynolds made his pronouncement about the use of cold tints in a picture. Without other evidence we might distrust Taylor's memory or Smith's fidelity as a reporter, but both are corroborated by a third witness. Writing to Fuseli in 1770, Mary Moser, R.A., says, "It is only telling you what you know already of the Exhibition of 1770, to say that Gainsborough is beyond himself in the portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit." Now, Gainsborough painted plenty of "Vandyke habits," but only one among them fits this assertion of Miss Moser. Of the "Blue Boy" only could it be said in 1770 with any truth that Gainsborough had beaten his own record. The Lord Archibald Campbell, here reproduced, is a fine thing, but its want of "importance" would prevent Miss Moser from applying such words to it. Lord Archibald, moreover, was only twelve months old in 1770.

* Known as "Old Taylor." He was the son of a Custom House officer, and studied art under Francis Hayman. He was an original member of the Society of Artists and survived all the others. He lived chiefly by teaching, in which he had a great practice. He was born in 1739, and did not die until the 21st of November, 1838.

Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's "Pink Boy" is another fine souvenir of Van Dyck, but the sitter is too young to be called "a gentleman," the workmanship is too late for 1770, and the whole thing not important enough to justify the lady's description. I may say the same of the "Master Plampin," a boy in a white satin Van Dyck dress; of Lord Clanricarde's "Canning as a Boy," of Sir Edgar Vincent's "Gainsborough Dupont," of Mr. Gardiner's "E. R. Gardiner," of the "Paul Cobb Methuen," and of various other portraits *à la* Van Dyck.

Those who cling to the old tradition quote the style of the "Blue Boy" in support of the notion that it could not have been painted before 1779. I confess that, to me, it now seems, after much and close examination, to point the other way. The loaded impasto, the ruddy carnations, the tendency to brown and beyond it, in the shadows, the preoccupation with force, seem all to belong to about the same period as the group at Knole, and to be inconsistent with the feathery lightness, freedom, and gaiety which mark Gainsborough's work towards the end of his life. The most significant comparison may be made with the National Gallery "Mrs. Siddons." Here again blue, and a franker blue than that of the "Master Buttall," is the dominant note. But the painting is more assured, the handling lighter and more prompt, the shadows more transparent, and the figure as a whole truer to its illumination. It would not be fair to dwell too much on the contrast between the flesh-painting of the "Blue Boy" and that of the "Mrs. Siddons," for I fancy the peculiar white bloom of the latter's skin is due to the fact that she sat in her paint. But it must not be overlooked that even in the portraits of pretty women, that of Eliza Linley, for instance, painted about 1770, there is a fulness of colour we do not find ten years later.*

Taking everything into account, it seems to me that the old tradition of the "Blue Boy" must be given up, and that the Duke of Westminster's picture, so far from being an answer to Reynolds, was one of the many things which provoked his dictum, Gainsborough replying, if he took the trouble to reply at all, with the Mrs. Siddons and those other portraits painted in the last ten years of his life in which blue, canary yellow, and other cool tints are made the centres of the colour scheme. The subsequent history of the "Blue Boy" is rather obscure. Jonathan Buttall senior, the father of the "Blue Boy," died in 1768,

* Further information on the subject of the "Blue Boy" and Jonathan Buttall will be found in the Appendix.

when his widow took out letters of administration of his estate. Nearly thirty years later, in 1796, she seems to have died herself, for the administration was then renewed to the son, the value of the unadministered balance being sworn under £2000. He seems to have realised at once, for his effects were sold the same year by Sharpe and Cox, the auctioneers. These effects "included premises in Soho and the City, a share in Drury Lane Theatre, many drawings by Gainsborough, and pictures by the same hand and others, wine, and musical instruments." *

As to whether the "Blue Boy" was sold on this occasion there seems to be considerable doubt. There is evidence to show that Hoppner, who died in 1810, had a "Blue Boy" in his possession. A letter exists in which R. B. Hoppner, the painter's son, says he remembered a "Blue Boy" at his father's house, 18 Charles Street, St. James's Square, which he believed to be the property of the Prince of Wales. At the present moment three versions are known. One is the Duke of Westminster's picture; another was lately, and may be still, in the possession of Mr. W. H. Fuller, of New York. The third belongs to the Comte de Castellane, and was at the exhibition of portraits held in the École des Beaux-Arts in 1897. The second has sometimes been put forward as an original replica by Gainsborough himself, but it has no serious pretensions to any such rank. It is an old copy, probably by Hoppner, whose hand may, I think, be recognised in some other so-called replicas of Gainsborough. Hoppner, as might be expected, could reproduce Gainsborough's colour with a certain measure of success, but the handling of the great master was not quite within his reach. Whether Hoppner or not, the feathery touch of Gainsborough here puts on a suspicion of woolliness, and the whole canvas lacks brilliancy and clearness. Whatever its history, the real "Blue Boy" is the one at Grosvenor House. In all probability it either belonged to Hoppner, or was put in his charge at some period between 1796 and 1810. He would then have every opportunity of making the copy which has since led to so much superfluous debate. We shall come in good time to pictures painted in 1779, and then I shall have an opportunity of showing how they differ from the Grosvenor House masterpiece.†

* F. G. Stephens, catalogue of the Gainsborough Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885.

† The South Kensington Museum possesses a sketch in pencil and water colour, which pretends to be a first sketch for the "Blue Boy." It is quite unworthy of attention. Gainsborough could draw badly enough when he liked, but he could scarcely put pencil to paper with so little significance as we find here. The



MRS. SHERIDAN

The Lord Rothschild



Among other pictures dating from his last years at Bath are the first portrait of the Duke of Cumberland, painted while his little Royal Highness was under the cloud of his intrigue with Lady Grosvenor; the portrait of Grace Dalrymple, afterwards Mrs. Elliott, now at Welbeck Abbey, and another which used to belong to Lord Cholmondeley; the "Mrs. Macaulay" which belongs to Mr. E. P. Roberts, and the "Miss Jane Tyler," now in Lord Iveagh's collection. Miss Tyler was the daughter of Dr. Tyler, Rector of Shobdon, and an aunt of Robert Southey. The poet says "she was remarkably beautiful, so far as any face can be called beautiful in which the indications of a violent temper are strongly marked." These indications are not to be discovered in Gainsborough's portrait, which was long in the possession of the Bateman family, at Shobdon Court. Mrs. Macaulay was Catherine Macaulay the historian and political pamphleteeress. She will have to be referred to again later.

Some confusion has been caused over the portraits of Mrs. Elliott, through a mistake made in the catalogue of the Grosvenor Exhibition of 1885. The picture then exhibited was the bust portrait from the collection of the Duke of Portland; the description in the catalogue was evidently compiled from John Dean's engraving after the full-length formerly in the possession of Lord Cholmondeley. Both pictures date from about the same time, although the full-length may be slightly the earlier of the two. Dean's engraving, the second state, was published in January, 1779. The Duke of Portland's picture is one of the finest things of the sort that Gainsborough ever did. In it the lady's beauty, and her character, both receive full justice. Grace Dalrymple was married while still in her teens to Dr. John Elliott, afterwards a baronet, a distinguished Scottish physician, who was old enough to be her father. Not long after her marriage she eloped with Lord Valentia, who took her to France, and there, apparently, transferred her to Lord Cholmondeley, with whom she returned to England. Here she attracted the Prince of Wales, and had a daughter who afterwards became the wife of Lord Charles Bentinck, son of the third Duke of Portland. After a time Mrs. Elliott, who had become too well known in London as "Dolly the Tall," returned to France, where, between 1786 and 1793, she was one of the many "friends" of notes of the costume which are written on the back are, moreover, not in the painter's handwriting. A sketch in the possession of Mr. Henry Vaughan is apparently genuine, although it is somewhat flattened and rubbed. It is on brownish grey paper, in pencil heightened with white, and shows the figure standing rather more squarely to the front than we see it in the picture. Mr. Vaughan bought his sketch from Mr. Hogarth, who was at one time in Sir Thomas Lawrence's employment.

"Philippe Egalité." Her "Journal of my Life during the French Revolution" was published in 1859. It is possible that the date I have suggested for the Duke of Portland's picture may be too early, and that it is identical with the "Miss Dalrymple" which, according to Fulcher, was at the Academy in 1782.

Some of the finest of Gainsborough's landscapes were painted during the last few years of his stay in Bath. To this period I should refer the great "Watering Place" of the National Gallery, the "Landscape with Cattle," or "Repose," which now belongs to Mr. Harry Quilter, the "Cottage Door" at Grosvenor House, the "Rustic Children," of which there is a small sketch or replica in the National Gallery, and the famous "Cottage Girl," which passed from the collection of Lord de Dunstanville into that of Mr. G. L. Bassett. It has been usual to refer these and other pictures of the same class to a later time, but I think a mistake has been made in doing so. It was between about 1768 and 1775 that Gainsborough indulged in the rich impasto and low brown tones we find in all these pictures. We can tell this from those portraits the dates of which are known. After his establishment in London his opportunities for observing nature became fewer and his time more fully occupied with portraits. Accordingly we find his method in landscape become at once hastier, more conventional, and more suggestive of backgrounds than of natural scenes painted for their own sakes. In this new style he sometimes rises to heights unsurpassed at any period of his career. The background, for instance, to "The Morning Walk," equals anything of the kind ever done, either in England or anywhere else, and yet it is scarcely finer than similar things in the "Mall," or the "Duke and Duchess of Cumberland," or the "Mrs. Sheridan," or Lord Gwydyr's "Lord Willoughby d'Eresby," or the superb half-length of "Squire Hibbert" which was at Burlington House in 1896. All these, however, are painted with a lighter and more feathery touch than landscapes of the "Cottage Door" period. They are higher in tone, and depend more upon inner light for their warmth than upon warm tints. The ever-increasing tendency to lightness, featheriness, and transparency lasted to his death, and gives a distinct character to the productions of his last eight or ten years.

We have now come to the eve of Gainsborough's last flitting, to the move from Bath to London. Before recounting the somewhat remarkable incidents which provoked the change, let me just glance back for a moment and attempt such a broad sketch of the man and his surroundings as the information we possess will justify. In the first place, we have to remember that at Bath he

was in touch with the full tide of English life, almost as immediately as if he were in London. Bath was a provincial town, but its inhabitants were as nearly cosmopolitan as those of any city of the day. The list of the painter's sitters shows that even in Pall Mall he could scarcely have had a better chance of artistic fame and social success. The former he won easily; the latter he failed to win, so far as he did fail, because he was without either the desire or the power to succeed. Thicknesse says that of all the men he ever knew Gainsborough had fewest of the gifts necessary to make his mark in the great world. By that, of course, he means that the punctilios of society bored him, that the thousand and one little duties which have to be performed if a man wishes to increase the circle of his acquaintance, neither presented themselves to his mind nor would have seduced his attention if they had. He followed his inclinations, and they mostly led him along the line of least resistance. Like many other men of intelligence and humour, he liked himself best in the society of those with whom he was most at ease, and these were his inferiors rather than his betters. He paid visits to the great houses of the west, he painted their owners and their owners' families, he enjoyed a night or two at Bowood, and we saw from his letter to Jackson that he could appreciate the abilities of a man like Dunning, and could sketch his mind as brilliantly as he could the personality of Garrick. But all this cost him an effort. His instinct was to avoid such encounters, and to take his pleasure in the company of Palmer, the owner of the Bath Theatre, of Abel, of Giardini, of Fischer, of Jackson, just as in his youth he had painted the town red with Hayman and Wilson. Anything in the shape of a *collet monté* was his aversion. Life for him was not a serious business at all. His admiration was lavished on those who kept his animal gifts, high as well as low, in full play, and his substitutes for duty were a warm heart, a natural honesty, and an unwillingness to be the cause of grief to those about him. No real excesses are recorded against him, but many little pieces of evidence combine to prove that he was neither a model of sobriety nor a strictly faithful husband. He might, indeed, in many ways, have sat for Tom Jones: the chief difference between himself and Fielding's creation lying in the touch of irresponsibility, of oddness and eccentricity, which makes it less certain than some of his biographers would have us believe, that the mental derangement of his daughters was inherited solely from their mother. As for his family, it seems to have taken him as easily as he took the world. In spite of his

peccadilloes he was on excellent terms with his wife, whose mind appears to have been absorbed in housekeeping and in the gaieties hinted at in one of his letters to Jackson. That she was not a nonentity we might have seen by her portrait, even if the antagonism of Thicknesse had not been eloquent to the same effect. She was probably the drag on the family coach in one sense and its motive power in another. She was economical—Thicknesse says she saved five hundred pounds in a single year—and yet she set up a carriage when they went to London. She hoarded her husband's drawings; "they will be worth a good deal of money when Tom dies," Thicknesse describes her as saying; and yet she dressed so richly that she had to justify it by pleading her lofty if left-handed extraction. Knowing what we do of her lord, she must have been a capable woman in her way to steer the family fortunes quietly home as she did. As for the two daughters, they were always odd, and both were seriously deranged before they died. At Bath their lives were probably passed in a round of petty gaieties, and when the painter's fear came true and no husbands offered themselves, they no doubt welcomed the change to London. They count for little in their father's life, in spite of the fact that he painted them so often, and his friends make even less of them than the friends of Sir Joshua made of Mary Reynolds.

As the remainder of this chapter will be devoted to the relations of Gainsborough and Thicknesse, and especially to the quarrel or misunderstanding which was the immediate cause of the painter's move to London, I may here turn for a moment to the Governor's sketch of his friend, which helps to fill in those outlines of his character that I have been attempting to trace. "After returning from a concert at Bath," he says at one place, "nearly twenty years ago, where we had been charmed by Miss Linley's voice, I went home to supper with my friend, who sent his servant for a bit of clay from the small beer barrel, with which he modelled and then coloured her head, and that too in a quarter of an hour, in such a manner that I protest it appeared to me even superior to his paintings. The next day I took a friend or two to his house to see it, but it was not to be seen, the servant had thrown it down from the mantelpiece and broken it." To this passage Fulcher has a note saying that Leslie, the painter, possessed an exquisite plaster cast from a head of Miss Linley, modelled by Gainsborough, which met with a similar fate. Another story from Thicknesse. "A gentleman, and a friend of mine, had, without letting *me* know his distress, shot himself in this city. I found, by some letters



GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT

Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G.



from a female which came into my hands from the Coroner, that he was connected with a woman in London, who had painted the distress of her mind in those letters *à la Gainsborough*. I wrote to her, and her reply to me was of the same cast, and meeting Mr. Gainsborough going to the play when I had her letter in my hand, I showed it to him; I saw the stifled tear ready to burst from his eyes, and so quitted him; but instead of going to the play, he returned home, sent me a bank note in a letter wherein he said, 'I could not go to the play till I had relieved my mind by sending you the enclosed bank note which I beg you to transmit to the poor woman by to-morrow's post.' His susceptible mind and benevolent heart led him into such repeated acts of generosity."

As I have already hinted, Thicknesse was the first cause of Gainsborough's desertion of Bath, as he had been of the flight from Ipswich. The relations between the two men had been gradually becoming less cordial ever since the first move had been accomplished. Thicknesse himself never seems to have lost his affection for the painter. In all he says about him we never find the least touch of that vindictive desire to wound which he showed so readily in his misunderstandings with others. His animosity is all for "Margaret," whom he seems to have considered a quiet but persistent worker against him in Gainsborough's breast. Dr. M'Kittrick Adair's abusive pamphlet* contains a portrait of Thicknesse, which is so far a caricature that the gentleman is "making a face." Otherwise it seems a straightforward likeness enough. It certainly does not suggest a head that an artist would make any great sacrifice to paint. It is one of those large, rugged, small-featured faces, all forehead, chin, and cheek, which are difficult to endow with interest. Several Gainsboroughs are known which pretend to represent Thicknesse, but it would be difficult to authenticate any one of them. A small full length is in existence which I suspect to be a hitherto unidentified portrait of him. It is, or was, in the already mentioned Fuller collection at New York. If you look at our reproduction of Major's plate from the view of Landguard Fort you will see, on your left, a youngish man half-lying in a graceful though rather over-conscious pose against a fallen tree. Bearing in mind that this picture was painted for the Lieutenant-Governor it is more than probable that, so far as a figure so small could represent any particular individual, Gainsborough meant this for Thicknesse. Major's engraving is only one-third the size of the picture itself, which perished soon

* "Curious Facts and Anecdotes, &c."

after it was painted, so it is mainly by the attitude that we must hope to connect this figure with any other. Now Mr. Fuller's picture represents an officer sitting on a bank in practically the same pose as the one in Major's plate. He wears a handsome uniform and carries a sword. The execution is that of about 1752-5, when Thicknesse was about the same age as the person represented. If my guess is correct then Thicknesse was not an ill-looking person by any means. Humour, vanity and persistence are the most unmistakable qualities traceable in these features. One hesitates a little over the humour, but the other two suit the Lieutenant-Governor to a T. However, any assertion about the original of this portrait would be more than rash; I merely give the suggestion for what it may be worth.

A first attempt to get his portrait done by Gainsborough after the move to Bath came to nothing, as we have already seen. A good deal of time and trouble were consumed in an equally unsuccessful endeavour to get the painter to finish another, which was begun some years after the move from Ipswich was made. Soon after the Gainsboroughs settled in Bath, a portrait of Miss Ford, the lady who afterwards became Thicknesse's second wife, was begun—and finished. The story which hangs on this is long, and must be gone into in detail if we are to make the most of the few illuminating events of the painter's life. Thicknesse gives one version of what happened and Allan Cunningham another. I confess that to me the Governor's account, which is the less favourable to Gainsborough, seems the more probable of the two. It agrees better with what we know of the people concerned, and although showing the painter's conduct in a light not entirely agreeable, it tells us nothing we should not be prepared, nay, confidently expectant, to hear of a person of his peculiar character. This is what Thicknesse says:

"I cannot help relating a very singular and extraordinary circumstance which arose between him, Mrs. Thicknesse, and myself; for though it is very painful for me to reflect on, much more to relate, it turned out fortunately for him, and thereby lessened my concern, as he certainly had never gone from Bath to London, had not this untoward circumstance arisen between us; and it is no less singular, that I, who had taken so much pains to remove him from Ipswich to Bath, should be the cause, twenty years afterwards, of driving him from thence! He had asked me, when he first went to Bath, to give him the portrait of a little Spanish girl, painted on copper, with a guitar in her hand and a feather in her hair, a picture now

at his house in Pall Mall, the study of which, he has often told me, made him a portrait painter; and as he afterwards painted Mrs. Thicknesse's full length, before she was my wife, he rolled it up in a landscape of the same size, and of his own pencil, and sent it to me to London by the waggon. I was much surprised at the first opening of it, to see the head of a large oak tree instead of Mrs. Thicknesse's head, but I soon found between the two pictures a note as follows: 'Lest Mrs. Thicknesse's picture should have been damaged in the carriage to town, this landscape is put as a case to protect it, and I now return you many thanks for having procured me the favor of her sitting to me; it has done me service and I know it will do you pleasure.'

"During our residence in Bath, he had often desired me to sit to him for a companion to it, which I as often declined; not because I should not have felt myself, and my person too, highly flattered, but because I owed Mr. Gainsborough so much regard, esteem, and friendship, that I could not bear he should toil for nothing, knowing how hard he worked for profit. However, during the last year of his residence at Bath, he fell in love with Mrs. Thicknesse's viol-di-gamba, and often, when he dropped into my house and took it up, offered me a hundred guineas for it." Here follows a passage not easy to construe: "At that time I had reason to believe I might not find it inconvenient, ever to remove from my own house in the Crescent, and observing to Mrs. Thicknesse how much he admired her viol, that he had some very good ones of his own, and that she might at any time have the use of either, she consented to give him an instrument made in the year 1612, of exquisite workmanship, and mellifluous tone, and which was certainly worth a hundred guineas." That is, apparently, he persuaded his wife to let Gainsborough have her viol for a consideration. "We then asked him and his family to supper with us," he goes on, "after which Mrs. Thicknesse, putting the instrument before him, desired he would play one of his best lessons upon it; this, I say, was after supper, for till poor Gainsborough had got a little borrowed courage (such was his natural modesty), he could neither play nor sing! He then played, and charmingly too, one of his dear friend Abel's lessons, and Mrs. Thicknesse told him he deserved the instrument for his reward, and desired his acceptance of it, but said, 'At your leisure give me my husband's picture to hang by the side of my own.' A hundred full length pictures bespoke could not have given my grateful and generous friend half the pleasure, a pleasure in which I participated highly, because I knew with what delight he would fag through the

day's work to rest his cunning fingers at night over Abel's compositions, and an instrument he so highly valued. Gainsborough was so transported with this present that he said, 'Keep me hungry! keep me hungry! and do not send the instrument until I have finished the picture.' The viol-di-gamba, however, was sent the next morning,* and the same day he stretched a canvas, called upon me to attend, and he soon finished the head, rubbed in the dead colouring of the full length, painted my Newfoundland dog at my feet; and then it was put by, and no more said of it, or done to it. After some considerable time had passed, Mrs. Thicknesse and I called one morning at his house; Mr. Gainsborough invited her up to his painting room, saying, 'Madam, I have something above to show you.' Now, the reader will naturally conclude, as she did, that it was some further progress upon my picture, which, as it was last left, had something of the appearance (for want of light and shade in the drapery) of a drowned man ready to burst, or rather of a ragged body which had been blown about upon a gibbet on Hounslow Heath, for the dog's head, and his master's, were the only parts that betrayed the pencil of so great a master. But upon Mrs. Thicknesse's entering the room, she found it was to show her Mr. Fischer's portrait, painted at full length, completely finished, in scarlet and gold, like a colonel of the Foot Guards, and mine standing in its tatter-a-rag condition by the side of it. Mrs. Thicknesse knew this picture was not to be paid for, and that it was begun and completed after mine. She would have rejoiced to have seen a hundred pictures finished before mine that were to be paid for; but she instantly burst into tears, retired, and wrote Mr. Gainsborough a note, desiring him to put my picture up in his garret, and not let it stand to be a foil to Mr. Fischer's; he did so, and as instantly sent home the viol-di-gamba! Upon my meeting Mr. Gainsborough, I believe the next day, I asked him how he could have acted so very imprudently? and observed to him that it was not consistent with his usual delicacy, nor good sense, that even if he had made a foolish bargain with her, yet it was a bargain, and ought to be fulfilled, for I must own, that had he been a man I loved less, I too should have been a little offended. Now reason and good sense had returned to my friend, 'I own,' said he, 'I was very wrong, not only in doing as I did, but I have been guilty of a shameful indelicacy in accepting the instrument which Mrs. Thicknesse's fingers from a child had been accustomed to, but my admiration of it shut out my judgment, and I had long since determined to send it her back with the

* One account says Gainsborough took it away in his coach the same night.



MRS. LOWNDES-STONE NORTON

Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.



picture, and so I told Mr. Palmer' (and so he did), adding, 'Pray, make my peace with Mrs. Thicknesse, and tell her I will finish her picture in my very best manner, and send it her home forthwith.' In a few days after, we three met, and they shook hands, and seemed as good friends as ever; but days, weeks, and months passed, and no picture appearing, either at his house or mine, I began to think it then became my turn to be a little angry, for I suspected, and I suspected right, that he had determined never to touch it more; and so I wrote him a letter and told him so, adding, that Mrs. Thicknesse was certainly entitled to the picture either from his justice or his generosity—that I would not give a farthing for it, as a mark of his justice, but if he would send it to me from his generosity, unfinished as it was, I should feel myself obliged to him; and he sent it as it was! Nothing but knowing the goodness of his heart, the generosity of his temper, and the peculiarities of his mind, could have made me even speak to him again, after having given me so deadly a blow, for it was a deadly one; but I knew, though it seemed his act, it did not originate with him. He had been told that I had said openly in a public coffee house at Bath, that when I first knew him at Ipswich, his children were running about the streets there without shoes or stockings; but the rascal who told him so was the villain who robbed the poor from the plate he held at the church door for alms! That Mr. Gainsborough did not believe me capable of telling so gross a falsehood, I have his authority to pronounce, for he told me what he said in return. 'I acknowledge,' said he, 'I owe many obligations to Mr. Thicknesse, and I know not any man from whom I could receive acts of friendship with more pleasure,' and then made this just remark (to Thicknesse), 'I suppose,' said he, 'the Doctor (? Adair) knew I now and then made you a present of a drawing, and he meanly thought, by setting us at variance, he might come in for one himself.'

"The first time I met Mr. Gainsborough after he had presented me with my own unfinished picture, I saw that concern and shame in his face, which good sense, an upright heart, and conscious errors, always discover. I did not lament the loss of his finishing strokes to my portrait, but grieved that it had ever been begun; he desired that I would not let any other painter touch it, and I solemnly assured him that it should never be touched; it had, I said, been touched enough, and so had I; and then the subject dropt; but every time I went into the room where that scare-crow hung, it gave me so painful a sensation, that I protest it often turned me sick, and in one of those sick fits, I desired Mrs. Thicknesse

would return the picture to Mr. Gainsborough, and that, as she had set her heart upon having my full length portrait, I would rather give Mr. Pine* his fifty guineas for painting it, than be so daily reminded and sickened at the sight of such a glaring mark of disregard from a man I so much admired, and so affectionately esteemed. This she consented to do, provided I would permit her to send with it a card, expressing her sentiments at the same time, to which I am sorry to say I too hastily consented. In that card she bid him take his brush, and first rub out the countenance of the truest and warmest friend he ever had, and so done, then blot him for ever from his memory."

Here we have the version of Thicknesse. Allan Cunningham, quoting a member of Gainsborough's family, adds a detail which puts a different complexion on the story. He says that, so far from the portrait being the only consideration for the *viol-di-gamba*, Gainsborough took an opportunity, when the Governor was not looking, to slip a hundred guineas into the hand of Mrs. Thicknesse. "Her husband, who may not have been aware of what passed, renewed his wish for the portrait, and obtained what he conceived was a promise that it should be painted. This double benefaction was, however, more than Gainsborough had contemplated; he commenced the portrait, but there it stopped, and after a time, resenting some injurious expressions from the lips of the Governor, the artist sent him the picture, rough and unfinished as it was, and returned also the *viol-di-gamba*." I confess that to me this story seems incredible. If the painter gave the hundred guineas privately to his friend's wife, and she never told her husband she had received it, then the conduct of Thicknesse would be comprehensible enough; but what should we have to think of Gainsborough and Mrs. Thicknesse? On the other hand, if Thicknesse knew about the payment, how could he have had the audacity to publish his pamphlet within a few weeks of the painter's death, and with the widow, his inveterate enemy according to his own account, still alive to give him the lie? It is infinitely more probable that what Cunningham heard was a family romance, invented long after the fact, when no first-hand witness was there to confirm or deny it.

The painter's character was quite consistent with the story told by Thicknesse. That he was extravagantly generous, as a rule, with the results of his own abilities, we know beyond question. He gave his drawings away wholesale. He parted with his landscapes on the slightest provocation. He painted portraits *gratis* for

* (?) Robert Edge Pine, born 1742; died 1790.

any one who excited his affection or admiration. Colonel Hamilton, the musical "bruiser," obtained one of the best of his rural scenes for a solo on the violin. But like all impulsive, warm-hearted, hot-headed, thoughtless people, he found it difficult, I might say impossible, to carry through an arduous piece of work from a sense of duty alone. It is quite clear that the painting of *Thicknesse* no longer presented itself to his imagination as an enjoyable task. The man's persistent officiousness had become intensely irksome. We have a glimpse of it in the story just quoted of his bringing a number of friends to the painter's house to see the little clay sketch of Miss Linley's head, thrown off playfully the night before. Such a person would, in time, get terribly on the nerves of a man like Gainsborough. The charms of the *viol-di-gamba*—an instrument for which the painter seems to have had a positive mania—would blind him for a moment to the intense discomfort, in fact the practical impossibility, of the task he was undertaking. But when the time arrived for the fulfilment of his bargain, he would realise the difficulty of bending his powers, to say nothing of his inclination, to such an uncongenial piece of work. He would put it off with all sorts of excuses, both to himself and his creditor, until at last the only thing to be done was to abandon the portrait and repay the consideration. Such conduct, of course, is not to be defended from a high moral point of view, but men of Gainsborough's temperament are apt to drift into it without any sort of dishonest intention. The machinery for seeing how it looks to the outside world is left out of their composition, and they are to be blamed rather for giving drafts on a quality they do not possess than for failing to honour those drafts when due. Gainsborough was incapable of the prolonged thought and experiment which evokes a triumph from unsympathetic materials. Of all the painters who have lived on this earth he was the most entirely the creature of his emotions. It is impossible to survey his work without having the conviction forced upon us that in every instance the degree of his success depended on how a theme affected his imagination at the outset. To some extent, of course, this is true of all artists; Millais was almost as conspicuous an example of it as Gainsborough; but the painter of "*The Mall*" and "*The Morning Walk*," of the "*Eliza and Tom Linley*" at Knole, and the "*Mrs. Sheridan*" at Tring Park, set himself an impossible task when he undertook to compel his fancy.

Thicknesse says himself that he drove Gainsborough from Bath, and subsequent writers have accepted his assertion. Knowing what we do of the artist's

character, I think it extremely probable that the governor was right, and that without the chance it offered of shaking himself clear of an acquaintance who had become a daily and hourly cause of discomfort, to himself probably and most certainly to his wife, the painter might never have cared to make the move. Made, however, it was, and in the summer of 1774, nearly thirty years after he had first had a domicile within sight of St. Paul's, the painter and his household gods were established in the capital.



THE "ELDEST PRINCESSES" (1786).
South Kensington Museum



MUSIDORA

National Gallery





THE WATERING PLACE 1775

CHAPTER VII

LONDON IN 1774—GAINSBOROUGH'S PROSPECTS THERE—HIS RIVALS—THE PROMISE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY—THE COUNTENANCE OF THE KING—PICTURES BETWEEN 1774 AND 1783—GAINSBOROUGH AND REYNOLDS.



AINSBOROUGH'S migration to London was vastly less of an experiment than his move to Bath. Practically it was scarcely more risky, if indeed it were not less so, than a change from one part of London to another. A connection of the most useful kind was already made, and we have every reason to believe that the artist's person was familiar even to men who had never visited Bath. We know that he was by no means screwed down in Somersetshire. We hear of him often at places nearly as far off as London, and certain phrases in his letters, as well as signs in his work, suggest that during his more than

sixteen years in the west he often visited the capital. Many of his Bath sitters belonged to the most influential sections of English society, and his double reputation—as a maker of first-rate likenesses and as an unerring perceiver of the best points of those who occupied his sitter's chair—would turn all these into eager advertisers of his merit. Thicknesse, too, was again to the fore. He really seems, according to his lights, to have behaved very handsomely. A more tactful person would no doubt have avoided all the causes of trouble between himself and the painter, but a rancorous man would scarcely have taken any further pains to advance the interests of one from whom he had received such a wound to his vanity as that described in the last chapter. But Thicknesse, in spite of all his faults, seems clearly to have felt a warm affection for his friend, and his first thought when the move to London was decided on was to do something to forward his interests. He could do little enough, no doubt, and that little was not, as it turned out, required. But he must receive credit for his intentions. After all this preface it sounds like *bathos* to have to confess that the Governor's good offices were confined to enlisting the services of a not very important peer, but Fulcher and other writers have been so unfair to Thicknesse that something should be done to adjust the balance. "It was not one or two ill-judged actions, among a thousand great, good, and generous ones I knew him to be guilty of," says Thicknesse, clumsily enough, "which could break off our friendship. . . . I was much alarmed lest with all his merit and genius, he might be in London a long time before he was properly known to that class of people who alone could *essentially* serve him, for of all the men I ever knew, he possessed least of that worldly knowledge to enable him to make his own way into the notice of the *Great World*. I therefore wrote to Lord Bateman, who knew him, and who admired his talents, . . . urging him . . . for both our sakes, to give him countenance and make him known, that being all which was necessary. His lordship, for one or both our sakes, did so, and Gainsborough's removal from Bath to London proved as good a move as it was from Ipswich to Bath." The implication, however, in this last sentence cannot be taken seriously. The painter soon found patrons vastly more important than my Lord Bateman. There is a vague tale about an introduction at Bath to some of the young princesses. I cannot trace the story to any solid foundation, but if the introduction ever took place, and it is probable enough, it may have been the medium through which the painter won an early footing in Buckingham

House. Certain it is that not long after his arrival in London he was sent for by the King, and that he soon became a *persona grata* with the Royal Family. But I am getting on a little too fast, and must hark back for a moment to give an account of his establishment in London, and of the state of matters artistic he found there.

On his first arrival he took rooms north of the Oxford Road, but immediately set about finding a more promising centre of operations. This he soon discovered in Pall Mall, in the house built nearly a century before by Dutch William's friend, the Duke of Schomberg. It was a large house consisting of a central block with seven windows in a row, and two projecting wings. The west wing and two-thirds of the central block still exist; the rest was pulled down when the Ordnance Office, as it used to be called, was built. The part which has escaped destruction included Gainsborough's home in London. In 1774 the precincts of the old palace of St. James's were not the sober neighbourhood they have since become. Pall Mall itself, and the little streets close by, especially Cleveland Row, had then many curious denizens. Schomberg House had recently been bought by the eccentric painter, John Astley, who leased one-third of it to Gainsborough at the substantial rent of three hundred pounds per annum, nearly as startling an advance upon Bath as Bath was upon Ipswich. The history of Schomberg House ought to be written; if it were it would form an amusing *chronique scandaleuse*. Jack Astley was a peculiar creature, with certain affinities to Gainsborough himself. In his youth he had been a fellow-pupil with Reynolds under Hudson, and had also been one of his intimate friends in Rome. He is best remembered by an often told mishap which, according to Northcote, who, no doubt, had the story from Reynolds, befell him at that period of his life. He was then very poor, but like others pretended to comparative wealth. One hot day he went with a band of students on a country expedition. As noon approached, the heat grew so oppressive that the other members of the company took off their coats. Astley alone clung to his upper garment and so awoke the curiosity of the rest. At last they compelled him to dis-coat, when his reluctance was at once explained. The back of his waistcoat was one of his own neglected landscapes! Astley was a mediocre artist, and very few of his productions can now be identified. He spent three years painting portraits in Dublin, where he posed as a beau, and was accustomed, to the great admiration of the ladies, to use his sword as a mahl-stick. But fortune came to Astley by a shorter

cut than through his painting-room. He married a widow, Lady Duckinfield-Daniell, who brought him a large income and died immediately afterwards, leaving him her money. It was then that he bought Schomberg House, and married a second time. Before he died he inherited a second fortune from a brother and married a third wife. One wonders whether he ever paid Sir Joshua the £12 15s. 6d. with which he is debited in the President's account-books! Leslie calls him a "clever, conceited, out-at-elbows, reckless fellow." He died in 1787. Some six years before this he had let the eastern part of Schomberg House to Dr. Graham, the charlatan, who had turned it into his second Temple of Health. The "celestial bed," the "celestial throne," and the other apparatus of his not very decent quackery were installed under the same roof as the Gainsboroughs and their dogs. The quack was probably an old acquaintance. He had been at Bath in 1774, 1775, and 1777; he had known the Duchess of Devonshire, whom he had met and successfully treated at Aix-la-Chapelle about 1778; his brother William's wife was Catherine Macaulay, the once famous historian and republican pamphleteeress, whose portrait Gainsborough had painted. It was in 1781 that Graham moved all his paraphernalia from the Adelphi Terrace into Schomberg House, and brought with him a young woman who was afterwards to make a considerable noise in the world. This was Emma Lyon or Hart, who is said to have posed as the "rosy, athletic, and truly gigantic (in the sense of 'immense'?) goddess of health on the celestial throne"—and in a *coa vestis*—while lectures on various strange matters were read by ladies to ladies. The Temple of Health must have been a rather dangerous neighbour to a man of Gainsborough's temperament, but one cannot help feeling a keen regret that, so far as we know, he did not explore its mysteries and add his version of Emma Lyon's charms to that of Romney.* Graham's tenancy at Schomberg House lasted nearly as long as Gainsborough's, for it was not until the spring of 1788 that the bailiffs were put in and all the "celestial" furniture again dispersed.

The year 1774 was not one of the most exciting in English history, but it saw

* Perhaps he did; it is quite possible that she sat for the "Musidora" of the National Gallery. Gainsborough must have had some special temptation to paint this picture, which is believed to be his only attempt at the nude. The features are those of Emma Lyon refined, the hair is hers, and the rest of the figure agrees with what we find in several of Romney's pictures. A portrait of the "divine lady" in a state of nature, by old James Ward, still exists. It agrees curiously with the "Musidora," especially in those fine but muscular legs over which the painter took more pains than usual. Their final attitude is a *pentimento*. Judging by its style, the "Musidora" belongs, too, to the years when Emma Lyon was in Schomberg House.



THE MALL .

Sir Algernon Neeld, Bart.



the birth of the American Revolution, in the "boycotting" of the tea ships by the Boston ladies, and the subsequent proceedings in Boston Harbour. It saw, too, the election of Wilkes to be Lord Mayor of London and Knight of the Shire for Middlesex, it saw the Woodfalls at the bar of the Old Bailey, and it saw society stripped of its loose cash through the swindles of Alexander Fordyce, one of Gainsborough's sitters and the husband of another, the Lady Margaret Lindsay. Men had not much to talk about, however, as we may divine from the fuss made over Omai, the Otaheitan native, who was landed in this country by Captain Cook's fellow voyager, Fourneaux. His movements are chronicled daily, as if he were the King of Siam, the Shahzada, and Li-Hung-Chang all rolled into one. His chief rivals for notice were the highwaymen, the footpads, and the house-breakers. "The papers are filled," says the Annual Register for 1774, "with robberies and breaking of houses, and with recitals of the cruelties committed by the robbers, greater than ever before known." And yet every week saw batches of from six to sixteen of these gentry throttled at Tyburn. John Rann, commonly called Sixteen-String-Jack, was twice laid by the heels during the twelve months. The first time he escaped from Newgate, being his fourteenth *évasion*; the second he was safely hanged. A curious scene was witnessed at one of these Tyburn *matinées*. The rope was actually being adjusted about the neck of one Patrick Madan, when a man, Amos Merritt by name, stepped out of the crowd and declared to the Sheriff that Madan was innocent, and that he, Merritt, had committed the robbery for which the other had been tried and condemned. Madan was reprieved and duly "pardoned." Merritt was tried on his own confession and acquitted, but later in the same year was arrested for another robbery, convicted and hanged. But all this has little enough to do with Gainsborough. Events which touched him more nearly were the deaths of Goldsmith, of Clive and of the eccentric Paul Whitehead, all of whom would probably have filled his sitter's chair more than once had they lived a little longer. For in those days people were painted as often as they get photographed now. The eight or ten portraits in a year which make a good "practice" for a modern face painter, would have seemed a miserable total to Sir Joshua, or Gainsborough, or Romney, when in the full tide of their success. The catalogue of those who sat to one or another of the trio includes nearly all the men and women of any note in England. Many sat to both Gainsborough and Reynolds, but Romney seems to have monopolised most of his sitters. Thurlow was right when he spoke of Romney and the President as the heads of two

factions. Few clients went from Leicester Fields to Cavendish Square or *vice versa*. Romney had no connection with either of the palaces, and lacked other introductions enjoyed by his two rivals to those who were in the forefront of the social movement of the day. Not that his sitters were "middle class"; far from it; socially, they were the equals of the others: but the great personalities of the time, the Pitts, the Sheridans, the Johnsons, the Camdens, the Georgiana Duchesses, the Foxes, the Garricks, seldom found their way across the Oxford Road when they took the whim to sit. Between Leicester Fields and Pall Mall, on the other hand, it seems to have been a toss up which they chose. Sir Joshua has the longer list, as with his social tact and his more definite ambitions, he was sure to have, but we never get the slightest hint that an appearance in the one studio was any hindrance to a reappearance in the other. Reynolds and Gainsborough were antipathetic, but an absence of any yearning for each other's company did not lead to the mutual thumb-bitings which really seem to have taken place between Sir Joshua and Romney. Gainsborough could neither feel nor provoke malice. The only sayings about his too dignified rival which have survived are both laudatory, though one, "Damn him, how various he is!" might shock a pedant.

Some time elapsed after Gainsborough's arrival in London before he got seriously to work. His house had to be arranged and all his properties bestowed in their new places. This would include—for we hear of no renewal of the friendly pillage which marked his exit from Ipswich—the great collection of unsold landscapes which had been accumulating for at least sixteen years. These were arranged in the hall, on the staircase, and, generally, wherever a sitter, on his way to the painting-room, could be tempted by their beauty. The inside of the house has not been much altered since the painter's time, and it is easy to see how he arranged it for his work. His front door was the one now blocked up at the western end of the house. It has a commemorative tablet between the windows above. The vestibule, a hall behind that, and then a well staircase led up to the studio, which must have been the large room on the first floor, facing north. As studios went in those days, this would afford good accommodation, although the lighting would scarcely serve for the production of works on modern French principles. At the top of Schomberg House there is an elaborate room with a pretty approach, in which we should be inclined to recognise the studio but for the fact that its only window faces south. The

London of a century ago was a lighter place than now. It had only about one-fifth of the population, one-tenth of the manufactures, and one-twentieth of the coal fires. Painters were not obliged to sit twirling their thumbs for weeks in winter, and more light came through a small window in six months than the glass wall of a modern studio admits in a year.

It is impossible to say for certain who his first sitters in London were. Lord Bateman, to whom Thicknesse addressed his kindly-meant request, may well have broken such ice as there was to break, for he left many things by Gainsborough at his death in 1802. Many of these, however, were painted at Bath, and, curiously enough, most, if not all of them, bear some sort of signature, usually T. G. in a monogram. This, no doubt, was at Bateman's request. The contributions to the Royal Academy did not recommence until 1777, so we have nothing but the internal evidence of the works themselves to go upon in trying to decide which pictures belong to the first three years in London. Fulcher says that the painter was summoned to the Palace before he had been many months in his new surroundings. If so it is difficult to say what has become of the resulting pictures. The earliest royal portraits exhibited by him were those of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, which were at the Academy in 1777, the year of his re-entry; and among the pictures at Windsor and Buckingham Palace it is impossible to recognise any as being earlier in style. In this, however, it is easy to be mistaken, and Gainsborough's popularity with the family of George III., and especially the "elder princesses," may have begun during the first months after his arrival. Fulcher dates his vogue in London from the time when the King and Queen sat to him. I cannot help thinking that if this had been in 1774, or 1775, or 1776, the Academy would not have had to wait until 1778 to see him back again on its walls. He would have been glad enough to show that he had won the royal approval, and, indeed, in the peculiar relations of the Academicians to the King, any failure to send his Majesty's portrait to the exhibition would have been a breach of etiquette. It appears, then, probable that a year or two passed before the royal favour shone upon the artist, and that he began with those two members of the King's family who were most accessible, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, both of whom had married out of the Blood Royal.

During these years he had other things than paint to think about. More attention than ever was given to music and its professors, and his brothers

occupied a good deal of his time. He had been in the habit of paying a visit now and then to Henley, where Humphry lived, and now that he was so liberally housed he had the clerical inventor up to London. It was probably the last time the brothers ever met. In a letter written at this time to his sister, Mrs. Gibbon, we catch a pleasant glimpse of the painter as a family man.

"LONDON, Nov. 13th, 1775.

"DEAR SISTER,

"We return you our best thanks for the excellent present of fish, which turned out as good as ever was eaten, and came very timely for brother Humphry to take part with us. He went home to Henley to-day, having been with us ten days, which was as long as he could well be absent from his business of collecting the tolls upon the river. He was as well as could be expected, considering his affliction for the loss of his poor wife. We did all we could to comfort him, and wish him every possible happiness, as he is a good creature. My wife has been but very indifferent with the disorder that goes about in all parts of London; it seems to be a sort of cold attended by a bad cough, and it has gone through our family, servants and all; but, thank God, we are upon the mending hand; we don't hear of people dying of it, though 'tis universal. I am glad to hear business in the lodging-house way goes on so well. I know you would willingly keep the cart upon the wheels, till you go to heaven, though you deserve to ride there in something better. I told Humphry you were a rank Methodist, who says you had better be a Presbyterian, but I say Church of England. It does not signify what, if you are but free from hypocrisy, and don't set your heart upon worldly honors and wealth. I wish you long life and happiness, and remain,

"Your affectionate brother,

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH."

Manners have changed so greatly since 1775 that some caution is required before we come to decisive conclusions from the phraseology of a letter. But the one just quoted seems to show that while such intercourse as Gainsborough kept up with his sisters was affectionate and friendly, there was not much of it. The next letter to Mrs. Gibbon is dated just a year later. Humphry had died in the interval, and the painter finds it necessary to give some account of what he is doing towards settling his affairs.



DIANA AND HER NYMPHS SURPRISED
BY ACTÆON (UNFINISHED)

Windsor Castle



"Nov. 5th, 1776.

"DEAR SISTER,

I have been going to write to you every post for this month past, but was desirous of acquainting you with what I had done towards settling my brother Humphry's affairs, and therefore postponed writing till I had sold the stock. . . . Mr. Cooper advises me to keep on the house till we can make the most of the steam-engine (as the work, if taken to pieces, perhaps may never be put together again), and also the maid in the house, lest any discovery should be made of it. The goods are sold, but none of the beds, nor have I any account yet from Henley, so as to be able to settle anything. We hope both you and Sally continue in good health and good bustling spirits, and join in best affections to you both.

"T. G."

The realisation of Humphry's estate and its division among the brothers and sisters had been left to the painter, and one is curious to know how a man of his irresponsible nature acquitted himself of the task. But we hear nothing more of the matter, except that the model of the steam-engine, on which so many hopes had been built, was presented to Thicknesse. Watts' patent for the condenser was taken out in 1769, and renewed in 1775, and so, no doubt, when inquiries were made, Humphry's model was found to be commercially worthless.

The next letter to Mrs. Gibbon which need be printed relates to an event at which the painter had no right to feel surprise, although it probably gave him as much concern as one of his sanguine temperament was capable of feeling. His fondness for music and musicians brought him one of the latter for an unwelcome son-in-law. The intimacy with Johann Christian Fischer which had sprung up in Bath, and had been consecrated in the usual way—by the painting of more than one fine portrait—ended in 1780 with his secret marriage to Mary Gainsborough, the artist's younger daughter. Fischer had all the proverbial irritability of a musician, and was eccentric in his conduct besides; his bride was handsome, but had already shown signs of the mental derangement by which she was afterwards seriously attacked; so happiness could scarcely be expected from the union. The painter thus announces it to his sister:

"Feb. 23rd, 1780.

"DEAR SISTER,

"I imagine you are by this time no stranger to the alteration which has taken place in my family. The notice I had of it was very sudden, as I had not

the least suspicion of the attachment being so long and deeply seated, and as it was too late for me to alter anything without being the cause of total unhappiness on both sides, my *consent*, which was a mere compliment to affect to ask, I needs must give; whether such a match was agreeable to me or not, I would not have the cause of unhappiness lie upon my conscience; and accordingly they were married last Monday, and are settled for the present in a little house in Curzon Street, Mayfair. I can't say I have any reason to doubt the man's honesty or goodness of heart, as I never heard any one speak anything amiss of him, and as to his oddities and temper, she must learn to like (them) as she likes his person, for nothing can be altered now. I pray God she may be happy with him, and have her health. Peggy has been very unhappy about it, but I endeavour to comfort her, in hope that she may have more pride and goodness than to do anything without first asking my advice and approbation. We shall see how they go on, and I shall write to you further upon the subject. I hope you are all well, and, with best wishes,

"I remain your affectionate brother,

"THOS. GAINSBOROUGH."

Mrs. Fischer was not happy with her husband, and did not keep her health. His peculiarities did not disappear with marriage, and hers increased. She became subject to extraordinary hallucinations; "perhaps the most reasonable," as Fulcher puts it, being that the Prince of Wales was in love with her. The family tradition is that she gave the first unmistakable sign of her malady by going into a Bond Street shop and buying hundreds of yards of white silk, satin, and linen. She separated from Fischer within a year or so of marriage, and they never lived together again. After Mrs. Gainsborough's death, she set up house with her sister, whose mental condition was worse than her own. She gave out that she received no untitled visitors, so that those who had need of access to her were obliged to invent patents of nobility for themselves. She died in 1826, a year or two after her elder sister, having previously begged leave to present the King with Fischer's portrait, which her father had painted forty years before at Bath. Gainsborough himself was spared much of the unhappiness his daughters' condition might have caused him, for his death took place before their mental aberrations had become pronounced.

After his daughter's marriage the next notable event in Gainsborough's career was

Wolgariborough presents his Compliments
to the Gentlemen appointed to hang the Pictures
at the Royal Academy; and begs leave
to hint to them, that if the Royal Family,
which he has sent for this Exhibition (being
smaller than three quarters) are hung above
the line ~~along~~ along with full lengths, he
never more, whilst he breaths, will
send another Picture to the Exhibition -

This he swears by God

Saturday Morn

his final quarrel with the Royal Academy. I must go into this in some detail, as the painter has, in my opinion, suffered more abuse for his conduct than the facts, so far as they are known, will justify. The usual story is that he painted a group of the three eldest princesses at full length; that he then demanded for his picture an exemption from the rule that full lengths should be hung above the line; and that, on this being refused, he took away all his pictures, and never again sent one to the Academy. That such conduct would be unreasonable there can be no denying, especially in one who had never borne his share in the work of the Academy, but had used it simply for his own convenience and to make his pictures known. But the authentic documents in the case seem to show that the facts have been deliberately perverted, and I must beg for the reader's indulgence while I recapitulate them here.

Gainsborough sent eight portraits and portrait-groups to the Exhibition of 1783. They were "The Bailey* Family," now in the National Gallery; "Two Boys (Tomkinsons) with a dog," "Lord Hood," "Lord Rodney," "Lord Rawdon," "Lord Buckingham," "Lady Buckingham," and "The Eldest Princesses," namely, the Princess Royal and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. In the first instance only the frames were despatched to Somerset House. He sent with them a sketch, from which the above names are taken, and a note saying that the frame for the "Princesses" could only come with the picture, as "Their Majesties are to have a private view before it is sent to the Royal Academy." A few days later, obviously when some hint of the place assigned to his Royal group had reached him, he sent to the hanging committee the following remarkable letter:

"Mr. Gainsborough presents his compliments to the gentlemen appointed to hang the pictures at the Royal Academy, and begs leave to hint to them, that if the Royal Family, which he has sent for this Exhibition (being smaller than three-quarters) are hung above the line along with full lengths, he never more, whilst he breathes, will send another picture to the Exhibition.

"This he swears by God.

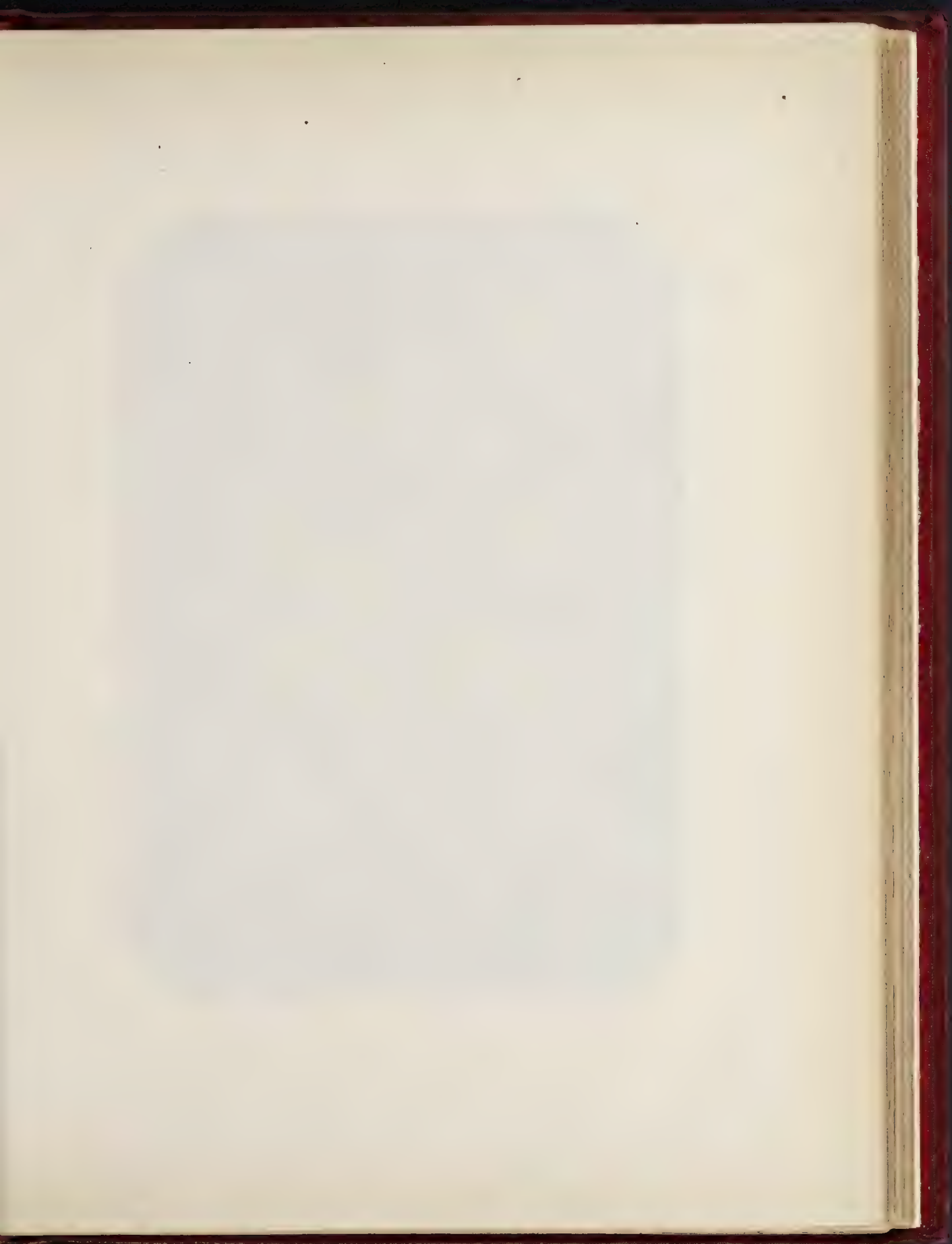
"Saturday morning."

Here Gainsborough describes his picture as "being smaller than three-quarters," and the whole tenour of the letter is quite inconsistent with the notion

* This is Gainsborough's spelling. Baillie was the correct form.

that the princesses were painted at full length. The picture itself—it is at Buckingham Palace—has been entirely spoilt by being cut down. We are told that some ignorant surveyor cut a large strip off the canvas to make it fit a panel over a door. As the picture is now, the two standing princesses are seen not quite to the knees, while the seated one is cut off at the waist. If the figures were ever fully shown, the peccant surveyor must have cut away quite half the canvas, which I find it hard to believe. It seems much more probable that a comparatively modest strip was removed. If we assumed that the original canvas came to about the knees of the girl who is sitting down, we should have a picture of agreeable shape and arrangement, and one consistent with Gainsborough's phrase "being smaller than three-quarters." The surveyor's proceedings would then, moreover, become a little less incredible. The well-known mezzotint by Gainsborough Dupont shows, no doubt, the figures at full length. But it was probably scraped from a small replica with the feet introduced. More than one of these is known to exist. The South Kensington Museum has one, which agrees completely with Dupont's plate. It may be said that these small replicas would reproduce the picture as it was, but we have to remember that it was painted for a special panel in Carlton House, which may well have compelled Gainsborough to adopt a size and arrangement he did not choose to perpetuate in an engraving. If I am right in my reading of the facts, Gainsborough has lain all these years under an unfair imputation, and the discredit of a silly quarrel belongs quite as much to the Academy as to him. I believe his letter to have been provoked by some rumour which had reached him as to the placing of his royal group, which was *not* a full length, and that he withdrew his pictures because a reasonable complaint was ignored by his colleagues. Gainsborough was at times, no doubt, too impulsive and hot-headed, but not even he would have written such a letter as that quoted above before he was hurt at all. As a consequence of his quarrel with the Academy, Gainsborough had an exhibition of his own work in his house in Pall Mall, but it fell flat, as well it might, seeing how little fitted the house was for such a purpose.

In the summer of 1783, Gainsborough made one of his few excursions in search of the picturesque. Accompanied by his old friend Mr. Kilderbee, of Ipswich, he travelled into Cumberland and Westmoreland, and spent some weeks among the lakes. He writes to his friend W. Pearce, the Bath doctor :



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT (1760)

J. P. Heseltine, Esq.



"KEW GREEN.

"DEAR SIR,

"I don't know if I told you that I'm going along with a Suffolk friend to visit the lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and purpose when I come back to show you that your Grays and Dr. Browns were tawdry fan-painters. I purpose to mount all the lakes at the next exhibition, in the great style, and you know if the people don't like them 'tis only jumping into one of the deepest of them from off a wooded island, and my reputation will be fixed for ever!

"I took the liberty of sending you a little perry out of Worcestershire, and when the weather settles in hot again, should be much obliged if you and Mrs. P. would drink a little of it and fancy it champagne for my sake.

"I doubt whether I can shake you by the hand before I go, but when I come back, I'll shake you by the collar, if you'll promise to keep your hands still.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

"THOS. GAINSBOROUGH."

Mr. Kilderbee found the painter a delightful companion, but we do not hear that the expedition included a visit to his brother Robert, who had been settled in Lancashire for many years. Indeed, so far as we can now discover, Robert's intercourse with his brothers and sisters ceased with his youth. Gainsborough never carried out his threat of mounting all the lakes in the grand style, but a good many of the landscapes painted in the last few years of his life have mountainous backgrounds obviously studied from the real thing. We reproduce one at the head of Chapter IX. Here the foreground is conventional enough, but the hills in the distance are thoroughly true in mass, perspective, and aerial envelope.

To this year 1783 belongs another passage in the artist's life which has a certain interest. Philip de Loutherbourg, the painter of "marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing," devised an entertainment to which he gave the high-sounding name of *eidophusikon*. It seems to have consisted in the exhibition of a series of transparencies, lighted from behind, representing scenes from the more picturesque parts of the British islands. Gainsborough became quite enthusiastic over it, and went there night after night. The natural result followed. He could not buy Loutherbourg's show and take it home, as he did the German's theorbo, but he could make another for himself. This he did, and part, at least, of his contrivance

still exists. It was at the Grosvenor Exhibition in 1885. It consisted of a sort of box, like a large doll's house, with openings like windows. Into each opening a landscape painted on glass was fitted. There were six of these landscapes with the box, the survivors, no doubt, of many more. I fancy the original machine must have been rather more elaborate than this, and that parts have now been lost. Some of the descriptions say that the slides were looked at through a magnifying glass. This may be a mistake, but there must have been some arrangement for concentrating the light and preventing the candles from wasting their rays on the room outside. After the Grosvenor Exhibition closed, two of the slides were etched by Mons. Brunet Debaines.*

About this time Gainsborough paid the only visit to his native town between his departure for Bath and his death of which any positive record has come down to us. Fulcher quotes some unnamed lady, "until recently living in Sudbury," as remembering the artist's presence in her father's house, and the sensation he caused with his fine clothes, his good looks, and his gaiety. The primary cause of his visit seems to have been to record his vote as a free burgess of the town, and as "a stern and unbending Tory." Another visit to Suffolk, of a somewhat different kind, had been made a few years before by his wife and daughters. He tells the rather curious story himself in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Gibbon:

"My family had a great desire to make a journey to Ipswich, to Mr. and Mrs. Kilderbee's, for a fortnight, and last Sunday morning I packed them off in their own coach, with David on horseback; and Molly wrote to me to let me know that they arrived very safe; but somehow or other they seem desirous of returning rather sooner than the proposed time, as they desire me to go for them by next Tuesday; the bargain was that I should fetch them home. I don't know what's the matter, either people don't pay them honour enough for ladies that *keep a coach*, or else madam is afraid to trust me alone in this great town."

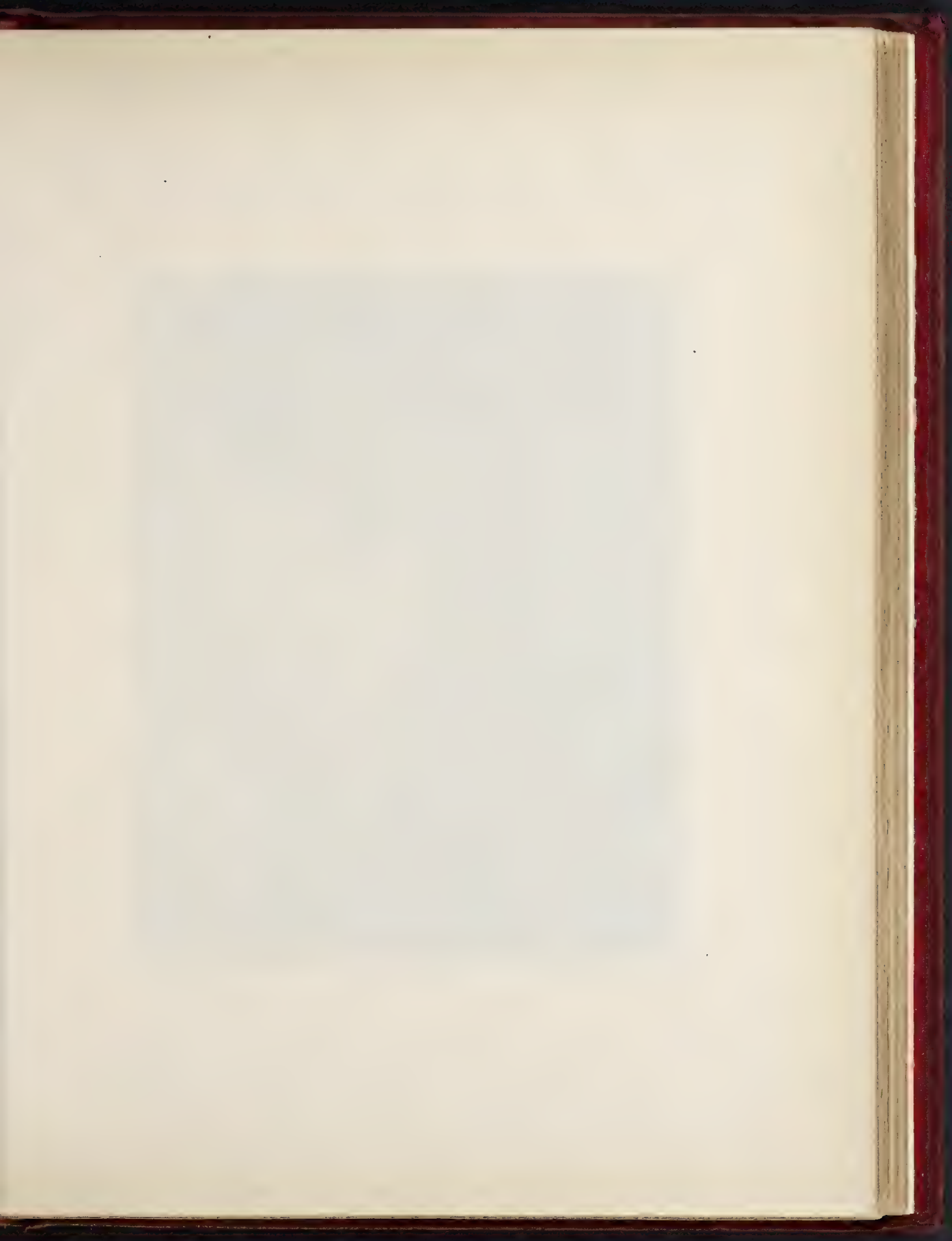
Combined with other little hints, this quotation suggests that Mrs. Gainsborough was a little pretentious and apt to demand an attention from those about her to which she had no claim except as the wife of a man of genius. The daughters were an echo of the mother in such matters, and so, no doubt, the simple Ipswichians found them rather a disappointment, and let them see that they

* The plates were published by Messrs. Buck and Reid. Two of the "slides" were exhibited in Soho Square in 1824, by Dr. Monro, who bought them from Mrs. Fischer. (See the "Somerset House Gazette" for April 10, 1824.)

did so. Whether Gainsborough escorted them back to Pall Mall or not, according to the bargain, history does not say, but probably he did. None of the glimpses we catch of Mrs. Gainsborough are enticing, and the family traditions point to a woman in whom a considerable intelligence was combined with narrow ideas, cold feelings, and many affectations of manner. All the little stories which have survived point the same way. The best thing recorded of her is that she practically offered marriage to her Tom, and not he to her. Afterwards, all the little side-lights show her rather as a bore than otherwise. She is terrified at a rent of £50 a year; she provokes a passage in Gainsborough's third letter to William Jackson, which, of course, he should not have written; she allows a flirtation to go on between her daughter and a detrimental without, apparently, even seeing it; she makes an improper remark about her pedigree to her niece; she makes a progress into Suffolk to demonstrate her new importance to her former friends, and has to beat a hasty retreat; she seduces her husband into a silly and most uncharacteristic affectation over their two favourite dogs; and, generally, she convinces us that the good terms on which the pair contrived to live, in spite of the irregularities of one of them, were due on the one hand to the painter's *bonhomie* and readiness to take himself for what he was, on the other, to the narrow sympathies and chilly feelings of his wife. These may seem rather drastic conclusions to arrive at from the very slight evidence at our disposal, but when it all points in one direction—and some of it I have passed over—we may surely risk a guess. As to the coach, it does not seem to have been long kept up. Perhaps it cost more than was convenient, perhaps it was too little used, or perhaps it was found a less effective means of asserting Mrs. Gainsborough's importance than had been hoped. In any case, it disappeared, and the family was reduced to the use of cabs. Fulcher says that Gainsborough was "too proud to be seen using a hackney-coach"; Thicknesse, that he dared not drive up to his own door in one for fear of what his parsimonious wife might say. The two assertions neutralise each other, and if they contain any truth at all, must refer to some instance now so divorced from its context that we can say nothing about it.

The most interesting member of Gainsborough's family is one of whom curiously little is known: I mean his sister's son, Gainsborough Dupont. He was born in 1767, and was consequently only twenty-one when his uncle and master died. He seems to have become a member of the Gainsborough household at an early age, and, if we may take *au sérieux* the reference to him in the painter's

eleventh letter to Jackson, to have there imbibed some of the absurdities of the female part of the household. He made good use, however, of his uncle's tuition, and became a good painter and a first-rate scraper of mezzotints. His most important picture is the large group of the "Merchant Elder Brethren of the Trinity House," now on the staircase of their Court-room on Tower Hill. The source of his manner is obvious, but his work has qualities of its own. The picture includes about forty figures, and little attempt at grouping is made. But they are well drawn and solidly painted, and the whole is a creditable piece of work. Dupont may be the author of a small portrait in the National Gallery which bears the greater name of his uncle. It is a miniature in oil, presented by the late James Rannie Swinton, the portrait painter, who believed it to represent Vestris, the dancer. Many theatrical portraits by him are in the Garrick Club. Between 1790 and 1798 he exhibited twenty-six portraits at the Royal Academy. Dupont frequently copied his uncle's pictures. His copies are to be recognised by their duller colouring and the inferior vivacity of their handling. On the whole, his chief claim to remembrance lies in his mezzotints. Some of these are among the finest ever produced, and render Gainsborough's peculiar methods with a felicity unsurpassed by any other engraver. Two of the best are "The Eldest Princesses" and the "Mrs. Sheridan," the latter after the picture now in the possession of Lord Rothschild (plate 31). Gainsborough painted several portraits of his nephew, but they are all more or less sketches. The finest is the portrait already alluded to as having passed through the hands of Thicknesse to those of Lord Bateman; it was afterwards acquired by Mr. George Richmond, R.A., and now belongs to Sir Edgar Vincent (plate 32). Van Dyck was in the artist's mind when he painted it, but the Fleming never put so much vivacity into a human head as we see here. It was the result of one sitting of little more than an hour. Gainsborough Dupont was the first owner of one of his uncle's most delightful subject pictures, "The Mushroom Girl." Fulcher is responsible for the story. "One day, in high good humour," he says, "Gainsborough offered . . . Mr. Dupont the choice of any picture in the painting room. The 'Mushroom Girl,' though in an advanced stage, was not quite finished, and the young artist judiciously selected that picture as affording him an opportunity of observing how his uncle laid in his colors, and proceeded to the completion of his works. The story of Cymon and Iphigenia might have suggested the subject. A rustic beauty has been gathering mushrooms, and, wearied with her ramble, has fallen asleep



SKETCH FOR A LANDSCAPE (1765)

J. P. Heseltine, Esq.



beneath the shade of a rugged elm. Her head rests upon her arm—a gleam of sunshine, piercing through the leaves of a tree, gives a still more lovely bloom to her cheek. A young peasant stands near, amazed at so much loveliness, . . . a little terrier looks up at the intruder as if he too feared to wake his mistress by the evident duty of barking.” The “Mushroom Girl,” originally called “The Haymaker and the Sleeping Girl,” belonged to Gainsborough Dupont’s nephew, Richard Gainsborough Dupont, until June 1872, when it was sold at Christie’s. Gainsborough Dupont was supposed by some to have been the real author of that portrait of her Grace of Devonshire which has become so famous as “The Stolen Duchess.” Such an idea had, however, no real foundation. The picture for which Mr. Wynn Ellis gave, they say, £68 and received a *post mortem* profit of £10,557, had certainly a great deal of work upon it which was not Gainsborough’s, but neither was it Gainsborough Dupont’s. The notion that Sir Thomas Lawrence had completed a portrait begun by his great predecessor had more probability, but so far as my recollection may be trusted, the foreign hand was even a later one than his. Gainsborough Dupont died in 1797, at the age of thirty.*

We have seen our painter giving a fine picture to his nephew because he was “in high good humour.” That was a very common incident with him, but sometimes he had a *quid pro quo*. One of the most delightful tales which have come down to us recounts how he parted with the “Boy at the Stile” for a solo on the violin. John Thomas Smith tells the story.† It seems that Nollekens once took him as a boy to see Gainsborough in his Pall Mall studio. “Upon our arrival,” he says, “the artist was listening to a violin, and held up his finger to Mr. Nollekens as a request for silence. Colonel Hamilton (who was not only looked upon as one of the first amateur violin players, but also one of the first gentlemen pugilists) was playing to him in so exquisite a style that Gainsborough exclaimed, ‘Now, my dear Colonel, if you will but go on, I will give you that picture of the “Boy at the Stile” which you have so often wished to purchase of me.’ Mr. Gainsborough, not knowing how long Nollekens would hold his tongue, gave him a book of sketches to choose two from, which he had promised him. As Gainsborough’s versatile fancy was at this period devoted to music, his attention was so

* A great part of his uncle’s will is taken up with elaborate precautions against the possibility of the nephew’s making some unreasonable claim for remuneration on account of such assistance as he may have rendered in the studio. A legacy of £600 is contingent on no such claim being made.

† “Nollekens and His Times,” vol. i. p. 184.

riveted to the tones of the violin that for nearly half an hour he was motionless; after which the Colonel requested that a hackney-coach might be sent for, wherein he carried off the picture." Such generosity must have been a little injudicious, as well as expensive. When musicians knew that pictures were to be had for half an hour's exercise of their gifts, they would be chary of performing *gratis* at all!

Smith's account of the rest of this visit must not be omitted. He tells us that after Nollekens had secured his plunder, Gainsborough begged him to criticise a donkey's head which he had just modelled. Nollekens looked at it, and then "'You should model more with your thumbs,' he said, 'thumb it about till you get it into shape.' 'What,' said Gainsborough, 'in this manner?' having taken up a bit of a clay, and looking at a picture of Abel's Pomeranian Dog which hung over the mantelpiece, 'this way?' 'Yes,' said Nollekens, 'you will do a great deal more with your thumbs.' Mr. Gainsborough, by whom I was standing, observed to me, 'You enjoyed the music, my little fellow, and I'm sure you long for this model; there, I will give it to you'; and I am delighted with it still." Smith seems to have been fascinated by the painter, and well he might have been. The visit just described warms the hearts of those who read of it after more than a hundred years have passed, when the language used has just that touch of stiffness which makes the eighteenth century seem a little dark and dull. To a boy of fourteen the interest implied in the phrase "You enjoyed the music" must have appealed very strongly indeed, and so we need feel no surprise that, in after years, when, unhappily, it was already too late, he should have tried to gather facts about Gainsborough's career. He tells us, however, one curious detail which establishes an unexpected point of sympathy between him and the other ornament of Suffolk, John Constable. It seems he was an extravagant admirer of good penmanship. "I recollect," says Smith, "being with him one day when the servant brought him (a letter) from his schoolmaster in Suffolk, which, after reading, he held at a distance, as John Bridge, the jeweller, would a necklace, first inclining his head upon one shoulder and then on the other; after which he put it upon the lower part of his easel, and frequently glanced at it" as he worked. Fulcher derides the notion that it was by the penmanship that Gainsborough was here attracted, and I daresay he is right. But that the painter had a respect for calligraphy is more than probable. His own writing, even in the rushing letters to Jackson, is good and legible, while in the few instances

in which he signs his name on drawings or pictures, it is written as if to please the writing master. Constable, too, as I have hinted, had this curious affection for a hand like a "copy-book." On those few pictures of his which are signed, his name is simply a magnified edition of Gainsborough's as we see it on the two Dublin drawings reproduced on page 1. Cunningham says "it was one of Gainsborough's peculiarities that he never put his name to any of his compositions, and very seldom even the date." This is an unlucky statement for several reasons. In the first place the habit alluded to was no peculiarity. Very few English painters of the last century signed their pictures, and the omission will always be a difficulty in the way of those who attempt to write accounts of the development of the English school. In the case of several painters who had quite a respectable position in the eighteenth century, it is difficult, if not impossible, to point to a single thing which is certainly theirs and can be taken as a standard. The fashion seems to have been due to pure accident—to the fact, curious enough in itself, that most of those who worked in this country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were, as a rule, non-signers: Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, &c. &c. Reynolds, so far as I know, only put his name on three of his productions; I never saw a signed Romney. In refraining from a signature, then, Gainsborough was only following the fashion, but in the foregoing pages I have noted a few exceptions. The pictures painted for Lord Bateman were all signed, either with the full name, or the initials in a monogram. Nothing, not even a Rembrandt, is easier to identify than a Gainsborough, but for another reason it is a pity that he did not persevere in the way he began, and sign and date everything as he did the two pencil drawings so often alluded to. It would have settled many disputed points as to the chronology of his works, and given a more demonstrable if not a sounder foundation for certain opinions on their sequence.

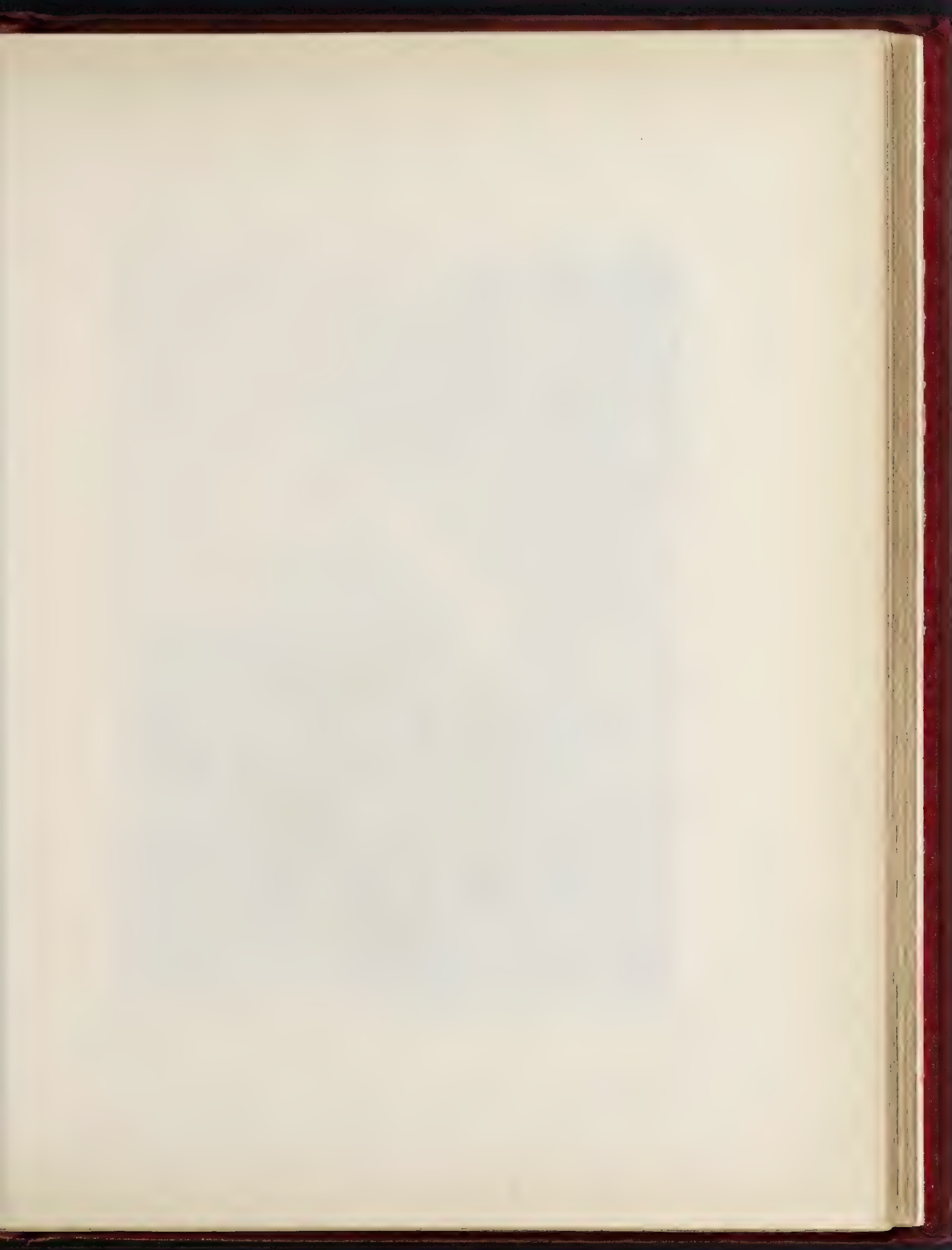
The relations of Gainsborough with Sir Joshua Reynolds throw as strong a light upon his character as those with Philip Thicknesse. The two men were unsympathetic: neither could think or feel like the other; but so far as real evidence goes, there is nothing to show that any active hostility prevailed between them. The President, with his reserve, his foresight, his spinster-like aversion to any sort of disturbance, appears to have quietly avoided intercourse with one whom, as a man, he could not understand. Gainsborough, with his deeper generosity, his quicker impulses, and his wish to please one whose art he profoundly admired,

could not leave well alone, but must needs offer to paint Sir Joshua's portrait. The picture was begun, but in its fate it was like that of Thicknesse. After one or two sittings Reynolds left London for his health. On his return he sent to Schomberg House to say he was back in Leicester Fields; Gainsborough replied that he was glad Sir Joshua's health was re-established, and there the matter ended. A half-finished sketch of Reynolds by Gainsborough is probably waiting patiently for recognition somewhere within the four seas; no portrait of Gainsborough by Reynolds, finished or unfinished, bears it company. Sir Joshua was not fond of working *gratis*. The *cortège* of portraits into which Gainsborough put all his powers for no more substantial reward than the thanks of intimate, but impecunious friends—the Abels, the Fischers, the Giardinis, the Tenduccis, the Bachs, and his own relations—has no worthy parallel in the *œuvre* of Reynolds.



GEORGE CANNING AS A BOY.

H. G. C. 1792.



SKETCH FOR A LANDSCAPE (1768)

J. P. Heseltine, Esq.





LANDSCAPE . . . LATE

CHAPTER VIII

LAST YEARS IN LONDON—DEATH



FROM what has gone before, it will be seen that I am disinclined to agree with the usual belief as to the chronology of some, at least, of Gainsborough's pictures. After carefully comparing those portraits of which the dates are known with others and with his landscapes, I cannot doubt that his period of full maturity began some years earlier than has been generally supposed, and that, to say nothing of the "Blue Boy," such pictures as the National Gallery "Watering Place," the Duke of Westminster's "Cottage Door," and Lord Carnarvon's "Wood Gatherers," were painted rather in the seventies than in the eighties. Typical examples of his latest style are landscapes like the one reproduced at the head of

this chapter, or the National Gallery "Musidora," or the "Mall." In all of these a clear transparent airiness is aimed at. The rich brown tones of a few years before have given way to pearly greys, the sombre, mysterious shadows to veils of transparent but iridescent colour, the fat Rembrandtesque impasto to a feathery lightness which seems almost to exclude the notion of a hand behind it at all. The "Musidora" has suffered so much that it can now give but a modified pleasure, but the "Mall," which has passed its life in the country and never known the experiments of Seguier, remains a superb proof of the master's power on the threshold of old age, and excels even Watteau's "Embarquement pour Cythère" in the small class to which they both belong. It was painted about two years before its author died. In Hazlitt's conversations with Northcote the old painter is represented as saying "it is all in motion and in a flutter like a lady's fan," but the phrase was Horace Walpole's, and was probably foisted into Northcote's sentence by Hazlitt himself. In any case, the picture is an extraordinary instance of the subjective in painting. It can scarcely be said to represent anything at all. It embodies the emotion excited by the scene, and makes visible for us the moving, indefinite, and most personal impression left on the sensory apparatus of the artist. In his later portraits Gainsborough could not, of course, give his fancies such a free course as here. But they all show the same attitude towards his palette, the same determination to lose pigment in light, air, and immaterial colour. The portraits of Lady Mulgrave, of Mrs. Paget, of Lord Archibald Hamilton, are as light and luminous as a fifteenth-century window. When they first left his studio their *éclat* must have been dazzling, and it must have required all the prejudice in favour of classic methods and general artistic severity to prevent their taking the town by storm. Even as it was they compelled an admiration which, though betraying symptoms of occasional doubt, was yet driven to set them on a level with the finest things the world had produced. When we remember how novel the art of Gainsborough was, how entirely, to the eyes of his contemporaries, it must have seemed to differ from that of every one about him, and how contemptuously it treated the fashionable theories of the time—theories upheld even by men of genius like Reynolds—it is not a little remarkable that it was accepted and understood at all. We have undergone a long process of education in the notions which inspired the painter of the "Watering Place" and the "Morning Walk," and so it is not surprising that we approach him in a proper spirit; the men who realised his genius without any such preparation deserve a

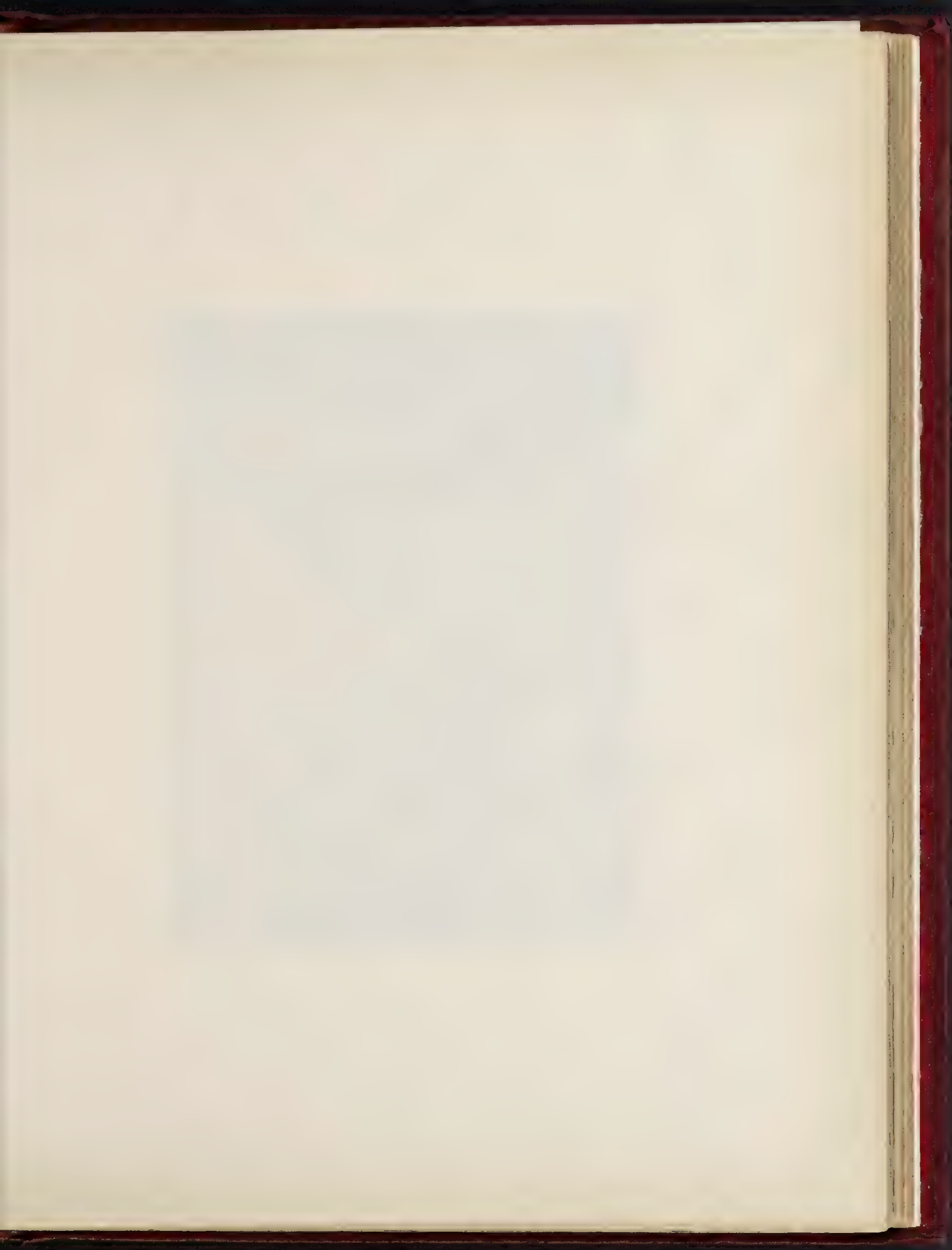
praise which has not often been earned by the kind of society to which he made his appeal.

Gainsborough's biographers speak of him in his last years as possessing a cottage at Richmond, lodgings at Richmond, and a cottage at Kew. Whether all these refer to the same thing or not I have been quite unable to discover. For the last year or two of his life he had a house on Kew Green, for several of his letters are dated thence, and, presumably, he would not have been buried in Kew Churchyard had he not possessed some sort of domicile in the parish. He also, like most London artists who have had any dealings with landscape, had at one time a *pied-à-terre* at Hampstead. From what we know of his private life, it is probable that these retreats were little known even to his friends. However that may be, no tradition of their exact whereabouts seems to have survived. Fulcher says that "during the summer months he had lodgings at Richmond, and spent his mornings and evenings in sketching its picturesque scenery." Few of the results of such a habit can now be discovered, but many of his latest figure pictures, and landscapes in which figures play a dominant part, date probably from those summers in what was then a rural neighbourhood. The famous Jack Hill was found at Richmond. He is said to have been the son of a woodman, but was probably a gipsy. Gainsborough met him on one of his rambles, was struck by his beauty and intelligence, and impulsively offered to take him into his house and to provide for his future. The parents consented. The boy was installed in Pall Mall, where he sat for several of the most delightful of those pictures in which some have seen an opportunity for connecting Gainsborough's name with that of Murillo. His stay with the painter was not so short, I think, as usually supposed. Certain it is that the pictures in which he figures cover some two or three years. In the "Cottage Interior," the picture engraved by Charles Turner, Jack is a very small boy indeed, not more than five or six years old, while in the "Shepherd's Boy in a Storm," and in a portrait now in the possession of the Misses Lane, he is between eight and ten. He is said to have run away once during his domestication, and to have been brought back. He was very popular with the ladies of the Pall Mall household, and seems to have been still there when the painter died. It is said that Mrs. Gainsborough got him into the Blue Coat School, but there all trace of him is lost.

That Gainsborough went farther afield than Richmond and Hampstead for subjects, towards the end of his life, we know from a few sea-coast pictures

belonging to his latest period. One of the finest is in the collection of the Duke of Westminster, at Grosvenor House. Another was in the Leicester Gallery, and is described in Cary's catalogue. The scenery in both of these suggests the low cliffs along the Suffolk coast, between Felixstowe and the Deben. They may have been painted during that visit to Ipswich when he so astonished the natives with his gay manners and fine clothes. After his establishment in London he more than once revisited Bath. One of the pleasantest tales of him which have survived relates to such a visit. A Mrs. Heathcote, who had lost all her children but one boy of five in some epidemic, begged him to paint the child's portrait. "No," he said, "I am here for a rest, and cannot do it." But when she brought the boy to his lodgings, dressed in the everyday clothes he ran about in, the painter relented, and yielded to her simplicity what he had refused to her prayers.

Whether Gainsborough was ever at Coleorton, that Leicestershire home of Sir George Beaumont which was afterwards to be associated with the lives of so many English painters, is uncertain. Probably he was, for he was a frequent guest of Beaumont's in London, and the Baronet was fond, all through his life, of getting painters down to his country place. However that may be, Sir George's name will always be connected with the last days of Gainsborough through the curious and pathetic story related by Cunningham. "Gainsborough was a welcome visitor at the table of Sir George Beaumont, a gentleman of graceful manners, who lived in an old English dignity, and was, besides, a lover of literature and a painter of landscape. The latter loved to relate a curious anecdote of Gainsborough which marks the unequal spirits of the man, and shows that he was the slave of wayward impulses which he could neither repress nor command. Sir George Beaumont, Sheridan and Gainsborough had dined together, and the latter was more than usually pleasant and witty. The meeting was so much to their mutual satisfaction that they" made the usual mistake of trying to repeat it, "and accordingly an early day was named when they should again dine together. They met, but a cloud had descended upon the spirit of Gainsborough, and he sat silent, with a look of fixed melancholy, which no wit could dissipate. At length he took Sheridan by the hand, led him out of the room, and said, 'Now don't laugh, but listen. I shall die soon. I know it. I feel it. I have less time to live than my looks imply—but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this. I have many acquaintances and



SKETCH FOR A LANDSCAPE (1770)

H. Horne, Esq.



few friends, and as I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you—will you come—aye or no?' Sheridan could scarcely suppress a smile as he made the required promise; the looks of Gainsborough cleared up like the sunshine of one of his own landscapes; throughout the rest of the evening his wit flowed and his humour ran over, and the minutes, like those of the poet, winged their way with pleasure." Such absurdity as there is in the story lies in its Cunningham veneer. The event as it probably occurred is eloquent of the isolation in which men like Gainsborough pass their lives. Endowed by nature with supreme gifts which only a few can understand, deprived, almost by the fact of that endowment, of virtues which average minds consider the corner-stones of society, they go through the world in a state of half-bewildered irritation, feeling that people look upon them with a kindly toleration but without that acceptance of them as legitimate personalities which is extended to men vastly their inferiors. Gainsborough, says Constable, was often the butt of his company; his humour was apt to run away with him, and he would now and then forget his dignity in some too pointed remark; Sheridan bore with him in such moments, and no doubt the painter's strange invitation was prompted by a sudden perception that here at least he had found the sympathy of a kindred spirit.

Cunningham says the Beaumont dinner took place in the early part of 1787. The trial of Warren Hastings began on February 12, 1788. Gainsborough was among those who flocked to Westminster Hall at the first sitting. The usual story is that sitting in front of an open window, he suddenly felt a chill at the back of his neck, which developed into malignant disease. The only windows in Westminster Hall in 1788 were thirty feet from the ground. The "chill," no doubt, was the first onset of the disease. On his return home his neck was examined by his wife, who found a hard white mark there about the size of a shilling. She sent for advice, and eventually Dr. John Hunter visited the painter. His first belief was that it was merely a glandular swelling, which would subside with warmer weather. As to whether Gainsborough shared this belief or not we are left in some doubt, however, by a letter to Pearce in which he says: "I am extremely obliged to you and Mrs. Pearce for your kind enquiries; I hope I am now getting better, as the swelling is considerably increased and more painful." He tried change of air, and stayed for a time in his Kew lodging, but a suppuration came on, and at last Hunter was obliged to confess the swelling was malignant.

"If this be a cancer," said the painter to Mrs. Gibbon, "I am a dead man," and he set about arranging his affairs. After making his will and appointing his executors, he turned his mind to those friends to whom he wished to bid adieu. And besides friends, there was one other, not a friend, but his chief living rival in the art they both loved. He sent for Reynolds. "If any little jealousies had subsisted between us," says Sir Joshua, "they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as to one who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion, by being sensible of his excellence." Before leaving the room Sir Joshua bent to hear the dying painter's last message—"We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company."

At about two o'clock on the morning of August 2, 1788, Thomas Gainsborough died.

He was buried in the little churchyard on Kew Green. The grave is on the north side of the church, half way between the church wall and the outer railings. His own expressed wish was to lie here, near his friend Kirby, under "a stone, without either arms or ornament, inscribed with his bare name, and containing space for the names of such of his family who, after his death, might wish to take up their abode with him." According to his own wish, his funeral was as private as possible. It took place on the 9th of August. Gainsborough Dupont was chief mourner; the pall bearers were Sir Joshua, Sir William Chambers, West, Bartolozzi, Paul Sandby, and Francis Cotes; among the mourners were Thomas Linley, Myers the miniature painter, the husband of Mrs. Trimmer, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

I have had incidentally to say so much about Gainsborough's character, and have so often, moreover, been able to leave him to speak for himself, that little remains to be told. A short *résumé* may, nevertheless, help to define his contours and to make the real man loom for a moment through the mists which have been gathering for a hundred years. The events of his life were so few, and for the most part so unimportant, that the attempt to make a picture at all may well seem overbold. On the other hand, the portrait of an artist has to contain very little compared to that of a statesman, of a soldier, or even of a writer. Our conception of a great painter rests on two things—on his works, which are before us, to be studied with comparative ease, and to be grasped, when we can grasp them at all, without the mental effort required by the philosopher, the statesman, or even the captain; and, secondly, on those fragments of his daily

life which betray his character as a man. Gainsborough's pictures and his place in the history of art I reserve for a final chapter. Here I wish to attempt a sketch of his personality; to organise into a whole the scraps of evidence left by his friends.

About his personal appearance we are sure. He has left several portraits of himself, which are more or less confirmed by at least one other painted by a contemporary. He was tall, well-proportioned, and strong; his complexion was rather florid, and his hair light rather than dark. His face was on the large side, and his features strongly marked. His forehead was not high, but it was wide, and overhanging the eyes as a painter's should. In profile it receded slightly, continuing the line of the nose. The eyes were quick, observant, and rather small; the mouth was sensitive and undecided, but not weak; it suggests a man who changed easily, but not on compulsion from without. Fulcher and others speak of Gainsborough's general expression as being not altogether pleasant. Curiously enough, the *farouche* touch to which they apparently allude is only visible in his own self-portraits. There is no sign of it in the portrait by Zoffany (see title-page) which had the reputation of being an admirable likeness. Painters' dealings with their own physiognomies are not always to be trusted in matters of character. The late Sir John Millais painted his own head for the famous collection in the Uffizi; but if, a hundred years hence, a biographer were to accept what he there says about himself, he would make a woefully bad shot at his character. It would be the same with any one who leant too confidently on Lord Leighton's contribution to the same collection, although there, perhaps, exaggeration rather than perversion would be the danger. So far as character goes, I prefer the witness of Zoffany to that of Gainsborough himself, especially as it agrees more completely with what we know of the painter's life.

Gainsborough's character as a whole was childishly sincere and transparent. He seems to have been absolutely free from pretence, sometimes even from restraint. In early life, when his energies were concentrated on his art, or rather when art had no rival claimants on his energies, he showed himself capable of long and patient effort. No Dutchman ever put more "elbow" into a work of art than Gainsborough did into the "Cornard Wood" and other early landscapes. As time went on and other interests stepped in—music, children, convivial friends—his ambitions became more diffuse, and he relied more and more in everything he did on the wonderful facility with which nature had endowed him. The more

serious side of life began to be a bore, and his inclinations turned to those demands upon his vitality which could be satisfied at once and without too long a strain upon his attention. He painted superbly, but he seldom sat down to think out a picture before he went at the canvas; he played all sorts of musical instruments, but although Jackson must have been exaggerating when he said he never learnt his notes,* it is pretty sure that he was no musician; he wrote lively letters to his friends, but he had no patience to read them over and correct the concords; he was fond of his family, but kicked against the responsibilities it brought with it; he incurred irksome obligations to Thicknesse, but was quite incapable of the effort required to carry them out; he poured his pictures in wholesale to the Academy exhibitions, but he ignored the Academy's claims on the service of its members. None of these omissions were deliberate; they were the inevitable result of his character and of a sanguine temperament which, to use an expression for which America must bear the blame, "bit off more than it could chew." Sanguine people like Gainsborough say "Yes" to every proposal which promises joy, and then they not only have no time for duties, they are driven to offend half their playfellows too.

Gainsborough's impulses were all good. He probably never did or said a malicious thing in his life. His temperament was such that pleasure for himself meant pleasure to those about him, so that, while he was there, his wife, his children, his friends, received little but pleasure from his existence. But unfortunately those who had no right to his society were treated equally well, and his wife knew what she was about when she shrank from leaving him alone in London. Every witness to his character calls him dissipated, by which, however, they clearly do not mean that he went in for the weak-minded licentiousness of an empty-headed rake, but merely that his ideas on morality were not strict enough for Ipswich, and that he followed his ideas. In Bath they were probably quite as good as other peoples'. The blots on his conduct which are known to us are his behaviour over the Thicknesse portrait and his general conduct to the Academy and its president. As to his behaviour to Sir Joshua, we must remember that he did offer to paint his portrait, and that he did send for him on his death-bed—acts quite foreign to the colder and more prudent character of Reynolds.

Intellectually, Gainsborough was gifted far above the average. He was quick-

* This statement of Jackson's is inconsistent with his own story of how Gainsborough carried off the German lute-player's "Book of Tunes."



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT
(? DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE) (1780)

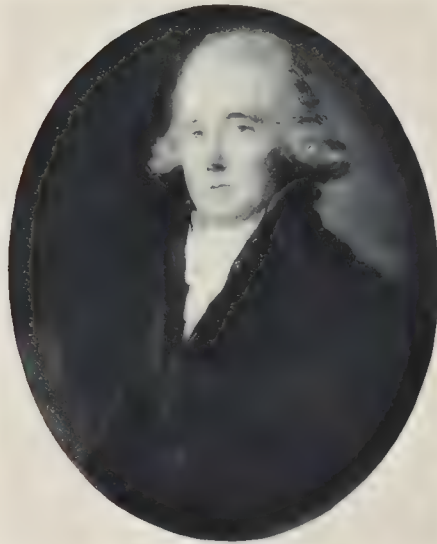
George Salting, Esq.



witted, humorous, and clear-sighted. His thumb-nail sketch of Dunning is admirable as a picture of a cultivated, clear-headed lawyer. And we find it in one of those hasty letters, with never an erasure—a pity this, perhaps!—to a provincial organist. It must be remembered that his desultory education only lasted a few years. He was famous for his repartees, and for a sort of Gilbertian humour of which one or two specimens have survived. An old grey-headed journeyman called Fowler sometimes sat to him. On the chimney-piece, among other curiosities, stood a beautiful preparation of an infant cranium, a gift from a medical friend. “Fowler, without moving his position, continually peered at it askance, with inquisitive eye. ‘Ah! Master Fowler,’ said the painter, ‘that is a mighty curiosity.’ ‘What might it be, sir, if I may make so bold?’ ‘A whale’s eye,’ was the grave reply. ‘No, no, never say so, Muster Gainsborough. Sir, it is a little child’s skull!’ ‘You have hit it,’ said the wag. ‘Why, Fowler, you’re a witch! But what will you say when I tell you it is the skull of Julius Cæsar when he was a little boy!’ ‘Laws,’ cried Fowler, ‘what a phenomenon!’” It is, perhaps, a little absurd to go on repeating stories like this, but they help to complete the picture, and we have no choice. They all go to prove that our hero was gifted with a peculiar humour which is commoner in Kerry than in Suffolk. In its use he sometimes overstepped the line, and it was then, no doubt, that the misfortunes befell him to which Constable alludes in his letter to Smith.

Such qualities as I have been describing are seldom divorced from hastiness of temper, and this he had abundantly. Several stories survive to prove this, such as the tale of the peer or alderman—it is uncertain which—who after carefully posing himself *à la Louis XIV.*, begged the artist not to overlook the dimple in his chin. “Damn the dimple in your chin,” shouted Gainsborough, “I will paint neither the one nor the other.” Another tale of the same kind tells us how some noble patron rang the bell at Schomberg House and asked the servant who opened the door “whether that fellow Gainsborough had finished my picture?” Unluckily “the fellow” was within hearing. He ushered his visitor into the studio, and after leading him on to admire the finished portrait, and even to pull out his cheque-book to pay for it, he calmly drew a wet brush across the smiling features, asking, “Where is the fellow now?” It was impossible for such a man to hit it off with Reynolds. To the President he must have been a standing outrage and enigma. After his death Reynolds, generously enough, put down their differences to mutual jealousies, but the real difficulty lay in the radical opposition

of their characters. What could a man who governed every step he took with an eye to where it would lead him, a man who, so far as we know, never looked at a woman with emotion, a man who chalked up £12 15s. 6d. against poor Jack Astley, and left a large fortune behind him, a man who met an over-vivacious remark by shifting his ear-trumpet and taking snuff: what could such a man know of the daily commotion which filled the brain of Gainsborough? Reynolds, like most of his successors in office, was born President of the Royal Academy. He had exactly the gifts required for the post. Gainsborough would have ruined the institution in a year. The resentment at his neglect, which, even now, has scarcely faded out of the traditions of the President and Council, was natural, and yet perverse. The best service the greatest artist among the Academicians could do them was to leave them alone, to manage in their own way a business for which their aptitude was so much greater than his.



THE REV. SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY, BART. (1780-2.)

National Gallery



LANDSCAPE; CHALK DRAWING

CHAPTER IX

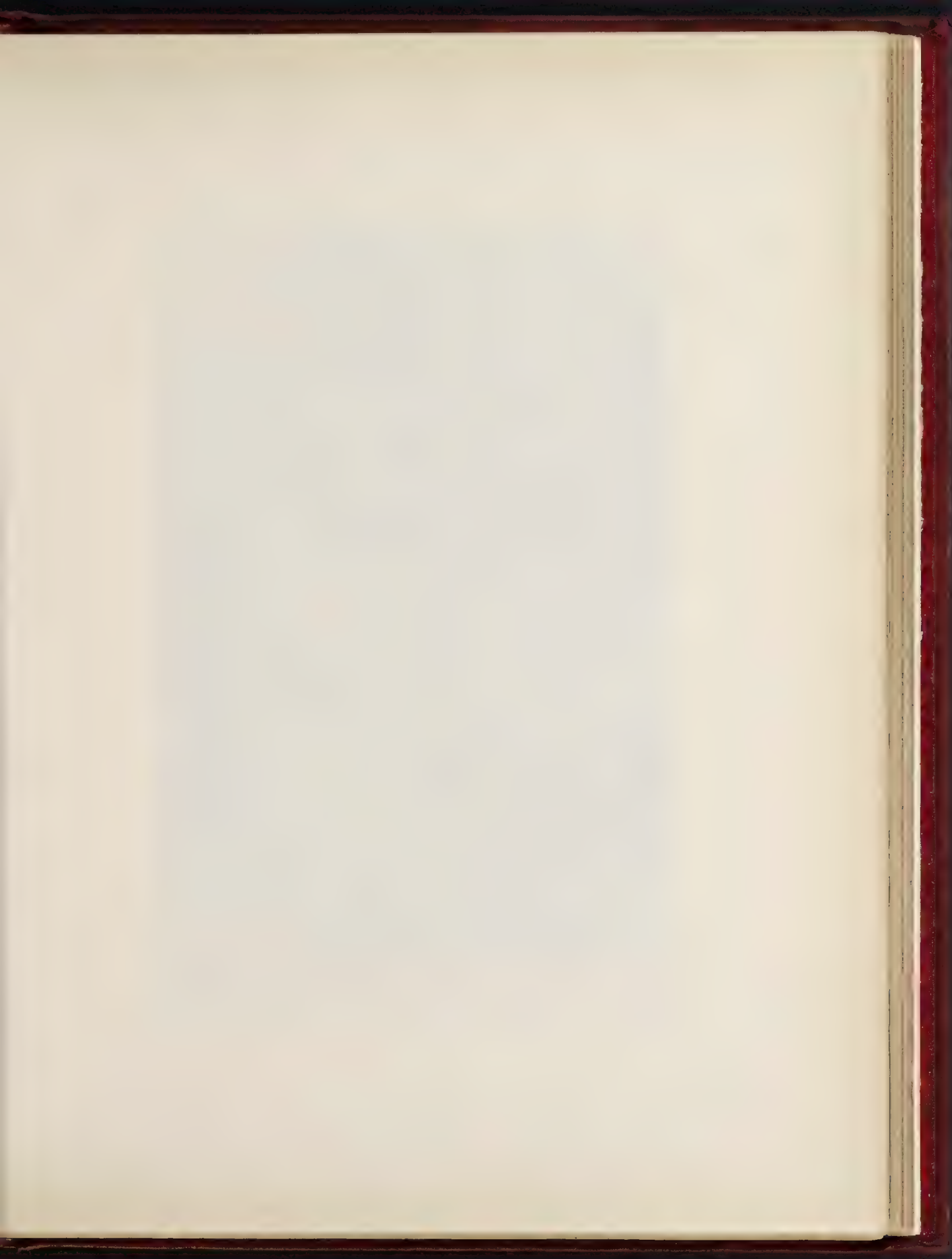
GAINSBOROUGH'S ART



AINSBOROUGH was the artistic temperament made visible and stripped of irrelevance. It would not be rash to call him the first and the best of the impressionists. In every task he set himself—or at least in every task he carried through, for we must remember his abortive attempt to paint the source of Shakespeare's inspiration!—his aim was entirely pictorial. He felt no temptation to be literary, to be anecdotic, to be didactic, to be anything but artistic within the limits of his own emotions and the materials he was using. His pictures are examples of pure reaction between subject and object, and depend more, perhaps, than those of any one else, on the health of the senses by which they are inspired. I say that

Gainsborough was the first of the impressionists, but between his impressionism and that of the last forty years there is one remarkable difference. The modern impressionist professes to be true to his impressions; his declared idea is to reproduce the broad effect of any scene upon his senses; but, nevertheless, he so observes and works as to invite an objective test for what he does. His observation is supplemented by analysis, and his pictures are the result of a long process of justification, as it were, applied to the image first received. Degas, for instance, accepts what his eye tells him of a stageful of ballet-girls, but his conscious labour is given not to enforcing his impression and providing it with an æsthetic *raison d'être*, but to underpinning it—if I may use such a phrase—with a structure of scientific truth. Such a proceeding was quite foreign to the genius of Gainsborough. With him the impression was everything. Once received, it had to be justified not by the truth which underlay it, but by the splendour to which it led. Gainsborough's finest things are all impromptus. We might almost say that when he deliberated he was lost. A sympathetic personality had the power to set his brain burning with creation at a touch. In the "Mrs. Siddons," the "Mrs. Graham," the "Mrs. Sheridan," the "Mr. and Mrs. Hallett," the "Mrs. Robinson," the "Duchess of Richmond," the "Mrs. Lowndes-Stone Norton," the "Mrs. Beaufoy," the "Mall," the "Lady Mulgrave," and a host more, we cannot discover the faintest sign of that mental preparation which is so evident in Sir Joshua. The pictures, as we see them, record the images which sprang into the painter's brain as his sitters approached. Beauty and æsthetic unity grew under his hand with an unequalled rapidity. The idea of conscious and deliberate control never obtrudes itself. His art is to that of other painters what conversation is to literature. It is vital, spontaneous, and, within the pattern, unexpected. He paints as a first-rate talker talks. His head is full of his conception, and his fingers do the rest. His brush-strokes are scarcely due to separate acts of volition. They are like the words of the conversationalist, and come spontaneously, in instinctive obedience to the creative will. The happy colour, never muddy or fatigued, trips from his brush; one felicitous line succeeds another; delicious textures weave themselves into the inevitable pattern, and the picture emerges with delight from the matrix of his exulting brain.

All this, however, is true only when the problem to be solved is simple. In such complex matter as groups of many figures, Gainsborough was never successful in hitting upon a quite satisfactory conception. The "Baillie Family"



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT
(? DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE) (1780)

British Museum



in the National Gallery is a collection of beautiful passages; it is not a picture. In a less degree we may say the same thing of the "Marsham Family" (Plate XXVI.), of the "Eldest Princesses," and even of such comparatively simple things as the Sussex group (Plate IX.), or the "Eliza and Tom Linley" (Plate V.). In each of these separate ideas were suggested by the different figures, and the painter was deficient in the faculty required for seducing them into a real intimacy. Before Eliza Linley he could only paint what her personality inspired, and so when it became Tom's turn to sit he had to smuggle him into the composition as best he could. The only striking exceptions to this are afforded by those few cases in which his portraits become so far subject pictures as to suggest an independent title, like "The Morning Walk" (Frontispiece). Here, for once in a way, a detached idea, embracing two persons, slipped in before the simpler conception, and got itself expressed. Judging by results, the invention of some bond of union for a group of portraits is one of the most difficult of artistic problems. Nearly all the great painters have attempted it and nearly all have failed. The "Cornaro Family" of Titian, the "Pembroke Family" of Van Dyck, the Guild pictures of Frans Hals, the "Night Watch" and the "Anatomy Lesson" of Rembrandt, the "Marlborough Family" of Reynolds, the "Ambassadors" of Holbein; none of these, great as they are, could be chosen to illustrate the value, from the positive side, of concentration in art. Even the "Syndics," of Rembrandt, has a dramatic rather than a pictorial unity. It was a happy inspiration to make those five men look up expectantly at some interrupter of their counsels; but even here community of emotion does not lead to a concentrated arabesque. In the "Morning Walk," an equally slight idea is used to win a profounder unity. The tradition is that Mr. and Mrs. Hallett sat to Gainsborough immediately after their marriage, and that his intention was to suggest their first promenade as husband and wife. He has succeeded admirably. Their aspect towards each other and the aspect of the dog towards both, are eloquent of novel relations, of the man's pride and the woman's tender confusion. It was not often, however, that Gainsborough composed a group as happily as this. In their papers on the Royal Academy in the eighteenth century, the late Mr. Hodgson, R.A., and Mr. Eaton give a fancy sketch of the painter at work, which is probably very close indeed to the truth. "Gainsborough," they say, "makes an appointment which he thinks of no more, trusting to be duly

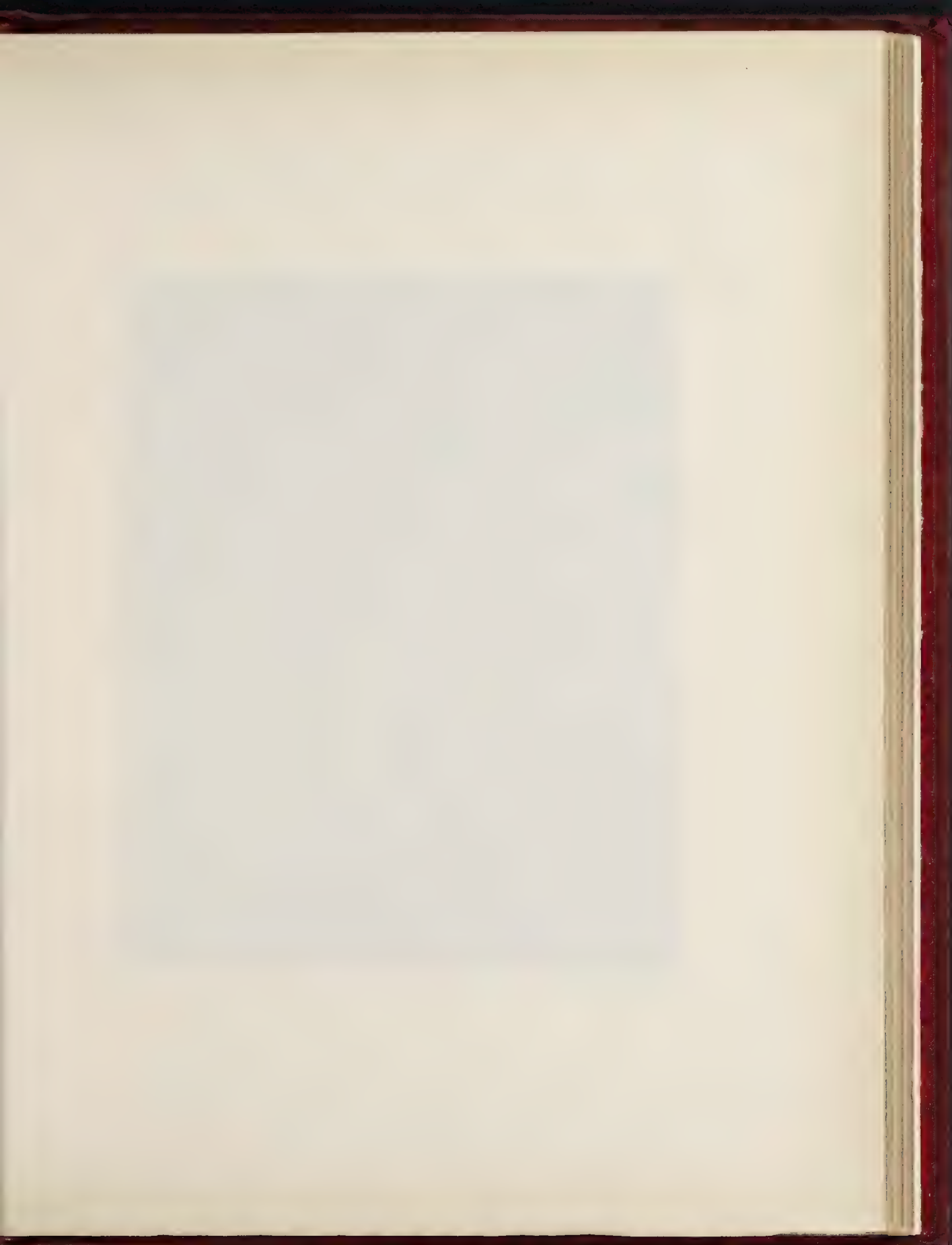
reminded of it by his faithful Margaret; he plays on the fiddle with Abel or listens to his son-in-law Fischer's hautboy, and when the hour arrives he sits down before his easel with a mind as blank as the canvas before him. His sitter is a young lady; he eyes her intently, he chats with her, he draws her out, he gets excited, strange flashes of drollery and absurdity escape him; she turns in her chair, her face lights up, and inspiration comes to him. 'Stay as you are!' he exclaims. He sees a picture, he seizes his palette and begins." That, no doubt, is the way he painted Eliza Linley and Eliza Sheridan, Lady Mulgrave and Mrs. Norton, Gainsborough Dupont, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Elliott. With Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Graham, with the Duchess of Devonshire, with Master Buttall, Mrs. Beaufoy, and Lady Clarges, he thought a little longer, even going so far in one or two cases as to make an experimental scribble on a sheet of paper. His brain answered with marvellous celerity and purity to a stimulus received through the eye, but any process of conscious incubation was foreign to it. Among the vast number of drawings he has left behind him, only a very few can be identified as studies or sketches for any particular picture, and these are mostly final; that is, they represent the picture as it was actually carried out. Two of the very few exceptions to this are illustrated by three of our lithographs. Mr. Salting's drawing appears to be a first study for a Duchess of Devonshire, either the lost portrait or the small monochrome which used to belong to Lady Dover. In it the lady walks away from the light, which falls upon her back and reaches her face more or less round the corner. Beautiful as it is, the arrangement did not please him, and he seems to have at once made another, turning her Grace round to face the window. Characteristically enough the second sketch is more sketchy than the first, but no doubt both were made at the same time and place. This second drawing agrees with the Dover monochrome and with the lost portrait. It has been recently acquired by the British Museum. A less important change of intention is betrayed by the study we reproduce for Sir Charles Tennant's "Lady Clarges." In the study a Pomeranian dog exists behind the harpstrings, which was omitted in the finished picture. He would have been an amusing feature, perhaps too amusing, as he might have reminded one a little of Le Glorieux's cat looking out of the dairy window! This drawing is also in the Print Room. It is curious that Gainsborough, the least preparatory of artists, should have left more drawings than all other English painters put together (excluding those

of our own time), and that a study by Reynolds, who thought out and elaborated his works so carefully, should be so rare. But if Gainsborough took few preliminary canterers, he knew his own mind in the race. Those *pentimenti* during actual painting, which are so numerous with most men, especially with those who worked more or less *impromptu*, are with him curiously few. This is fortunate, for with his light, transparent impasto, such changes of intention would in time have become great disfigurements. Slight corrections of contour, or of the run of a fold, are frequent enough, but these are masked by his lost outlines and general freedom of handling. It is not often that we find such a *pentimento* in a finished work as the change in the position of one of Musidora's legs.

Gainsborough was not only the first, he was also the most impressionistic of the impressionists. In his best days he painted his impression and nothing else, for his landscape backgrounds are nothing more than the extension over the unoccupied part of the canvas of the sentiment governing the sitter. The felicity with which, especially in his later years, he combined figures and their setting practically amounts to fusion. In the "Mall" it is difficult to say where the trees end and the dainty promenaders begin, so complete is the envelope of sentiment which embraces them all. It is the same with the "Mrs. Sheridan," the "Mr. and Mrs. Hallett," the "Mrs. Norton," and in fact with all those pictures dating from the last decade of his career in which his sympathies were closely engaged. In more than one of his letters he alludes to his own incapacity to think out things or to reason in any consecutive fashion. Familiarity with his work convinces us that if he had been compelled, by some external force, to think steadily for half an hour, he would have found it a physical torture. When the right stimulus was offered, in the shape of a beautiful woman or a lovely scene in nature, a consummate piece of art was the certain reaction; but I doubt whether, in the whole course of his life, he ever built up excellence on a germ, or felt the slightest temptation to realise on canvas any scene he had read of in a book. His greatness depends on the quickness with which he perceives beauty and answers to its summons, and on that faculty for artistic synthesis which enables, or rather compels, him to see and select only those notes which make a pictorial chord.

And here I am brought back to the idea with which I set out, in the Introduction. Some writers, indeed most of those who have reasoned upon Gainsborough, have pretended to see in his sense of beauty the chief, if not

the sole, foundation of his art. It would be easy, were it necessary, to show that some of the worst painters who have ever lived have had a fine eye for beauty, and, so far as mere imitation goes, have reproduced it with considerable success. Beauty was the foundation of Gainsborough's art in that it was his sole and only stimulus, but the merit of his pictures as we see them does not lie in the beauty they reproduce, but in the beauty they create, in the extraordinary felicity of his means and in the remarkable æsthetic unity of his results. Technically, Gainsborough was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of *painters*. He was not a good draughtsman. Indeed, when we consider how carefully he worked in his youth and how thoroughly he then drew, he must have had a special inaptitude for seeing and remembering the linear proportion of things to be able to draw as badly as he often did in his maturity. Few men who had once been able to draw as well as he did in the "Admiral Hawkins" (Plate II.), would fall into the strange errors of proportion to be found in some of his finest things. Fifteen years of such drudgery as Gainsborough underwent between 1741 and 1756 should have made correct drawing a second nature with him. That it failed to do so argues a natural disability in this particular direction. As a painter, as a transmuter of a palettfeful of coloured earths into light and air, into glowing human flesh and waving trees, he has no superior, and perhaps no equal. Such fault-finding as we have for him is always for his intentions, never for his realisation. What he wished to do he did, what he saw he had not the slightest difficulty in setting down, and when he failed it was not because the material had for once beaten him, but because his ambition slumbered in the absence of its favourite stimulant. It may seem audacious to put the technique of Gainsborough, as a painter, above that of any one else when we remember that Rubens, Frans Hals, and Velazquez are in the field; but, as a literal matter of fact, Gainsborough did what not one of those three ever succeeded in doing—because you may say, they did not try?—Gainsborough could take an eight-foot canvas, and, with a thousand unerring strokes of his brush, could build up a mosaic of brilliant, pellucid notes of gemlike colour, each one as clear as an amethyst and as light as a snowflake, and yet the result would be as solid, rich and profound as any Velazquez. In his finest things, in eighteen or twenty of the pictures reproduced in this volume and in many more for which we have been unable to make room, it is impossible to point to a faltering passage. From top to bottom, from right to left, the canvas glows with internal light. The opacity which



SKETCH FOR A LANDSCAPE (1780)

H. Horne, Esq.



betrays, I do not say the fumbler, but the man whose mastery falters now and then, never chills us for an instant. Everything is cool, clear, and transparent, like the air of a hill-top in June. Velazquez rendered, Gainsborough expressed. The Spaniard's preoccupation was with the actual appearance of things, the Englishman's with the emotions they suggested. The one man was ready to sacrifice some of the brilliancy, the jewelled luminosity, of his material to the constitution of his object; the other was determined at all hazards to preserve the sparkle, the vitality, the metamorphic quality, of the substance he was using. In this comparison I do not mean to suggest that one was right and the other wrong, but merely that they had different aims, and that, as Gainsborough's solicitude was above all for his paint and the feelings it was capable of suggesting and satisfying, he shows, as a painter, qualities we do not find so fully developed in any one else.

Even now the technical supremacy of Gainsborough is only grudgingly acknowledged. People too often talk as if the vogue he at last enjoys were a matter of fashion, and as if his pictures were pieces of furniture only a little more dignified than the tables of Riesener and the clock mounts of Caffieri. And yet nearly all of those who have discussed his art with knowledge have had it borne in upon them, sometimes against their inclinations, what a supreme master of the art of laying on the paint he was. In his famous penultimate discourse to the students of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua betrays an uncomfortable consciousness that the dead artist had arrived at the kernel of the matter, although by an illegitimate road. Like everything else connected with Gainsborough, the President's words have been quoted so often that one feels inclined to apologise for reproducing them once more, but here they are. "It is certain," he says, "that all those odd scratches and marks, which, on close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which even to experienced painters appear rather the effect of accident than design; this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence. . . . The slightness which we see in his best works cannot always be imputed to negligence. However they may appear to superficial observers, painters know very well that a steady attention to the general effect takes up more time, and is much more laborious to the mind, than any mode of high

finishing, or smoothness, without such attention. His handling, the manner of leaving the colours, or, in other words, the methods he used for producing the effect, had very much the appearance of the work of an artist who had never learned from others the usual and regular practice belonging to the art. . . . I think some apology may reasonably be made for his manner without violating truth, or running any risk of poisoning the minds of the younger students, by propagating false criticism, for the sake of raising the character of a favourite artist. It must be allowed that this hatching manner of Gainsborough did very much contribute to the lightness of effect which is so eminent a beauty in his pictures; as, on the contrary, much smoothness and uniting the colours is apt to produce heaviness. Every artist must have remarked how often that lightness of hand which was in his dead colouring, or first painting, escaped in the finishing, when he had determined the parts with more precision; and another loss he often experiences, which is of greater consequence; whilst he is employed in the detail, the effect of the whole together is either forgotten or neglected. The likeness of a portrait, as I have formerly observed, consists more in preserving the general effect of the countenance, than in the most minute finishing of the features, or any of the particular parts. Now Gainsborough's portraits were often little more, in regard to finishing, or determining the form of the features, than what generally attends a dead colour; but as he was always attentive to the general effect, or whole together, I have often imagined that this unfinished manner contributed even to that striking resemblance for which his portraits were so remarkable." And then he goes on, characteristically enough, to suggest that Gainsborough's fame as a likeness-maker depended not a little on the simple fact that he left so much for the spectator to fill in as he pleased.* These are the sentiments of one who understood art too well to be blind to the remarkable qualities of Gainsborough's painting, while at the same time he was fearful of what might happen to his Guercinos and Sebastien Bourdons, to say nothing of himself, if such very personal and revolutionary methods were erected into a standard.

Reynolds professed to think Gainsborough's method was tentative, that it

* On this matter of resemblance the following extract from a letter written by Paul Whitehead from Bath to Lord Harcourt is conclusive, as well as amusing. It is dated December 5, 1758: "We have a painter here who takes the most exact likenesses I ever saw; his painting is coarse and slight, but has ease and spirit. Lord Villiers sat to him before he left Bath, and, I hope, we shall be able to bring his picture to town with us, as it is he himself, and is preferable, in my opinion, to the finest unlike picture in the universe, though it might serve for a sign. He sat only twice. The painter's name is Gainsborough."

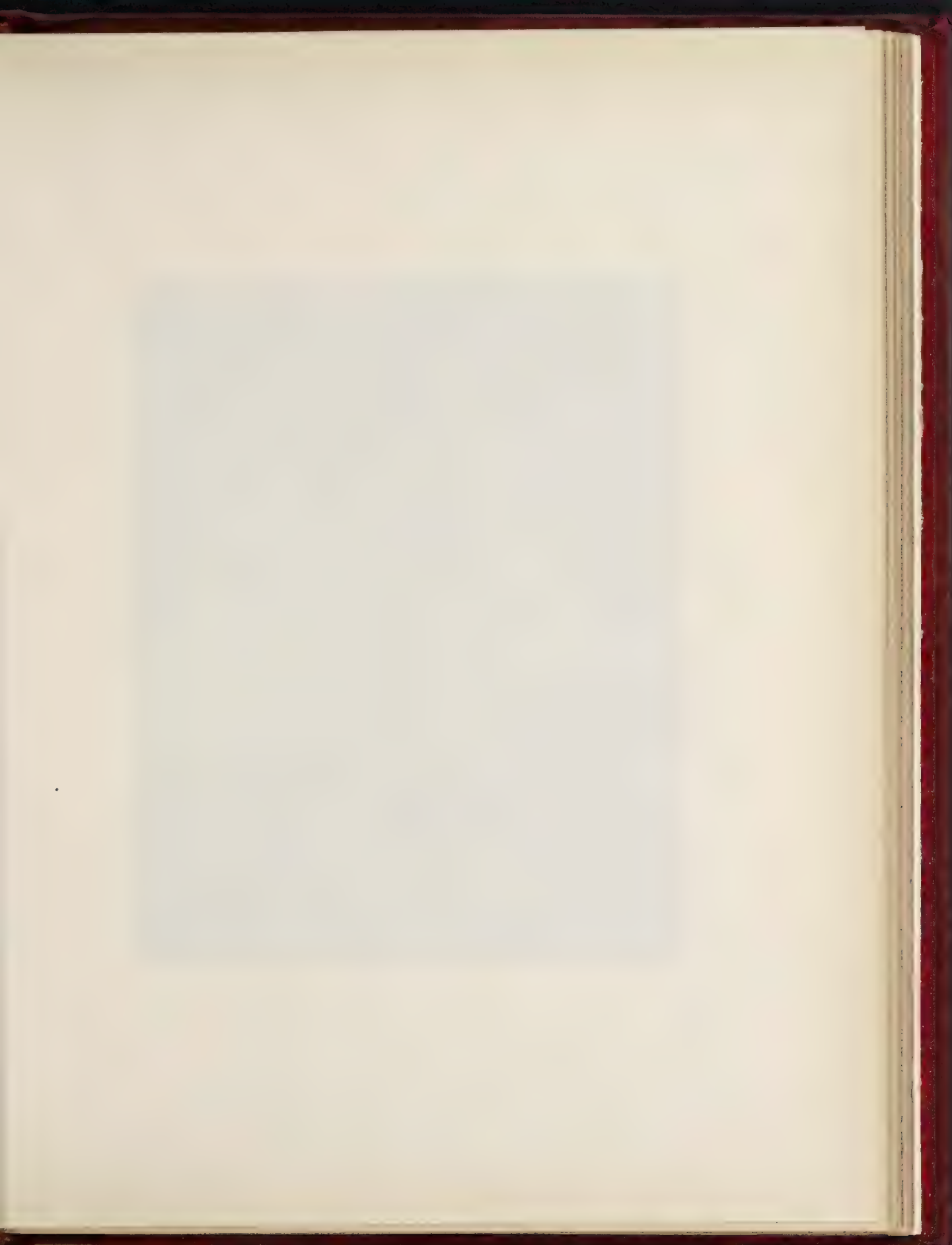
represented the nearest approach he could make to the "great rules and principles of the art, as they are collected from the full body of the best general practice." Mr. Ruskin is wiser, or at least franker. I may quote part of the famous note in which * he pays his tribute to Sir Joshua's rival. Its occasion, as the reader will remember, was an absurd comparison made by the unhappy critic of Blackwood between Gainsborough and F. R. Lee. "Shade of Gainsborough!" (he begins) "deep-thoughted, solemn Gainsborough. . . . Gainsborough's power of colour is capable of taking rank beside that of Rubens; he is the purest colourist, Sir Joshua himself not excepted, of the whole English school; with him, in fact, the *art* of painting did in great part die, and exists not now in Europe. Evidence enough will be seen in the following pages of my devoted admiration of Turner; but I hesitate not to say that in management and quality of single and particular tint, in the purely technical art of painting, Turner is a child to Gainsborough. . . . Gainsborough's hand is as light as the sweep of a cloud, as swift as the flash of a sunbeam. . . . Gainsborough's masses are as broad as the first division in heaven of light from darkness. . . . Gainsborough's forms are grand, simple and ideal. . . . Gainsborough never loses sight of his picture as a whole. . . . In a word (he) is an immortal painter (and his) excellence is based on principles of art long acknowledged and facts of Nature universally apparent." Eighty years of perspective enabled Ruskin to see what Reynolds could not see, that Gainsborough was no isolated eccentricity but an artist whose genius, original and individual as it was, fell into the true line of development and set an example which would make not for anarchy, but for progress and health. His manner of seeing was English. The particular characteristics he pounced upon in his sitters carried on the tradition which had been established by those little masters whom I have ventured to call his true precursors. Grace of outline, elegance of movement, momentariness of expression, beauty, in short, with vitality; those were his gods, and in his worship he set an example of brilliant simplicity which has had its effect on art ever since.

Gainsborough's conceptions are so essentially simple that attempts at any detailed analysis seem out of place. He saw beauty in external nature, and combined it with the beauty latent in paint. In doing so he followed a few obvious principles, of which he may or may not have been conscious. His men

* Preface to Second Edition, vol. i. p. 19, in the edition of 1888.

and women are always so posed as to bring out the easy flexibility of the human figure. His heads are set at gentle angles to the vertical axis of the body, his limbs are at easy rest or in quiet movement, his hands and arms—sometimes little more than indications, as in the "Eliza Linley," sometimes drawn like Van Dyck, as in the "Mrs. Mears" (Plate XXX.)—are well placed and eloquent in gesture, while the draperies which float about them suggest the last movement they have made. Before a sitter who excites his interest, Gainsborough's imagination never flags. Nothing is perfunctory, although much may be slight. There is always, for instance, a subtle harmony between the pattern made by his figures and that of those landscape backgrounds against which nearly all his finest portraits are set. The heavy leafage, without contour and with only a questionable transparency, which occurs in so many portraits by Romney and Hoppner and in not a few by Sir Joshua, never confines one's fancy in a Gainsborough. With him the luminous air plays round the figure and among the trees, and we feel that the adorable Mrs. Sheridan, or the fair but foolish Robinson, could rise and walk away into the woods, swinging her hat and unembarrassed by any fear of walking through the canvas. Gainsborough's embrace was large. He did not forget one part of his task for another. He carried on all the elements of his conception side by side. He did not see in colour, like Reynolds, or in light and shade, like Rembrandt, or in line, like Ingres; he saw in a combination of the three, and as he drove them like a skilful teamster, he kept his eye on beauty as the goal. You cannot divide a Gainsborough into its component elements, as you can the works of most other great painters. It is easy to think of a Rembrandt as a creation in chiaroscuro, of an Ingres as a pattern in line, of a Sir Joshua as symphony in colour, of a Hals as a feat in brushing; but in a Gainsborough all these elements are so intimately blended; they have been so closely interwoven in his mind as he rapidly gave substance to his conception, that one cannot be dissected from the other. We have to accept them as a whole, and to admit that in his ability to fuse the three elements of pictorial art into unity, or rather in his gift for seeing them as one, he has had few equals and no superior.

In writing like this, however, I must guard myself against misconception. I have used the names of certain great artists pretty freely, but I do not wish



STUDY FOR THE PORTRAIT OF
LADY CLARGES

British Museum



the reader to suppose that I aim at setting our English master on a pedestal higher than theirs. My comparisons have been strictly limited. Personally I look upon Gainsborough as a much greater artist than Ingres or Reynolds, because the gift of spontaneous creation seems to me a rarer and higher gift than the power to elaborate a harmony by hard thinking, or by a respectful study of "the full body of the best general practice." Hals, of course, was a marvellous executant, but his aims were too superficial to give him any right to stand beside Gainsborough. Who would dream of apostrophising the "deep-thoughted, solemn Hals?" As for Rembrandt and Velazquez: Rembrandt was the greatest of all modern artists, but, as a technical painter, his range had limitations of which there are no signs in the best work of Gainsborough; while to Velazquez, the master of all renderers, the Englishman's delight in his material would have seemed as flippant as Whistler's nocturnes did to Ruskin. Putting it as shortly as I can, Rembrandt conceived on a higher plane than Gainsborough, Velazquez painted objects better than Gainsborough, but Gainsborough painted in the abstract better than either. That sounds like nonsense, but I think it is sound sense. Paint can be used in many ways. It can be used to express ideas—Rembrandt's way; it can be used to render objects—the way of Velazquez; it can be used to delight us with its own constitution and to play upon our emotions like the notes of a violin; that was the way of Gainsborough. These analogies and generalities are, of course, only partially true. Unhappily the English language was not made by art-critics, and so precision in discussing artistic matters is beyond our reach. We have to do our best with illustrations, analogies, and other figures which have an awkward knack of turning upon their users. However, by dint of ruthless iteration and talking "about it and about it," one does get a notion expressed at last, and so I hope that the reader will not misunderstand the contention I have ventured to set up.

In all I have said I have made no distinction between Gainsborough's portraits and his landscapes, although, no doubt, I have drawn most of my examples from the former. It seems to me that no real distinction can be made. Many writers and not a few painters have contrasted the two branches of his art as if they issued from two different men. The finest of Gainsborough's portraits are finer than the finest of his landscapes for exactly the same reason as a park with a

beautiful woman in it is more desirable than the same park with nothing in it at all. A picture like the "Mrs. Sheridan" or the "Morning Walk" *is* a fine landscape, plus some delightful figures. Some artists who have painted both landscapes and moving tales have followed principles in the one case which they have neglected in the other. Millais, for instance, contrived elaborately when he told a story, but in landscape took exactly what nature chose to give him. Gainsborough did nothing of the kind. His art was a simple and sensuous thing, and whether he painted a portrait, or a scene from nature, or a combination of both, he depended for his effects on the same way of seeing and the same way of reproducing what he saw. The necessity for more precision gives, indeed, to his portraits a certain advantage over his more independent things. The vagueness and excessive conventionality into which he sometimes fell in his later landscapes was impossible in a portrait, and so one cause of comparative failure was avoided. In his pastoral scenes there is one element, of course, not to be found in his other works—I mean his sympathy with, and knowledge of, rural life. Of all landscape painters he is the happiest in his *étouffage*. His peasants hang over their work, loiter at the roadsides, make rustic love to their womenkind, load their carts and drive their beasts of burden, and, above all, decorate the canvas, with no less truth than felicity. Gainsborough alone, so far as my experience goes, can set various groups of little figures, disconnected with each other, in a landscape without damage to the general effect. Contrast such pictures as those reproduced in our plates X. and XXV. with almost any work of those Dutchmen from whose example he learnt so much. It is true that with Hobbema, Ruysdael, Wynants and others, their figures were not, as a rule, put in by themselves; but that scarcely relieves them of responsibility; and even where it was otherwise, how often do you find their landscapes furnished like those of Gainsborough? His figures are so appropriate, they so happily supplement and give point to their surroundings, that before one of his *paysages étouffés* we feel inclined to talk of "Figures in a Landscape" instead of a "Landscape with Figures." I have seen many scores of such things, but I think I could pass an examination in the doings and distribution of the little men and women who people them. I should be hopelessly stumped over Ruysdael, or Hobbema, were it not that in a good many instances I should remember groups and incidents for the damage they were doing. The sympathy which never failed Gainsborough led him to deal tenderly with the creations of his own brush, and we feel instinctively that he could scarcely, if he tried, put a figure

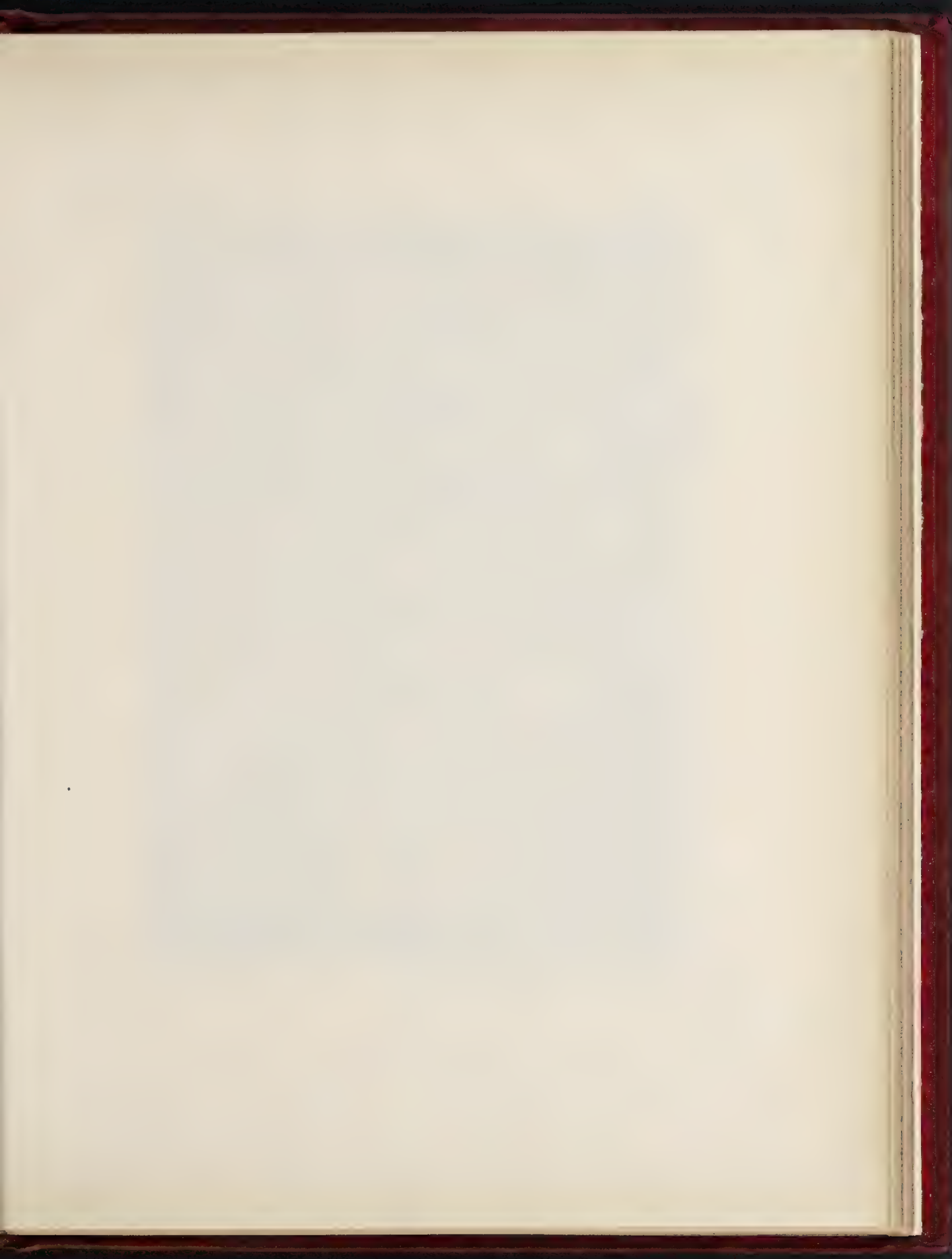
in the wrong place or make a landscape carry more, in the shape of incident, than its back was equal to. We remember how he answered Jackson, when the musician suggested that he should follow in the footsteps of Elzheimer, Claude and Rembrandt, and fill his English lanes with Flights into Egypt. The artistic instinct and common sense which kept him faithful to Hodge and to Hodge's stud of picturesque old horses prevented anything like a violent transition when he passed from landscape to portrait or *vice versa*, and make it injudicious to oppose one branch of his activity to the other.

The comparison of Gainsborough with other painters has been a favourite amusement with the critics, the two favourites for the purpose being Van Dyck and Reynolds. The collation with Van Dyck has the sanction of Gainsborough himself, but, in truth, the likeness between the two is only skin deep. The Englishman's ambition received, no doubt, its first effective spur from the Van Dycks in the neighbourhood of Bath, especially from the great family group at Wilton House. But his individuality was so distinct from, was even, I may say, so opposed to, that of the Fleming, that little more than a superficial resemblance could exist between their works. In character Van Dyck was the ancestor of Reynolds, and Lawrence, and Leighton, rather than of Gainsborough. He was a born courtier, living generously but yet with prudence, painting men and women of various conditions but never failing to surround them with the air of palaces, controlling his hand to an elegance which is rather that of the pavane than of the minuet, and thinking, while he worked, rather of the presentment of his sitter than of the essential unity of his art. Taste and judgment of the conscious sort were his guides rather than emotion, and so before his pictures our feelings are more those of objective admiration than of sympathetic excitement. No man ever felt a lump in his throat before a Van Dyck. His finest things are flawless, but they are not records of intense human emotion like the best works of Gainsborough.

As for Sir Joshua, he stands vastly nearer to Van Dyck than he does to his own fellow-countryman. Superficially the likeness between the Englishman and the Fleming is slight enough, but in artistic essentials they have much in common. The tyro can distinguish their work at a glance, but to put the *æsthetic* difference into words is not such an easy matter. Between a Reynolds like the "Marlborough Family," at Blenheim, or the Montgomery group and the "Lord Heathfield" in the National Gallery, and such Van Dycks as the Wilton picture and Mr. Heywood

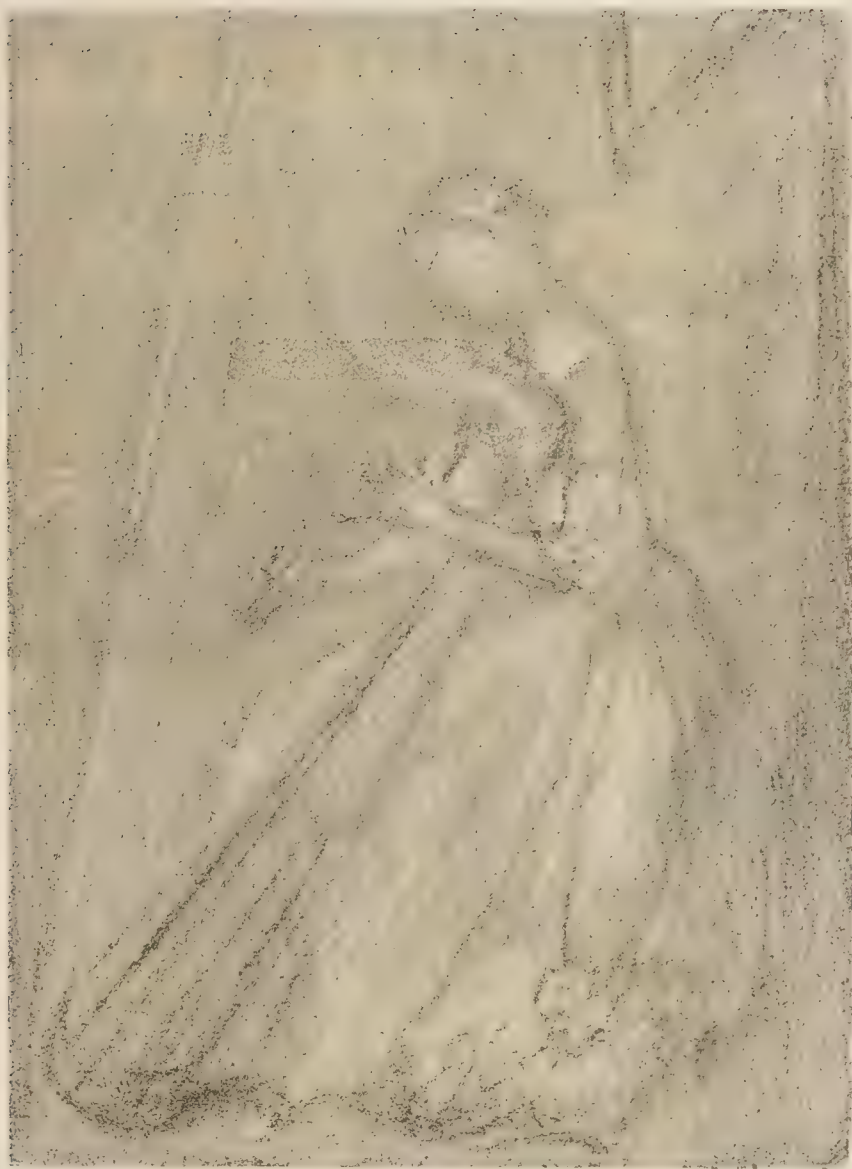
Lonsdale's portrait of Doge Spinola, of Genoa, the difference is mainly one of time, costume, and prudence in the use of pigments. They are all painted with the head; they are all models of taste, thought and reserve, and of a vigour which is more than slightly *voulu*.

The novice, of course, might and often does find a difficulty in discriminating between Gainsborough and Sir Joshua. We may even go farther, and say that, by confining ourselves to the less characteristic works of the greater men and to the exceptionally good things by their inferiors, we could, with a little trouble, hang together examples of Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Lawrence, Raeburn, and even Shee and Beechey, which only the trained eye could disentangle, so true is it that few men's individualities are proof against the spirit of the time and the compulsion of example. Speaking broadly, any comparison between Sir Joshua and Gainsborough would have to proceed by contrast, and by dwelling on those points of difference which have been already sufficiently indicated in what has been said of their respective characters. But there is one distinguishing feature which is too often minimised, and that is the very different depths to which the two men penetrate in the personalities of the people they portray. Reynolds was essentially an observer. He had little of the deep-seated sympathy which drove Gainsborough into an almost unconscious betrayal of the real personalities of those who found their way to his studio. Reynolds was puzzled by Gainsborough's success in catching a likeness, and tried to account for it by his want of finish. But Gainsborough's finest heads have more real finish than any Sir Joshua. The true explanation, of course, lies in his quicker sympathies and his more unerring sense of essentials in a character. To take an example which can be verified within the pages of this volume; look at the two portraits of Mrs. Sheridan (Plates V. and XXI.), one painted when she was sixteen, the other when she was about two-and-thirty. Here Gainsborough has seen and immortalised a great deal more than a pretty woman. In the one case he has seen a child with a beautiful soul, into whose countenance experience of a peculiar world has already brought a touch of doubt and pathos. Fifteen years or so pass, and the same face is again before him, more beautiful than ever, but how different in expression! These years have brought much happiness to Eliza Linley, and many cares; they have given her pride in the man she loved and confidence in her own capacity. She has found out what life is, and done her best with it, and has come at a happy moment to sit to the man who had painted her as a child.



(?) FIRST IDEA FOR PORTRAIT OF
LADY CLARGES

British Museum



All this is as easily read on Gainsborough's canvas as if it were printed in a book. Sir Joshua painted "Mrs. Sheridan" several times, but none of the pictures convey anything but her beauty; such expression as they have belongs not to the woman, but to the *rôle*—St. Cecilia, Charity, &c.—she happens to be playing for the moment. And this is almost universally the case with him. He often shows a stronger grip than his rival on the intellectual capacities, or at least pretensions, of his sitters, especially when they are men; but even there he is apt rather to assert than convince. His "Garrick" is taken at a more vivacious moment than Gainsborough would have chosen, but the potential vivacity preferred by the latter is not a whit less telling. Sir Joshua's portraits of children are delicious, but they, too, are curiously external. He watched them with the same kind of interest as we do strange animals in the Zoo. We can imagine him saying to himself: "Ah! that is curious; so that's the way it plays with a dog! I'll paint it so." Gainsborough does not watch and search. The mind of a child lies open to him, and he feels no impulse to contrive amusing incidents or quaint attitudes to justify his interest. What he paints is the little soul with ten years' experience of the world, shining out of eyes sparkling with a vitality only his brush can give. But here I am doing the very thing I was deprecating in others, and setting up an elaborate antithesis between two men who, in my view, had little but their accidents in common. Let me pass on to comparisons which I hope may turn out more fruitful.

They are not new; I don't profess to be the first to see how strongly Gainsborough resembles Rubens on the one hand, and Watteau on the other; but I wish to insist a little upon the likeness, because it depends chiefly on those essential qualities on which alone any significant analogies can be based. On certain pictures by Rubens we could found quite a plausible argument that not Van Dyck, but his master, was the real teacher of Gainsborough; and some of these pictures were at Blenheim, where he must have seen them. The things I mean were all painted late in the Antwerp master's career. There is no necessity to give a complete list, but I may name a few which appear to support my theory. First of all, I may point to the pair of superb portraits which, to our shame, passed some ten or twelve years ago from Blenheim to the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. One represents Sir Peter Paul and Lady Rubens—to decorate them for once with their English honours!—the other Lady Rubens by herself. Then we have "La Petite Pelisse" of Vienna and

the more orthodox portrait in the Hermitage; the garden scene at Munich; and—as I feel inclined to add—the “Chapeau de Paille” of the National Gallery. In all of these the pictorial conception and not a little of the technique are quite in the vein of Gainsborough. The first two—which, bearing his habits in mind, we cannot doubt he knew—are specially significant. The “Mr. and Mrs. Hallett” is, in fact, an echo, so far as conception goes, of the finer of Baron Alphonse’s two pictures. Gainsborough is no less personal, no less frank and loyal to his own emotions, than Rubens, but I cannot help suspecting that, if the Fleming’s “Morning Walk” had never been painted, Gainsborough’s would never have existed either. Still more striking is the artistic sympathy traceable in the landscapes of the two men. Here again their superficial dissimilarity is great enough, but the deeper we go the more difficult do we find it to discriminate. In all artistic essentials the likeness between such a picture as the small “Sunset Landscape” in the National Gallery and an average Gainsborough approaches identity. Rubens affected lighter tones, warmer tints, and a more solid impasto, but his way of regarding natural fact and his aspect towards its literal reproduction are quite those of Gainsborough. The likeness persists, too, when we compare their ways of peopling their fields and woods. Both were governed by the same love of unity; both saw a landscape and its population as a whole. The extraordinary one-ness between figures and their setting which we see in the “Mall” has no parallel, so far as my knowledge goes, outside the work of Rubens. With these two men a background was no *décor*; it was part and parcel of the human beings set against it; it was an adumbration of their thoughts, it might almost be called an emanation from them, so subtle is its sympathy. This is due partly to the extremely personal character of the technical methods employed, partly to that faculty for conceiving as a whole and realising at a heat with which both were gifted in so remarkable a degree.

Between Gainsborough and Watteau the comparison marches altogether on a lower plane. Superficially the “Mall” is very like a Watteau; the flutter of the trees, the swing of the ladies’ dresses, the way in which the light plays about the scene, will remind the most careless eye of the “Fêtes Vénitiennes” and the “Embarquement pour Cythère.” But although it is, perhaps, the shallowest of all great Gainsboroughs, it is vastly deeper than a Watteau. The life portrayed is the careless life of a court. These little people are not moved by any profound

emotions, but in their *allure*, in their glances at each other, in their very distribution over the canvas, hints are given of the depths to which the painter's glance, or rather his instinctive sympathy, could penetrate. Watteau had little of this insight. His delightful genius fastened on outsides. He was satisfied to note the flow of a robe, the flexibility of a limb, the happy arabesque of a group, for their own sakes, and to make the best pictorial music he could without troubling too much over the souls of things. Whether Gainsborough ever saw a Watteau or not is doubtful. The Frenchman died six years before he was born, and his pictures did not begin to come here, so far as I can discover, until late in Gainsborough's career. He painted two, however, for his English physician, Doctor Mead, a "Comédie Italienne" and "L'Amour Paisible," which were sold in London in 1754, and these may easily have come under the young and impressionable eye of the Englishman. Gravelot, too, possessed several Watteau drawings at his death, with which his pupil may have been familiar.

In making these comparisons with Rubens and Watteau, my object has been rather to support my reading of Gainsborough's own individuality, than to suggest any serious indebtedness on his part to their example. He was one of the most self-reliant of painters, and if he were familiar with the earlier works I have mentioned they would act on him as justifiers of his own way of seeing Nature rather than as stimulants to his imagination. In two cases—the "Morning Walk" and the "Mall"—he seems to have consciously measured himself with the Fleming and the Frenchman, but even there he made no concession. Granting that the first idea is borrowed, he treats it in what is, at least, his own dialect of a language common to all three. The one painter whose name was frequently on his lips excited his admiration in an entirely different way. Van Dyck was the complement of Gainsborough. He was cool where the other was impulsive; he painted as he chose, while the other could not help painting as he did; he was distributive, critical, and reserved, while the other was concentrative, sympathetic, and full of *abandon*. Admiration and comprehension are by no means convertible terms. Gainsborough admired Van Dyck, but he understood Rubens. "We are all going to heaven," he said to Reynolds, "and Van Dyck is of the company." I suspect when he got there it was in Van Dyck's master that he found his real affinity.

The development of Gainsborough has, perhaps, been sufficiently traced in

the foregoing chapters, but I feel impelled to sketch it again here, as lightly as I can, in order to bring out the pattern it made on the art of the eighteenth century. Gainsborough began young, and in his youth he devoted all his energies to that exploratory art which is the only sure road to success. In all probability he saw few pictures except those of his own immediate companions. His time was given to work from the model and, probably, to the production of such pencil portraits as those reproduced on our first page. At this time, too, he probably concocted such landscapes as the one belonging to Mr. Cobbold (Plate I.). After his return to Suffolk he found opportunities of study from the Old Masters, chiefly such Dutchmen as Hobbema, Ruysdael and Wynants. From their works he took hints which he proceeded to put into execution in his own way; his most unhappy experiment, perhaps, being one with red grounds, which has destroyed the charm of many of his early landscapes. But his art at this time was all experimental. It changed from day to day, and it was not until he had been at work for some ten years that he finally settled down to a method of his own and to single-minded work from nature. By the time he was thirty all this toil had made him master of his tools, and had left him waiting only for a lead to become the greatest painter of his century. The move to Bath took place; the art of Van Dyck, and as I believe, of Rubens, opened his eyes to what paint could do, and he blossomed at once. His conceptions grew bolder, his hand freer, his colour more luminous and infinitely richer. The change was so rapid that, in settling the chronology of his works, our difficulty is to believe that so short an interval elapsed between the comparatively stiff and cold half-lengths of his Ipswich time, and for instance, the "Mr. Poyntz" of 1762, or the "General Honywood" of 1764. The latter, especially, is equal in some ways to anything he ever did, and yet only five years divided it from the Edgar portraits, which, in spite of their charm, are clearly the work of a timid executant and a doubting conceiver. After the "Honywood," his strides were longer than ever. In 1768 he paints the "Linley Group," and in 1770 the "Blue Boy," and then, according to my chronology, most of the fat, low-toned landscapes, which have usually been assigned to the latest period of all. Typical examples of this time are Mr. Harry Quilter's "Repose," the "Horses at a Well," of which two or three versions exist, the large "Watering Place" of the National Gallery, the Duke of Westminster's "Cottage Door," and Lord Carnarvon's "Wood Gatherers." Last of all, Gainsborough, like every other magician of the brush, arrives at the time when painting seems to be done with his will rather than with



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT

British Museum



his hand. His canvases are all light, and air, and limpid colour. Heaviness disappears, and there is not a square inch which does not glow like a sapphire and warm us like the sun at noon. To this period belong all his very greatest achievements. The Linley group, the "Blue Boy," the "Mrs. Graham," superb as they are, cannot boast the unity, the absolute realisation of an æsthetic thought, which we see in the "Mall," the "Mrs. Norton," the "Mrs. Sheridan," and above all in the "Morning Walk."

Sweeping assertions are risky, but I do not think there is much danger in declaring this portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Hallett, now christened more conveniently the "Morning Walk," to be the finest picture painted in the eighteenth century; if I followed my own conviction I should say since the deaths of Rubens and Velazquez. In pure artistry the only things of its own time to be set near it are a few Watteaus, a Chardin or two, and three pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds—the three I mean being the "Nelly O'Brien" in the Wallace Gallery, the "Duchess of Devonshire with her Baby" at Chatsworth, and Sir Charles Tennant's "Lady Crosbie." I have already confessed that to me Gainsborough at his best touches a height beyond the reach of Reynolds, while as for the two Frenchmen, it is only by the purity of their gift, their freedom as painters from any irrelevant alloy, that they can support the neighbourhood of their English contemporary. The range and scale, the depth and breadth of Gainsborough, are on another plane from theirs. To put the comparison very low indeed, the painter who can wed concentration to the finest technique on a canvas eight feet by six is not to be measured with those whose powers are but equal to as many inches. And Gainsborough never misses concentration. A story has come down to us connected with his way of working which throws a vivid light upon his aims. His habit was, when he had worked for a time upon a canvas, to darken the window of his painting-room, excluding all light but such as streamed in through a round hole in the shutter. By this light he would judge the effect of what he had done, and could see more easily than by a full illumination whether he had reached the unity he aimed at. Probably he used the same test on his sitters; it would show their *enveloppe* too. Such an experiment would enable him to see at a glance whether his work were in focus, whether he had succeeded or not in getting the subordination he wanted, or whether, on the other hand, some detail had crept into undesired importance. In a portrait, where the head supplies a natural centre, such a practice would be of the greatest value; in a landscape it might, and

probably did, confirm him in the tendency to emptiness of which he has been not unjustly accused. No great painter has restricted himself so invariably to his pictorial intention as Gainsborough. Even Rembrandt, with whom he had points in common* which, if life were longer, we might discuss, was more anecdotic than he. He built every picture round some simple pictorial idea, and as soon as that idea was complete his impulse was to lay down his brush. Sitters are more exacting than landscapes. To please them he had often, no doubt, to give a head more substance and definition than his own impression required, and so we may have to thank a patron now and then for the fulness and variety of our enjoyment.

Modern painting was born in England, as the more candid criticism of to-day is beginning to acknowledge; so that Gainsborough, as a forerunner, has more than a national importance. In him the quality which is variously called Romanticism, Impressionism, and what not, according to the form it takes, first received full play. From Giotto to Hogarth painting had been a conscious fusion of objectivity and subjectivity. To the question, "What is art?" even the greatest artists might have replied, "The imitation of nature." With a few exceptions their conscious activity was devoted to calling up a balanced and controlled reproduction of the reality before them. Gainsborough was the first to concentrate all his powers on the translation of his own continuing emotion into paint, and to make the vigour, heat and unity of his own passion the measure of his art. Form, in the classic sense, had nothing to say to him. The concentration he won was the concentration not of "Phèdre," but of "Othello." It depended on nothing which could be formulated, on nothing which could be put into the critic's balance and weighed against the same ingredient in the work of some one else. It depended on the thoroughness with which passion was expressed in the language he was using, on the intensity of his own sympathies with the most subtle relations in Nature.

As for his place in the general hierarchy of art, it depends entirely on his positive qualities. It is easy to see his defects. It is easy to point out that his ambition was narrow, that his culture was small, that his faculty for taking thought was a negative quantity, and that in certain matters of equipment he has been surpassed by many unimportant people. But his art was all art. It was

* Especially in his drawings. Between Rembrandt's drawings of landscape and those of Gainsborough the likeness is often curiously exact.

the pure, spontaneous expression of a personality into which no anti-artistic leaven had been mixed. In his finest portraits of women he reaches a height approached by no one else. The "Mrs. Sheridan," the "Mrs. Siddons," the "Mrs. Mears," the "Mr. and Mrs. Hallett," the "Mrs. Norton," the "Mrs. Robinson," the "Mrs. Graham,"—I might go on for half a page—are delicious melodies in colour, miracles of distinction, records of beauty that living woman herself cannot surpass. No other painter has so dazzled us with means so slight. Many of his most perfect things are at once superb in colour and scarcely more than monochromes. The "Morning Walk" is one of these. The "Lady Mulgrave" is another; her provoking features are enframed in a mass of powdered hair which tells with felicitous audacity against the rich, diaphanous black about her shoulders. The effect is like magic. The flesh painting which extorted the praise of Sir Joshua is here, too, almost at its best, never indeed to be excelled, except, perhaps, in the marvellous heads of Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Siddons. The "Mrs. Puget" is scarcely less fine, and I might run through a long list of similar things, in which one delicious chord is struck, to vibrate in our memories long after the image has faded from our eyes.

Is it to Gainsborough's example that the supreme faculty for rendering female beauty which marks our English school is to be traced? Hardly, I think, for we must remember that from the day that Van Dyck set foot in this country, it became the most striking feature of English portraiture. It is the result simply of the beauty of English women. If we are to trace it to any man's example, it must be to Van Dyck and his follower, Lely. The atmosphere, as it were, of beauty in which the women of Gainsborough, of Reynolds, of Romney, swim, was beyond the reach of the two foreigners, but their works show them to have been fully alive to the possibilities afforded by the loveliness of their sitters. Their methods were too tight and precise, too academic, for complete success, but they at least showed the way, and pointed out to any intelligent successors how a new æsthetic ideal could be founded on the beauty which prevails in every class of English women. The more subtle qualities were, of course, missed by both. The sympathetic penetration of a Gainsborough could hardly be expected from two men who were, after all, working among strangers, and they had to leave to their successors the glory of making lovely souls shine through lovely features to form the basis for a new revival of art. That Gainsborough was the

chief figure of the revival cannot, I think, be contested. He saw deeper, combined with more felicity, and realised with a lighter hand than any one else. His finest things embody an exquisite thought with a perfection denied to Reynolds, denied to Romney, denied even to those great men of the seventeenth century with whom he may be most fitly measured. His glory lies between himself and his country. His inspiration came from the beauty by which he was surrounded, and his success from an artistic gift of remarkable vigour and of a purity which has been seldom equalled and never surpassed.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE.
(1784-5)

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES BY
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

NOTE

The following lists must claim much indulgence from the reader. It is so long since a catalogue of Gainsborough's works was last attempted, and so many of them have changed owners within recent years, that omissions and duplications will no doubt be discovered. It has also been quite impossible to see personally everything included, so that a few entries depending on general reputation may have in future to be rejected. As to arrangement, the portraits are given in the alphabetical order of sitters' names; the landscapes, subject pictures, &c., in the order of the names of owners. To save space, pictures readily accessible to the public are, as a rule, not described. In the descriptions right and left mean the proper right and left of the pictures, not of the spectator. By this system alone can confusion be avoided in speaking of the right and left hands of the people represented.

The following abbreviations are used:

- S. A. = Incorporated Society of Artists.
- R. A. = Royal Academy.
- G. G. = Grosvenor Gallery.
- S. K. = South Kensington Portrait Exhibitions of 1867-8-9.
- S. K. M. = South Kensington Museum.
- N. G. = New Gallery.
- F. W. = Fair Women Exhibition, Grafton Gallery.
- M. 1857 = Manchester Exhibition, 1857.
- C. = Christie's (C. 2. 6. 1882 = Christie's Sale, 2 June 1882).

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES

PORTRAITS

- Abel, Charles Frederick.** [Lockett Agnew, Esq., ex. Earl of Egremont, R. A. 1894; C. 1892]
Full length, seated, to right, at a table on which he is writing music; a viol-d-gamba and lute resting against his knee; brown dress, embroidered with gold; gold-coloured waistcoat; powdered hair; his white Pomeranian dog lies under the table. Background, architecture and a curtain. 86½ × 57
- Abel, C. F.** [W. H. Cummings, Esq.]
49 × 39
- Abercorn, James, Earl of.**
Whole length. Painted 1778
MEZ. BY JOHN DEAN
- Agno, Francesco d'.**
Half length
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY F. BARTOLOZZI
- Ailesbury, Anne Elizabeth Rawdon, afterwards Countess of.** [Marquess of Ailesbury. R. A. 1881; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length; standing full face, right elbow resting on a pedestal; hands crossed; black dress; yellow scarf. Her name inscribed in right lower corner of the canvas. 61 × 39
- Aldborough, Edward, Earl of.**
Half length
MEZ. BY S. EINSLIE
- Alfred, Prince.** [Windsor Castle; private Audience Chamber]
Bust, in low-cut white frock. 22½ × 16½
- Almack, William.** [ex. R. Almack, Esq.; C. 1896, £892 10s.]
Three-quarter length, standing in a thick wood; his arm, with a hat in the hand, rests on a branch of a tree; powdered wig, brown coat, lace ruffles. Painted about 1776. 48 × 39
- Althorp, Geo. John, Lord.** [Earl Spencer, K.G. M. 1857]
Painted 1776
- Amherst, Earl.** [Nat. Portrait Gallery]
- Amyand, Claudius.** [Sir Geo. H. Cornwall, Bart. G. G. 1885]
Half length. 31 × 26
- Anstey, Christopher.** [— Anstey, Esq., Bath]
Three-quarter length, seated. 50 × 40 (about)
- Argyll, Archibald, Duke of.**
- Argyll, John, Duke of.** [Duke of Argyll]
Whole length
MEZ. BY JAMES WATSON
- Argyll, John, Duke of.** [Earl of Rosebery, K.G.]
Half length
MEZ. BY WILLIAM DICKINSON
- Ashton, Rev. Thomas, D.D.**
Half length
MEZ. BY JAMES MACARDELL
- Augusta Sophia, Princess.** [Wind-
sor Castle; private Audience
Chamber.]
Bust, in an oval. 23½ × 17½
- Aylesford, Heneage, 3rd Earl of,**
in his Peer's Robes. [ex. Earl of
Aylesford. C. 4, 6, 1881]
- Ayton, John, "Handsome Jack."**
[Mrs. Barham Safford. G. G. 1885]
Bust; with an injured nose. 24 × 19½
- Baccelli, Madame.** [Lord Masham]
Whole length; dancing, holding out the end of a voluminous apron with her left hand, her right hand behind her back. Dress, blue and white. Formerly at Knole. 90 × 60
MEZ. BY JOHN JONES. 1811
- Baccelli, Madame (small).** [Alfred Beit, Esq.]
- Bach, Johann Sebastian.** [ex. Mudge and Walcot; C. 1874 and 1875]
- Baddeley, Mrs.** [ex. Sir Jos. Hawley, Bt.]
- Baillie Family, The.** [National Gallery]
- Baker, William.** [Rev. Sir Talbot H. B. Baker, Bart.]
Half length, in an oval. Painted about 1765-70. 30 × 25
- Baker, Mrs. William.** [Rev. Sir Talbot H. B. Baker, Bart.]
Half length, in an oval. Painted about 1765-70. 30 × 25
- Baker, Mrs.** [Rev. Sir Talbot H. B. Baker, Bart. R. A. 1882]
Full length, standing, to left; light-coloured dress, cut low, scarf over shoulders; rocks on right. 87½ × 59
- Banks, Sir Joseph.**
- Barry, Mfr.** [— Johnson, Esq., ex. Kilderbee]
In hunting dress. 30 × 25
- Bate-Dudley, Rev. Sir Harry, Bart.**
[Lord Burton. S. K. 1867. R. A. 1884]
Full length. Painted at Bradwell, 1785-86. 88 × 58
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUFONT
- Bate-Dudley, Rev. Sir Henry.**
[National Gallery]
- Bate-Dudley, Lady, wife of Rev. Sir H. Bate-Dudley, Bart.** [Lord Burton. S. K. 1867. R. A. 1884]
Full length. 85 × 59
- Bateman, John, 2nd Viscount.** [Lord Bateman. R. A. 1881]
Bust; to right; long hair, blue jacket, white collar, light brown background. In an oval. Signed T. G. 20 × 25
- Bathurst, Tryphena, Countess.** [Earl Bathurst. R. A. 1881]
Bust; three-quarter face to left; powdered hair, dark dress, pearl necklace. In an oval. 25½ × 19
- Beaufoy, Henry.** [F. J. Jervoise, Esq.]
Whole length
MEZ. BY WILLIAM WARD. 1797
- Beaufoy, Mrs. Henry.** [Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.]
Whole length. Yellow dress, with blue lines of ribbon; bodice trimmed with light blue muslin. 84½ × 55
- Beaufoy, Mark.** [G. Beaufoy, Esq.]
Whole length
MEZ. BY VALENTINE GREEN

- Bedford, John, 4th Duke of. [Duke of Bedford]
Half length. 30x25
- Bedford, John, 4th Duke of. [National Portrait Gallery. Formerly at Blenheim. S. K. 1867. R. A. 1882. G. G. 1885]
Bust, feigned oval. In a scarlet coat with Ribbon and Star of the Garter. Inscribed Gainsborough. 30x25
- Belgrave, Robert, Viscount. [Duke of Westminster, K.G.]
Half length; powdered hair, brown coat, yellow waistcoat, white cravat. Landscape background. 50x40
- Bell, Ralph. [Reginald Bell, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Whole length. 91x60
- Bell, Anne (Conyers), Mrs. [Reginald Bell, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Whole length. 91x58
- Berkeley, Hon. George Cranfield
Whole length.
MEZ. BY HENRY BIRCHE (? pseudonym of Richard Earlom). 1793
- Blackstone, Sir Wm. [Sir Robert Peel, Bart.]
Half length. 30x25
ENG. BY JOHN HALL, BOCQUET, J. CHAPMAN, WILLIAM RIDLEY, AND PHILIPPE AUDINET
- Blandford, George, Marquess of, and a little Girl. [C. 8, 5, 1897, £315]
Full length; blue coat and white waistcoat; he holds by the hand a little girl in white with blue sash; background, trees. 90x57
- Blue Boy, The. *See* Buttall, Jonathan.
- Blue Boy. *See* Portrait, a Page.
- "Blythe, Mr., of Norfolk." C. 5, 6, 1889.
- Bolton, —, Esq. [F. Bolton, Esq.]
- Bouverie, Hon. Wm., afterwards 1st Earl of Radnor. [Earl of Radnor]
Bust
- Bouverie, Hon. Bartholomew. [Earl of Radnor]
Bust. Painted in 1774
- Bouverie, Hon. Wm. Henry. [Earl of Radnor]
Bust. Painted in 1774
- Bouverie, Hon. Edward. [Earl of Radnor]
Bust. Painted in 1774
- Bowlby, Lady Mary (Brudenel). [— Bowlby, Esq.; ex. Geo. Richmond. S. K. 1867; R. A. 1872; G. G. 1885; C. 1896, £1522 10s.]
Bust. 28x25
- Boy, Sketch portrait of a. [F. W. Newton, Esq. R. A. 1882; G. G. 1885]
Bust, to right, and looking up. He wears a red waistcoat and holds a palette and brushes. Dark background. 23x20
- Brisco, Lady. [Lord Iveagh; ex. Sir Musgrave Brisco, Bart. R. A. 1886]
Full length; standing; white satin dress trimmed with gold, blue scarf, pearl necklace; her left hand held out to a spaniel. 89x58
- Bristol, John Hervey, 3rd Earl of, [Marquess of Bristol]
- Browne, Mr.
- Browne, Miss.
- Brummel, Miss. [Lord Iveagh]
- Brun. *See* Le Brun.
- Brunton, Miss Bessy. [F. Noverre. Esq.]
Three-quarter length; seated, in a landscape. Actress; made her debut at the age of sixteen, in the "Grecian Daughter". 50x40
- Beaufort, Elizabeth, Duchess of, Daughter of Admiral the Hon. Edward Boscawen. [Duke of Beaufort; S. K. 1867]
Full length. 93x57
- Buccleuch, Henry, 3rd Duke of. [Duke of Buccleuch, Dalkeith Palace, S. K. 1868]
Three-quarter length. 50x40
MEZ. BY JOHN DIXON. 1771
- Buccleuch, Duchess of, and Lady Mary Scott
MEZ. dated 1771
- Buckingham, Geo. Grenville Nugent Temple, 2nd Earl Temple and 1st Marquess of. [Hon. G. M. Fortescue. S. K. 1867]
Three-quarter length; painted 1783. 50x40
ENG. IN LINE BY J. K. SHERWIN. 1787
- Buckingham, Marchioness of. [Hon. G. M. Fortescue]
Three-quarter length. Printed 1783
- Buckinghamshire, John (Hobart), 2nd Earl of. [Marquess of Lothian. S. K. 1867; R. A. 1887]
Full length; standing, his legs crossed and his left hand resting on the pedestal of a column; blue velvet coat and breeches, white and gold waistcoat, and robes. Background, architecture and curtain. 91x57
- (?) Buckinghamshire, Mary Anne, Countess of. [W. H. Fuller, Esq., New York]
Half length; her head rests on the fingers of her left hand; red silk dress, white satin waistcoat; blue sash; powdered hair. 30x25
- Buckinghamshire, Mary Anne, Countess of. [Marquess of Lothian. S. K. 1867; R. A. 1887]
Full length; standing; her right arm rests on a parapet on which lie her robes and coronet; light dress, yellow gauze scarf round waist, black velvet bracelets. Background, architecture and a curtain. 91x57
- Bullen, Mr. [G. Bullen, Esq.]
Half length. 30x25
- Bullock, Lieut.-Col. [Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P. R. A. 1892]
Full length; standing, in a landscape. Scarlet uniform with green facings. A black and white setter, not well-bred, beside him.
- Burroughs, Mr. [Met. Museum, N. York; Miss Josephine Saville. G. G. 1885]
30x24
- Burroughs, Mrs. [Louis Huth, Esq.; Miss Josephine Saville. G. G. 1885]
30x24
- Burke, Edmund. [Ex. Bishop of Ely]
- Bute, Earl of.
- Buttall, Jonathan, "The Blue Boy." [Duke of Westminster, Grosvenor House. S. K. 1867; G. G. 1885]
Nearly life size, full length, standing. He is dressed entirely in blue, in a costume of about 1640. He carries his plumed hat in his right hand, his left hand is on his hip; landscape background, with a stormy sky. 70x48
- Buttall, Jonathan, "The Blue Boy." [Geo. Hearn, Esq., New York]
(?) An excellent copy, by Hoppner, of the Grosvenor House picture. 71½x50½
- Cambridge, H. R. H., Adolphus Frederick, Duke of. [Windsor Castle, private Audience Chamber]
Bust, in an oval. 23½x17½
- Camden, Charles, Earl. [Lord Northbourne. R. A. 1872]
Three-quarter length. 49½x37.
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY F. BARTOLOZZI. 1793
- Campbell, Lord Frederick. [Major-Gen. R. Mackenzie. G. G. 1885]
Half length; to the right—holds his robe across his breast with his right hand. 26x18.
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT
- Campbell, Lord William. [Miss Campbell Johnstone. S. K. 1868]
Bust. 30x25
- Canning, George, as a Boy. [Marquess of Clanricarde. R. A. 1884]
See chapter vii.
- Carlisle, Earl of. [Sir J. D. Linton]
- Carnarvon, Henry, Earl of. [Earl of Camarvon]
Three-quarter length. 50x40
MEZ. BY WILLIAM WARD. 1795
- Carr, Mary, Lady. [In America]
Three-quarter length, standing, to left. Crimson dress; flowers in her hair and held to her breast with one hand. 53x41

Carr, Mrs. [ex. Price collection]

Half length. White dress embroidered with gold, cut low, arms folded. Landscape background. 35½ x 27½

Cathcart, William, 10th Lord. [Earl Cathcart]

Chapman, Miss. [F. Dowding, Esq.]
Painted with curious elaboration. She wears a large cross and black earrings. 24 x 20

Charles I., small copy after Van Dyck. [Sir J. C. Robinson. G. G. 1885]

The original is the large picture bought from the Duke of Marlborough for the National Gallery. 17½ x 14

Charlotte, Queen. [Earl of Powis. R. A. 1888]

Full length; standing; white dress with train, black lace shawl; pearl necklace and bracelet; wears a miniature of George III. A crown on a table behind her. Background, architecture and curtain; sky and trees seen through a window to the left. 94 x 57½

Charlotte, Queen. [Abingdon Town Hall. R. A. 1894]

Full length (similar to Lord Powis's). 94 x 58½. [And similar pictures, sometimes with slight variations, at Fenshurst, the Horse Guards, and other places. In the painting of these Gainsborough Dupont probably gave much assistance.]

Charlotte, Queen. [Windsor Castle; private Audience Chamber]

Bust, full face, the head covered with a black lace mantilla. 23½ x 17½

Charlotte, Queen. [S. K. Museum]

A replica of the head at Windsor, with less colour

Charlotte, Queen. [Buckingham Palace]

Full length; in a gold-coloured dress; hands one upon the other; a spaniel beside her; background, a red curtain with a view through an arch into a garden. 90 x 60 (about)

Charlotte, Queen. [Lawrie & Co.]

Bust, in an oval, head covered with a white lace mantilla. 30 x 25

Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess, Duchess of Wurtemberg. [Windsor Castle, private Audience Chamber]

Bust, in an oval. 23½ x 18

Chatham, Countess of (Mother of William Pitt). [Captain Pretzman]

(?) Chatterton, Thomas. [E. Naylor, Esq.]

Half length. Green coat; hair falling much over the forehead and reaching to the shoulders; the face almost in profile. 22 x 18

Chesterfield, Philip, Earl of. [Earl of Carnarvon]

Half length.

MEZ. BY EDWARD BELL

Chesterfield, Philip, Earl of. [Earl Stanhope. G. G. 1885]

Bust: wearing the Ribbon and Star of the Garter. His right hand rests on a volume lettered "Cicero de Senectute." The census is inscribed "Aged 76, date 1769," which is erroneous. 30 x 25

Chesterfield, Philip, Earl of. [E. I. Shirley, Esq.]

Chesterfield, Anne, Countess of. [Earl of Carnarvon. R. A. 1887]

Full length; seated, to left, on a terrace beneath a tree; blue and white dress; flowered gauze scarf; hair turned back and powdered. 86 x 61

Chesterfield, Philip, 5th Earl of. [Earl of Carnarvon. R. A. 1887]

Full length; resting on a bank beneath trees; red coat, top boots; his hand on the head of a large dog. Background, landscape. 86 x 61

Chetwynd, Lord. [C. 1870]

Oval. 30 x 25

Child in a mob cap; see Parker, Miss.

Cholmley, Miss, afterwards wife of Constantine John, Baron Mulgrave.

See Mulgrave, Lady

Christie, James. [G. H. Christie, Esq. S. K. 1867; R. A. 1891]

Founder of the famous firm of auctioneers. Three-quarter length; light grey dress; curtain background. Painted 1778. 50 x 40

Cianwilliam, Theodosia McGill, afterwards Countess of. [Earl of Darnley. G. G. 1885]

Three-quarter length. 58 x 40

Clare, Lord, see Nugent

Clarence, William Henry, Duke of, afterwards William IV. [Windsor Castle; private Audience Chamber]

Bust, in an oval. 23½ x 17½

Clarges, Lady. [ex. J. Price; ex. J. Ruston; Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.]

Three-quarter length; seated, facing to the right, and playing on a harp. 50 x 40

Clarges, Miss, daughter of Sir Thos. Clarges. [E. Raphael, Esq. R. A. 1882 and 1895]

Bust; white dress with green mantle, and a rose. In an oval. 28½ x 23½

Clarges, Sir Simon, Bart. [C. 1878]

Clinton, Sir Henry, K.B. [Duke of Newcastle. S. K. 1867]

Three-quarter length. 40 x 50

Clive, Robert, Lord. [Rev. A. Clive]

A head

MEZ. BY JAMES MACARDELL AND RICHARD PURCELL

Clive, Robert, Lord. [— Willes, Esq.]

Coghlan, Miss.

Half length; with dark mantle and hood

MEZ. BY JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH. 1770

Coghlan, Miss.

Half length; in a light-coloured bodice

MEZ. BY JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH. 1772

Colman, George. [National Portrait Gallery]

ENG. IN LINE BY JOHN HALL, 1789, AND IN

STIPPLE

Conway, F.M. Henry Seymour.

Whole length

MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUFONT. 1780

Conway, F.M. Henry Seymour. [Duke of Argyll. S. K. 1867]

Full face

Copley, John Singleton.

Half length

ENG. IN LINE BY W. C. EDWARDS

Cornwall, Rt. Hon. Ch. Wolfram. [Sir G. H. Cornwall, Bart. R. A. 1883]

Full length; seated, to left, in an armchair near a table, face turned to right; in the Speaker's robes; background, a curtain. 69 x 58

Cornwallis, Charles, Marquess. [National Portrait Gallery]

Cornwallis, Lady. [Henry Rosenheim, Esq., Paris]

Half length; blue and white dress, with three-cornered blue hat and white bow or cockade. 28 x 24

Cotton, Lady. [Major King]

Cox, Mr. [Miss Cox]

Head. 11 x 9

Coyte, George, known as "Coyte alive." [ex. George Coyte, Esq., now in America. R. A. 1888]

Bust; to right, nearly full face. Brown coat, black waistcoat, wig. Dark background. Painted 1780 (?). 29 x 24

Cramer, the Metallurgist. [Sir W. Holbourne, Bart.]

Bust. He holds a piece of ore in his hand. Behind him a volume lettered "Cramer on Metals." Through an open window a landscape. 30 x 25

Crewe, Miss Emma. [Earl of Crewe]

Cruttenden, The Misses. [A. K. Kennedy Parvis, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Half lengths. 44 x 58

Cumberland, Duke of. [Buckingham Palace]

Full length; walking to the right; in crimson and ermine robes; background, an architectural interior. 92 x 54

Cumberland, Ernest Augustus, Duke of. [Windsor Castle; private Audience Chamber]

Bust, in an oval. 23½ x 17½

Cumberland, Duke of. [Windsor]

Head only, on a blank canvas; in the Lord-in-Waiting's Room. 54 x 40

Cumberland, Duke of. [Rev. J. Cosby White. G. G. 1885]

13½ x 11

Cumberland, Duke of. [ex. Sir Wm. Knighton, Bart. C. 1885]

Seated, in a landscape. 36 x 28

- Cumberland, Anne (Luttrell), Duchess of. [H. M. the Queen, Buckingham Palace. R. A. 1878]
Full length; standing, right arm leaning on a table, on which is a coronet; dark red bodice and train, trimmed with ermine; figured petticoat; background, landscape and architecture. 93×54
- Cumberland, Anne, Duchess of. [Windsor]
Three-quarter length; turned to right; poorly grey waistcoat and skirt, crimson train; background architecture. Unfinished. This picture now hangs in the corridor. 50×40
- Cumberland, Anne, Duchess of. [Lady Wilmot Horton. S. K. 1867]
Bust, painted in 1766. 25×30
- Cumberland, Anne, Duchess of. [Lord Wenlock. R. A. 1883]
Half length; to right, nearly full face; hands crossed in front; low dress, dark background. 36½×28½
- Cumberland, Anne, Duchess of.
Whole length; the head by Gainsborough, the rest by R. Corway
 MEZ. BY VALENTINE GREEN. 1783
- Cumberland, Ann, Duchess of. [Rev. G. Cosby White. G. G. 1885]
13×10½
- Cumberland, Duke and Duchess of, with Lady Elizabeth Luttrell. [Windsor Castle. S. K. 1867; R. A. 1895]
The Duke and Duchess walking, arm in arm, in a garden; Lady E. seated in the background. Oval. 64½×49
- Cunliffe, Mrs. (née Crewe). [Earl of Crewe]
- D'Ageno, see Ageno.
- Darnley, John, 4th Earl of. [Earl of Darnley. R. A. 1877. G. G. 1885]
Bust; light brown coat; powdered hair. 30×25
- Dartmouth, William, Earl of.
Half length
 ENG. IN STIPPLE BY WILLIAM EVANS
- Dashwood, Sir Francis, see Le Despencer, Lord.
- Daughters, with portfolios, portraits of his, also called "Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Gainsborough." [C. J. Watkins Brett, Esq. C. 5, 4, 1864]
From Sir Thos. Baring's collection
- Davenport, William Yelverton. [E. H. Davenport, Esq. R. A. 1887]
Three-quarter length, to right; he leans against a tree, his gun in his left hand, his hat in his right. Dark coat with red collar, buff waistcoat. 50×39
- Davison, Miss Jane. [W. Beaumont, Esq.]
- Dehaney, Mr. and Mrs., with their daughter. [C. 1896, £2205]
Life-size group, in a landscape. 93×57
- Derby, Edward, 12th Earl of. [Earl of Derby. S. K. 1867]
Three-quarter length. 50×40
 MEZ. BY GEO. KEATING. 1785
- Devonshire, Duchess of. [Earl Spencer, Althorp. G. G. 1885]
Whole length; leaning against a column; a scarf in both hands; her right leg crossed before the left; no hat. 91×58
 MEZ. BY WHISTON BARNEY, 1808; AND PARTLY IN STIPPLE BY HENRY MEYER
- Devonshire, Duchess of. [Viscount Clifden. S. K. 1867; G. G. 1885]
Full length; walking, in landscape; she wears a light dress and a large plumed hat—arms folded one upon the other. Almost in monochrome. 23×15
- Devonshire, Duchess of; see also Lady Georgiana Spencer
- Dodd, Dr. [W. Thorburn, Esq., Peebles]
Half length. 30×25
- Donegal, Arthur, 1st Marquess of. [Lord Templemore. R. A. 1877]
Standing, cross legged, under a tree; gun in right hand; grey coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Two dogs at his feet. 91×59½
- Donegall, Anne, Marchioness of. [Lord Templemore. R. A. 1877]
Full length; standing, in a garden; blue dress; white shawl over left arm; black ribbon round neck. 92×60
- Douglas, Mrs. John. [Baron F. de Rothschild; ex. Hon. P. S. Pierrepont; B. I. 1849. R. A. 1883]
See Plate XVII
- Drummond, Mr. [Lord Burton. R. A. 1888]
Full length; standing, in a landscape, with legs crossed; long blue coat with large brass buttons; white waistcoat and breeches, with top boots; powdered hair. 90×58
- Drummond, Mrs. [Mrs. Frederick Ames, Boston, U.S.A. R. A. 1890; C. 1893, £7035]
Three-quarter length; seated, to right; her head leaning on her left hand, a drawing in her right; grey dress, cut low, powdered hair. Busts and a crayon beside her; background, a curtain. 49½×39
- Drummond, Master. [G. Drummond. Esq. B. I. 1855]
- Dudley, see Bate-Dudley
- Duncombe, Hon. Anne. [Lord Rothschild]; see also Radnor, Countess of.
Painted about 1774. See Plate XI
- Duncombe, Hon. Frances [Earl of Radnor]; afterwards Mrs. Bowater.
Painted 1774.
- Dundonald, Isabella (Raymond), Countess of. [Rev. J. M. St. Clere Raymond. S. K. 1867]
Bust; to the right; reddish dress, cut low. 30×25
- Dunstanville, Sir Francis Basset, afterwards Lord de. [G. L. Basset, Esq. S. K. 1867; R. A. 1876; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length; bare headed, standing near rocks in a landscape. Blue coat. 50×40
- Dunstanville, Sir Francis Basset, afterwards Lord de. [Lord St. Levan. R. A. 1876; G. G. 1885]
Bust. 19½×24½
- Dunstanville, Frances Susannah, Lady de. [G. L. Basset, Esq. S. K. 1867; R. A. 1876; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length; seated. 50×40
- Dupont, Gainsborough. [Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G.; ex. Geo. Richmond; Lord Bateman. S. K. 1867]
Head to right. 18×16
- Dupont, Gainsborough. [T. Humphry Ward, Esq.]
Head to right. 18×16
- Dupont, Gainsborough. [Mrs. S. E. Browne]
- Dupont, Philip.
- Dupont, Mrs. Philip.
- Eardley, Lady, and Child (afterwards Lady Saye and Seale). [Lady Wange. S. K. 1868]
Full length. 91×60
- Eardley, Lady. [Viscount Gage]
- Eden, Sir John, Bart. [Sir J. Eden, Bart. R. A. 1878]
Bust; to left, in an oval; red coat, white waistcoat. 29×24
- Eden, Dorothea, Lady. [C. Wertheimer, Esq.; R. A. 1878 and 1887; C. 1896, £5250]
Bust. 29½×24
- Edgar, Robert. [T. Lawrie & Co.]
Bust in oval. Lilac coat. Background, foliage. 30×25
- Edgar, Miss Elizabeth. [Mrs. Edgar]
- Edgar, Miss Katherine. [Geo. Donaldson, Esq. New G. 1897-8]
Half length; body turned to left, full face; blue dress, blue ribbon round the neck; flowers in the hair; background, trees and sky. Oval. 29½×24
- Edward, Prince, Duke of Kent, [Windsor Castle, private Audience Chamber]
Bust, in an oval. 23½×17½
- Edwin, John. [Garrick Club]
- Egerton, Anna Maria. [C. 1892]
- Egremont, Countess of. [Earl of Leconfield]
- Elizabeth, Princess, afterwards of Hesse-Homburg. [Windsor Castle; private Audience Chamber]
Bust, in an oval. 23½×17½

Elliott, Grace Dalrymple, Mrs. [Duke of Portland, Welbeck. B. I. 1866]

Bust, life size, turned to right, in an oval. White dress, with pink ribbons; powdered hair. 29 x 25

Elliott, Grace Dalrymple, Mrs. [Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt]

Whole length; walking to left, in light flowing dress. Architectural background, with a glimpse of landscape. MEZ. BY JOHN DEAN. 1779

Erne and Dillon, The Ladies. [Sir Ch. Tennant, Bart. R. A. 1885]

Half length; yellow and pink dresses; the one lady leaning on the other's shoulder. 39 x 45

Ernst, Mr. [Earl of Leconfield]

A Head. He was secretary to Count Bruhl, who married the widow of the first Lord Egremont

Erskine, Thomas, 1st Lord. [A. McKay, Esq. S. K. 1868]

To wait. 30 x 25

Essex, W. A. Hollis, Earl of, presenting a cup to Thos. Clutterbuck of Waterford. [C. 1880. — Clutterbuck, Esq.]

Evans, Miss. [C. 1873, £787 10s.]

Family Group. [Exors. of Archdeacon Hon. R. A. 1877]

Lady in black dress, gentleman in brown coat and breeches, with red gold-laced waistcoat, walking, the lady holding a little girl by the hand. 95½ x 92

Fane, Hon. Mrs. Henry, of Fulbeck, Lincolnshire. [E. Raphael, Esq. C. 12, 5, 1888, £3045; R. A. 1893]

Half length, in an oval. 36 x 28

Fane, Hon. Mrs. Henry. [Mrs. Thwaites. R. A. 1888; C. 1887, £5092 10s.]

Half length; seated, three-quarter face to the right, arms crossed in lap; black dress, cut low; red sash, large hat with feathers; white ostrich feather in right hand; background, a red curtain. 35½ x 27½

Fane, Mrs. [C. Empson, Esq. ex. Walter Savage Landor]

Wife of Admiral Fane. Seated in a garden, caressing a little dog. She wears a large beaver hat. Background very boldly treated

Fell, Miss, afterwards Countess Zeddemann. [ex. Gregory; C. 1875]

Festin, John, musician. [Shepherd Bros.]

Finch, Lady Charlotte, afterwards Countess of Suffolk. [ex. Earl of Aylesford. C. 4, 6, 1881]

In a blue and white dress, holding a shuttle

Firman, John, of Witham, Essex. [Geo. Josselyn, Esq. R. A. 1880; G. G. 1885]

Bust; nearly full face; brown coat; dark background. 29 x 24

Fischer, Johann Christian. [Hampton Court. R. A. 1877; G. G. 1885]

Full length; standing, leaning on a square pianoforte. Crimson velvet coat, white stockings. A violin and an oboe are introduced. 89 x 56½

Fischer, Mrs. (Mary G.). [ex. Duke of Montrose; C. 1895]

25½ x 21½

Fisher, Kitty. [Lord Wolverton; ex. Wynn Ellis]

23 x 19½

Fitzherbert, Mrs. [Arthur Sanderson, Esq.; S. K. 1868; G. G. 1885]

To the waist; seated; her head resting on her right hand. Low dress. 30 x 25

Fitzwilliam, Hon. — [Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge]

Folkestone, Jacob, Viscount. [Society of Arts. R. A. 1877; G. G. 1885]

Whole length; standing, in Peer's Robes, a scroll in his left hand, on which the words "Plan of the Society" appear. 93 x 57½
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY CHARLES SHERWIN, BUT ONLY HALF LENGTH ON THE PLATE

Folkestone, Viscountess. [Geo. Holt, Esq.]

Ford, Miss Anne, of Bath, afterwards the second wife of Philip Thicknesse. See Thicknesse, Mrs.

Fordyce, Mr. [G. G. 1885]

Fordyce, Lady Margaret. [Earl of Rosebery, K.G.] See also Lindsay

Half length, seated, to right, head resting on right hand; dark dress, cut low, trimmed with lace and pearls; grey hat with feathers; reddish hair; dark background with red curtain. 30 x 24½

Foot, Samuel. [ex. Wiltshire; C. 1867]

Fownes, Mrs. [A. F. Somerville, Esq. R. A. 1886]

Half length, to right; three-quarter face; white satin dress, cut low, with red bow and a sprig of myrtle; pearl necklace and earrings; light background. 30 x 24½

Fox, Charles James, addressing the House of Commons. [Major-Gen. Claude Alexander, M.P. R. A. 1881; G. G. 1885]

Fox stands on the right, and seems to be speaking with great animation. He wears a blue coat and breeches. 22½ x 30½

Franco, Rafael. [Lawrie & Co.]

Full length, seated at a table writing; brownish-yellow coat, green table cloth, red curtain; St. Paul's in the distance. 61 x 56

Franks, Miss, with a Lamb. Lieut. Col. W. Honeywood. G. G. 1885]

A family portrait. 50 x 40

Gage, Viscount. [Viscount Gage]

Gage, Viscountess. [Viscount Gage]

Gainsborough, Humphry. [C. 8, 5, 1897]

Painted for Thos. Hall, of Harpsden Court, Henley. 28 x 22½

Gainsborough, Humphry. [J. H. Chance, Esq. R. A. 1886]

Half length; to right; three-quarter face; black coat, dark background. 30 x 24

Gainsborough, Thomas (The Painter). [Royal Academy; Leeds, 1868; G. G. 1885]

Nearly a profile, to the left. In an oval. 29½ x 24

ENG. IN STIPPLE BY F. BARTOLOZZI, AND BY HENRY MEYER

Gainsborough, Thomas (The Painter). [Earl of Leicester]

Similar to the R.A. picture. 30 x 25

Gainsborough, Thomas. [Lord Ronald Gower. R. A. 1877]

Bust, in a red coat. A Sketch. 20½ x 16

Gainsborough, Thomas. [Sir W. Agnew, Bart. New G. 1897-8]

Half length; body facing spectator, head turned to right; blue coat, striped waistcoat, powdered hair, dark background. Oval. 29 x 17

(?) Gainsborough, Thomas. [National Portrait Gallery]

Miniature on canvas of a young man. Painted about 1780, and not a portrait of Gainsborough himself. 5½ x 4½

Gainsborough, Thomas. [Geo. Richmond. S. K. 1867; C. 1897, £609]

Bust; unfinished; three-cornered hat. Painted about 1754 (?) 23 x 19

Gainsborough, Thomas. [L. Goldschmidt, Paris]

(?) Gainsborough, Mrs. [ex. W. Sharpe. S. K. 1868; G. G. 1885; C. 8, 5, 1897]

Half length; turned to the left; grey and white dress, blue ribbon about her neck. A plump woman of about 35 to 40; painted about 1770; quite unlike the authentic portraits of Mrs. Gainsborough. 30 x 25

Gainsborough, Mrs. [Sir G. Loder, Bart. R. A. 1882]

Bust; three-quarter face to right; pink and white drapery; lace cap; dark background. In an oval. 28 x 23

Gainsborough and his Wife. [Rev. E. Gardiner. G. G. 1885]

36 x 28

Gainsborough, Miss Margaret. [John Corbett, Esq. G. G. 1885]

30 x 25

Gainsborough, Miss Margaret. [National Gallery. ex. Misses Lane — R. A. 1887]

Gainsborough, Mary, afterwards Mrs. Fischer. [Sir G. Loder, Bart. R. A. 1882]

Bust, to left, seated; she is playing a guitar, which is lightly sketched in. 30 x 26½

Gainsborough, the Misses. [S. K. Museum]

- Gainsborough, the Misses, as Children.** [Henry Vaughan, Esq.—R. A. 1886]
Full length figures, in a landscape; the child on the right trying to catch a butterfly. 45 × 41
- Gainsborough, Margaret.** [Rev. E. R. Gardiner]
- Gainsborough, Margaret and Mary.** [S. Whitbread, Esq. G. G. 1885]
91 × 59
- Gainsborough, John, the Painter's Brother.** [W. Sharpe, Esq.]
- Gainsborough, John, the Painter's Brother.** [Henry Graves, Esq. G. G. 1885]
30 × 24
- Gainsborough, Humphry.** [J. H. Chance, Esq.]
- Gainsborough, Humphry.** [ex. W. Sharpe, Esq. G. G. 1885; C. 1898]
24 × 20
- Gainsborough, John, the Painter's Father.** [Mrs. Poole]
- Gardiner, Edward R.** [Rev. E. R. Gardiner. G. G. 1885]
Half length; in a blue Van Dyck dress; turned to the right. Oval (signed). 24 × 20
- Gardiner, Miss Susan.** [Rev. E. R. Gardiner]
Bust. 24 × 21½
Half length
ENG. BY JAMES MACARDELL
- Garrick, David.** [Town Hall, Stratford-on-Avon. G. G. 1885]
Whole length; leaning against a bust of Shakespeare, in a park, the Palladian Bridge at Wilton in the distance. 91½ × 59½
MEZ. BY VALENTINE GREEN. 1769
- Garrick, David.** [ex. Lord Revelstoke]
ENG. IN LINE BY JOSEPH COLLYER
- Garrick, David.** [Sir Belford H. Wilson, Bart. M. 1857]
Head. 18 × 11
- Garrick, David.** [ex. J. P. Schomberg; D. R. Blaine]
See Plate VII
- Garrick, David, with his Father.** [ex. Lord Northwick; C. 1859]
- Garrick, David.** [Common Room, Ch. Ch., Oxford]
Half length, facing the spectator, speaking from a paper held in the hand. Of doubtful originality. 30 × 25 (about)
- Garrick, Mrs.** [Sir Belford H. Wilson, Bart. M. 1857]
Head. 18 × 11
- Gentleman, Portrait of a.** [Sir W. Agnew, Bart. R. A. 1885]
Bust. In uniform; hand thrust into his coat; powdered hair; dark background. 29 × 24
- Gentleman, Portrait of.** [Rev. Sir Talbot H. B. Baker, Bart.]
Bust. 28½ × 23½
- George III.** [Windsor Castle]
Full length, in the Robes of the Garter. 95½ × 58½
- George III.** [Windsor Castle; private Audience Chamber]
Bust, to left, in Windsor uniform; oval. 23½ × 17½
- George III.** [Provost's Lodge, Dublin]
Full length, in scarlet uniform
- George III.** [Buckingham Palace]
Full length, in Windsor uniform. 91 × 60
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT, AND PARTLY IN STIPPLE BY HOPWOOD AND ANOTHER.
- George III.** [Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain—G. G. 1885]
Whole length. 91 × 60
- George III.** [E. J. Shirley, Esq.]
- George III.** [— Waters, Esq.]
- George IV., see Prince of Wales**
- Giardini, Felice de'.** [John Chapman Walker, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Half length; wearing a wig, laced coat, and ruff; right hand in the breast of his coat, hat under his left arm; dark background. 28½ × 24½
- Giardini, Felice de'.** [Knole (?)]
- Giardini, Felice de'.** [Major Shuttleworth]
- Giardini, Felice de'.** [E. Boussod, Paris]
- Gideon, Lady, afterwards Lady Eardley.** [Viscount Gage. R. A. 1884]
Full length; standing; in her right hand a flower; white satin dress, grey silk train; gold-figured scarf about waist. Background, landscape. 84 × 58
- Girl, Portrait of a.** [George Stanton, Esq. R. A. 1887]
Half length; under life size; standing; brown dress; her left hand on her hip, with her right she holds a bunch of flowers against her waist. Dark background. 34 × 26
- Girl, Portrait of a.** [Col. Wm. Pinney]
Three-quarter length; to left, head turned to spectator. White dress, blue sash, grey felt hat trimmed with blue, over a lace cap into which a blue ribbon is run. Flowers in her left hand and her uplifted skirt. 30 × 25
- Girl, Portrait of a young.** [Duke of Sutherland]
Half length. 30 × 25
- Glenorchy, Lady.** [Hon. Mrs. Baillie Hamilton. R. A. 1893]
Half length; to left, nearly full face; brocade dress, green, with black lace; lace cap fastened under the chin with black lace. Brown background. 29½ × 24
- Gloucester, Wm. Henry, Duke of.** [Earl Waldegrave. R. A. 1889]
Full length; standing, in a landscape; in uniform, leaning on his sword; cocked hat in right hand. Unfinished. 91 × 55
- Gloucester, Duchess of.**
- Gloucester, Duchess of (?)** [Alfred Beit, Esq.]
Three-quarter length; in a white dress. The head by Gainsborough; the rest by F. Cotes. 50 × 40
- Goddard, Mrs. William, and her Children.** [Lady Erle. R. A. 1878]
Painted after Mrs. Goddard's death. The two children, girls, are standing in a garden, while their mother appears to them from a cloud. 98 × 72
- Goldsmith, Oliver.** [Col. Holden. S. K. 1867]
Bust; to left. 23½ × 17½
- Goring-Thomas, Master; a boy.** [Morris K. Jesup, U.S.A.]
Full length. 63 × 47
- Gossett, or Gosset, the Rev. —.** [R. A. 1780]
- Gould, Sir Charles.** [Equitable Assurance Society. R. A. 1783]
Full length. Sir Charles was "requested to sit for his picture to be done by Mr. Gainsborough," in 1782
- Grafton, Duchess of.** [Sir Wm. Agnew; C. 1888, £1018. R. A. 1892]
Half length; turned to the left. She wears a brocade dress, cut low in front; her face is turned to the spectator. In an oval. 30 × 25
- Graham, The Hon. Mary (Cathcart) Mrs.** [National Gallery, Scotland]
Full length; leaning against the pedestal of a column. She wears a crimson petticoat and an over dress of yellowish grey. In her right hand she holds a feather; feathers in her hair; background of trees. See Plate XXI
- Graham, Hon. Mary, née Cathcart.** [Miss Graeme. S. K. 1867]
To waist. 36 × 28
- Graham, Portrait of the Hon. Mrs., known as "the Housemaid."** [Earl of Carlisle. R. A. 1890]
Supposed to be a rejected design for the portrait now in the Scottish National Gallery. She is in the dress of a housemaid, and stands in a doorway with a broom. 91½ × 57½
- Grattan, Henry.** [C. 1871, £525]
- Gravenor, Dr.** [G. Dupont]
A small picture
- Graves, Richard.** [C. Ford]
Half length
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT
- Greaves, Rear-Admiral.** [In America.]
- Grosvenor, Henrietta, Countess of.** [Duke of Westminster, K.G.]
Half length; in a Watteau costume; white hat with pink ribbons. 50 × 40
- Guilford, Francis North, 4th Earl of.** [Col. North, M.P. S. K. 1868]
50 × 40

Guilford, *see also* North

Gunning, Miss. [S. Gooden, Esq.]

30 x 25

Hallam, Mrs. [Col. Lennard. S. K. 1867]

Bust. 30 x 25

Hallett, Mr. and Mrs. [Lord Rothschild; R. A. 1885]

Called "the Morning Walk." Life size figures in a landscape, the man in a dark dress with white stockings; the lady in a light grey dress with greenish-yellow ribbons and large hat. A white Pomeranian dog beside her. 93 x 70. See Frontispiece

Hamilton, James, 5th Duke of. [Lord Templemore. R. A. 1877]

Full length; standing; red clothes; stick in left hand; dog lapping water; background, trees and rocks. 92 x 60

Hamilton, Lord Archibald. [Lord Templemore. R. A. 1877]

Full length; standing, cross legged; leaning on a stick; green coat, yellow waistcoat, black breeches; hat in hand. 92 x 60

Hamilton, Anne, Duchess of. [Lord Templemore. R. A. 1877]

Full length; seated, in a landscape; light brown dress; red cloak trimmed with fur; arm leaning on a pedestal which supports an urn; high head. 92 x 60

Hamilton, Lord Archibald. [Baron Ferd. de Rothschild; R. A. 1891; ex. Stover Collection]

Bust, in an oval; blue dress. 25½ x 20. Inscribed T. Gainsborough

Hamilton, John, Duke of. [Baron Ferd. de Rothschild; R. A. 1891; ex. Stover Collection]

Bust, in an oval; black dress. 25½ x 20

Hamilton, Emma, Lady. [ex. Bishop of Ely]

Hammond, Mary, afterwards wife of W. P. Hammond, when young. [Mrs. Warren, Boston, U.S.A.]

Half length. 30 x 25

Hampden, Viscount. [Mrs. Ruston; ex. Price Collection; C. 1888 and 1895]

Half length, to right; in wig, plum-coloured coat and lace cravat. In an oval. 27½ x 22½

Harbord, Sir Harbord, Bart., afterwards 1st Lord Suffield. [Town Hall, Norwich. G. G. 1885]

Whole length; standing, looking downwards to the right; right hand holding a long cane, left elbow on a pedestal which supports a large vase. 93 x 60

Harborough, Countess of. [Mrs. Watson, Pittsburg, U.S.A.]

Hastings, Marquess of, and Earl of Moira

Full length in uniform; landscape background. 90 x 60

Hatchett, Mrs. [Archibald Coats, Esq., Paisley]

Half length. Oval. 30 x 25

Haverfield, Miss. [Wallace Gallery. R. A. 1894]

Full length of a child, in a landscape, facing the spectator. She is tying the strings of a black cloak, which partly covers her white dress; a large white hat with bows; red shoes. 49½ x 39½

Haviland, James, York Herald. [L. Lesser, Esq.]

Three-quarter length. Light fawn-coloured coat. He holds a book and wears a yellow glove on one hand. Background, a crimson curtain. 50 x 40 (about)

Haviland, Thomas. [C. Fairfax Murray, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Three-quarter length. 49 x 39

Hawke, Lord. [Lord Hawke]

Hawkins, Admiral. [F. Fleischmann, Esq.; ex. S. Bicknell; J. Palmer]

Three-quarter length, in naval uniform, blue faced with gold; large wig; background, a red curtain. 35½ x 28½

Heathcote, Mrs.

Heathcote, Master. [J. Heathcote, Esq.]

Full length; a Boy aged about 4-5, holding in one hand a black feathered hat, in the other flowers. Landscape background

Heberden, Mrs. [Rev. F. G. Jenyns. G. G. 1885]

Bust. Oval. 29 x 24

Henderson, John. [A. McKay, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Henderson, John. [Garrick Club]

Henderson, John. [National Portrait Gallery]

Hervey, Captain Augustus, afterwards Earl of Bristol. [Marquess of Bristol]

Whole length; in naval uniform, standing, turned to right; his left arm on the fluke of an anchor; telescope in left hand. Background, rocks and sea, with a line of battle ship at anchor.

MEZ. BY JAMES WATSON. 1793

Hervey, Augustus. [ex. General the Hon. — Phipps. C. 25, 6, 1859]

Killed in Lord Howe's action with the fleets of France and Spain, 1782

Hervey, John Augustus, Lord. [Marquess of Bristol. R. A. 1891]

Full length, standing; in naval uniform; he leans against a gun, a telescope in left hand, a letter in right; a dog sits beside him; shipping in the distance. 87 x 59

Heywood, James Modyford; of Mariston. C. 29, 6, 1889

Hibbert, Thomas. [Mrs. Hibbert. R. A. 1896]

Three-quarter length, standing, facing the spectator, his hat in his right hand; red coat, powdered hair; background, trees. 49 x 39

Hibbert, Thomas. [J. N. Hibbert, Esq. R. A. 1885]

Small three-quarter length figure standing in a landscape; red coat, powdered hair. 15 x 11

Hibbert, Mrs., wife of Thomas Hibbert, Esq. [Baron Alph. de Rothschild; ex. J. N. Hibbert, Esq. R. A. 1885]

Three-quarter length; seated; light yellowish dress; gauze scarf; powdered hair; large hat and feathers; the arms crossed. 49½ x 39

Hill, "Jack Hill." [The Misses Lane. R. A. 1887]

Half length; looking to right, holding a bird's nest with eggs in his hand; brown jacket; landscape background. 30 x 24½

Hingeston, Rev. James. [Edward Milles Nelson, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 30 x 25

Hingeston, Mrs. James (young). [Edward Milles Nelson, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 29 x 24

Hingeston, Mrs. James (old). [Edward Milles Nelson, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 29½ x 24½

Hingeston, John, M.D., the younger. [Edward Milles Nelson, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 31 x 25

Hippisley, Mrs. (sister of Lady De Dunstanville). [Sir C. Tennant, Bart. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 30 x 24

Honywood, General. [Messrs. Agnew and Son]

Riding to the right; in general's full dress uniform, his sword in his right hand; no scabbard; bay horse; landscape background. (P) 118 x 114

Hood, Viscount. [Ironmongers' Hall. G. G. 1885]

Whole length, in an admiral's uniform, one arm resting on the fluke of an anchor, and holding a telescope. 50 x 40

Horde, Caroline Anne. [In America; ex. Cote House, Lambourne, Berks]

Early Bath period. 30 x 25

Horton, Christopher, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire; first husband of Anne Luttrell, afterwards Duchess of Cumberland. [Sir Geo. Wilmot Horton, Bart. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 30 x 25

Howard, of Corby, Anne (Witham), Mrs. [P. J. C. Howard, Esq. S. K. 1867; G. G. 1885]

Bust; full face; dark hair bound with pearls; low dress trimmed with ermine. 29½ x 24½

Howe, Richard, 1st Earl. [Trinity House. S. K. 1868]

96 x 59

- Howe, The Countess. [Lord Iveagh]
 Howland, Miss Isabel. [Sir George Beaumont, Bart. R. A. 1877; G. G. 1885]
Half length. Flowered dress; black velvet necklace with pearls; high head. 29 x 24½
 Housemaid. See Hon. Mrs. Graham.
 Hunt, Dodding. [ex. Albert Levy]
36 x 28
 Huntly, Marchioness of. [Baron E. Rothschild]
Three-quarter length, in a large hat. 30 x 25 (?)
 Hurd, Richard, Bishop of Worcester. [Hampton Court. S. K. 1867]
Three-quarters face to left; in robes; large wig; left hand on stole. 30 x 25
 Hurd, Richard, Bishop of Worcester. [Hurtlebury Castle]
 Hurd, Richard, Bishop of Worcester. [Hampton Court]
Nearly full face, to right, in robes; no hands showing. 27 x 20
 Innes, Lady. [W. H. Fuller, N.Y.; sold, 1898, bought — Ivory, jun.]
Half length, in an oval; yellow dress with white lace; dark hair, dressed high; no hands showing. 30 x 25
 Jodrell, Richard P. [Mrs. Ruston; C. 1888]
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel. [Lord Wantage. G. G. 1885]
Bust. 29 x 24
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel. [Jas. Crossley. M. 1857; C. 15, 1, 1887]
 Johnston, Major, afterwards General, of Hawley's Dragoons. [Walpole; vol. ii. p. 25]
 Jones, William. [J. W. North, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Bust. 29 x 24
 Jordan, Mrs. [G. H. Turnbull. S. K. 1868]
To waist. 30 x 25
 Kilmorey, Jack Needham, 12th Viscount. [Earl of Kilmorey, K.P. R. A. 1882; G. G. 1885]
Full length, standing, in a landscape, wearing a blue coat and breeches and a red waistcoat laced with gold. His right hand rests on his stick, his hat is under his left arm. 91 x 60
 Kinloch, Mrs. Isabella, wife of David Kinloch, of Gourdie. [On loan, National Gallery, Scotland]
Square to the front, in an oval; yellow dress, cut low; brown hair, dressed high; no hands. 30 x 25
 Kirby, John. [Rev. Kirby Trimmer. S. K. 1868]
Half length. 30 x 25
 Kirby, Mrs. John. [C. 12, 5, 1888]
Half length. 30 x 25
 Kirby, Joshua, and Mrs. Kirby. [Rev. Kirby Trimmer. S. K. 1868]
30 x 25
 Kirby, Joshua. [S. K. M., Dyce Collection]
Head only
 Kirby, Joshua.
Half length
 MIX. BY JOHN DIXON
 Ladies, portraits of two. [J. D. Cobbold, Esq.]
One lady seated beneath a tree, on the left; the other, a young girl, stands beside her with a lamb in her arms; before them the lamb's mother. On the left a distant landscape with a cloudy sky. Draperies pink. 29 x 24.
 Lady, name unknown. [Rev. Sir Talbot H. B. Baker, Bart.]
Oval. 33 x 28
 Lady, Portrait of an unknown. [Mrs. Cobbe, Newbridge Park, Dublin]
Half length, in an oval. 30 x 25 (?)
 Lady, Portrait of a. [Baron F. de Rothschild. R. A. 1889]
Half length; to the right. White dress, with blue cloak held up by right hand; powdered hair and feathers. 29 x 24
 Lady, Portrait of a. [Mrs. Joseph. R. A. 1894]
Half length, to right; blue dress, cut low; a plait of hair falls over her left shoulder. Dark background. In an oval. 28½ x 22½
 Lady, Portrait of a. [H. Roberts, Esq.]
A girl of sixteen or seventeen; bust, to the right. Brown hair, simply tied up; blue dress, cut low, with white fichu. 9½ x 7½
A very early work, painted about 1745-8. It probably represents Margaret Burr, the painter's wife, and may well be the portrait on which he was engaged when they became fiancés
 Lady, Portrait of a. [Sir W. Holbourne, Bart.]
Bust; in a white satin dress and blue mantle edged with fur. 30 x 25
 Lady of the Rodes family. [Earl of Crewe, Fryston]
 Lady, name unknown. [Louis Huth, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Half length; life size. 30 x 26
 Lady in Blue, a. [Alexis de Hitroff, Paris]
Half length, full face. 30 x 25
 Lady, portrait of a. [ex. Sir Wm. Knighton, Bart.]
 Lady, portrait of a. [ex. Sir Wm. Knighton, Bart.]
 Lady and Child, name unknown. [Rev. John M. St. C. Raymond. G. G. 1885]
Oval. 17½ x 15
 Lady, portrait of a, with flowers in her hair. [Arthur Sanderson, Edinburgh]
Half length. Painted at Bath. 30 x 25
 Lady, portrait of a. [ex. C. Beckett Denison, Esq. C. 20, 6, 1885]
Half length, white dress, and pearl necklace. 31 x 37
 Lady, name unknown (Duchess of Gloucester?). [Edmund H. Turton, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length. 50 x 40
 Langston, John, of Sarsden, Oxfordshire. [Countess of Ducie. G. G. 1885]
Whole length. 91 x 58
 Langton, Mrs. [W. H. G. Langton, Esq.]
Blue dress
 Langton, Joseph. [W. H. G. Langton]
 Lansdowne, Wm. Petty, 1st Marquess of. [C. W. Mansell Lewis. R. A. 1885]
Bust, showing right hand; red coat, blue waistcoat, powdered hair; hat under left arm. In an oval. 29½ x 24½
 ENG. IN STIPPLE, BY F. BARTOLOZZI, 1787, AND BY GRANGER, 1797
 Lavinia. [T. Humphry Ward, Esq.]
 Lawrence, Stringer. [National Portrait Gallery]
 Le Brun, Francesca Danzi, afterwards Madame. [ex. Duchess of Montrose. R. A. 1780; R. A. 1878; G. G. 1885; C. 1894, £3250; and 1895, £2000]
Three-quarter length; seated in a chair, resting on her left arm; hair curled and powdered; white dress trimmed with lace; gauze scarf about shoulders. 49½ x 39½
 Le Despencer, Lady. [Lord Iveagh. R. A. 1896]
Bust; slightly turned to left, looking to right; white dress, cut low, black hat and feathers; dark background. In an oval. 29 x 24
 Le Nain, Miss. [Lawrie & Co.; C. Sedelmeyer, Paris]
Half length. 30 x 25
 Lethbridge, Dorothea, Lady. [Sir Wroth A. Lethbridge, Bart. R. A. 1878]
Bust; to right, nearly full face, lace kerchief over head and tied under chin; light dress, with roses and jasmine. 29 x 24½
 Lewis, William Thomas, Comedian. [Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. R. A. 1891]
Half length; to the left, head turned to the right; fancy dress; his arms are crossed, in his right hand a sheathed rapier. Dark background. 27½ x 24
 Leyborne, Mrs. [F. Leyborne Popham. S. K. 1868]
50 x 40
 Ligonier, Viscount. [Gen. Pitt Rivers. R. A. 1881]
Full length, standing, leaning against his grey charger; in uniform. Landscape background. Painted 1771 (?). 92 x 60½

Ligonier, Viscountess. [Gen. Pitt Rivers. R. A. 1881]

Full length; standing, to right; leaning against a pedestal on which is a bronze figure; white dress, open in front, grey and gold sash; upon a chair to the left are portfolios, drawings, etc. Background, a red curtain and a landscape seen through a window. 92½ × 61

Lincoln, Earl of (Thos. Pelham Clinton). [Duke of Newcastle. S. K. 1867]

Full length; standing. 94 × 58

Lincoln, Countess of (Anna Maria Stanhope). [Duke of Newcastle. S. K. 1867]

Full length; standing, playing the harp. 94 × 58

Lindsay, afterwards Fordyce, Lady Margaret. [Earl of Crawford. R. A. 1883; G. G. 1885]

Full length; standing, in a landscape; arms crossed in front; black dress. 94 × 59½

Linley, Samuel. [Dulwich Gallery]

Linley, Thomas. [Dulwich Gallery]

Linley, Thomas, with his sister Eliza, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan. [Knole. S. K. 1867; New. G. 18 ; F. W. 1895]

Half length. On the right, Eliza Linley, turned to the right, but with head looking out at spectator. Her brother behind her, with his head at her shoulder. See Plate V. 28 × 25

Linley, Miss, see also Sheridan, Mrs.

Linley, Eliza (Mrs. Sheridan). [ex. Viscountess Clifden. S. K. 1867; G. G. 1885]

Full length; seated, under a tree. 23 × 15

Linley, Miss. [Major Shuttleworth]

Linley, Miss. [Baron Ferd. de Rothschild]

Linley, the Misses, afterwards Mrs. Tickell and Mrs. Sheridan. [Dulwich Gallery]

See Plate XXIII

Lisle, portrait of a daughter of John, Lord Lisle, when a child. [C. 9, 6, 1888]

Littleton, Lady, sister of Christopher Horton. [Rev. Sir Geo. Wilmot Horton, Bart. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 31 × 26

Lloyd, Heneage, and his sister. [Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi]

Small full lengths, in a landscape; signed T. G. in a monogram. Painted about 1750-2. 24½ × 31½

Loutherbourg, Philip James. [Dulwich Gallery]

Low, Miss. [C. 1862]

Lynch, William.

*Half length
MEZ. BY S. W. REYNOLDS*

Macaulay, Catherine, *née* Sawbridge, afterwards Graham. [E. P. Roberts, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 30 × 25

Manners, Lord Robert. [Lord Canterbury. S. K. 1868]

50 × 40

Markham, William, of Becca Hall, Yorkshire; Private Secretary to Warren Hastings. [Col. Grant. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 30 × 25

Mary, H.R.H. Princess. [Windsor Castle; private audience chamber]

Bust, in an oval. 23½ × 17½

Master in Chancery, in wig and robes, portrait of a. [Earl of Ravensworth. G. G. 1885]

Three-quarter length. 50 × 40

Maynard, Viscountess (Nancy Parsons). [Comte de Castellane, Paris; ex. Marquess of Lansdowne. S. K. 1867; R. A. 1886]

Three-quarter length; wearing a black lace mantilla. 50 × 40

Mears, Mrs., portrait of (Daughter of Sir Benjamin Truman). [Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.; ex. H. Villebois, Esq. G. G. 1885; R. A. 1878]

Full length; standing, one arm resting on a pedestal surmounted by an urn. High head-dress with flowers. Lilac dress, white petticoat and shoes. Companion picture to that of Mrs. Villabois. 84½ × 55

Medlicott, Mr. [S. A. 1763]

Mendip, Lady, wife of Wellbore Ellis, Lord Mendip. [Earl of Normanton. R. A. 1882]

Bust, to right; grey hair, brushed back; black cloak; lace cap. In an oval. 28 × 23

Mendip, Wellbore Ellis, Lord. [Ch. Ch. Oxford. S. K. 1867]

*Three-quarter length; standing. 50 × 40
ENG. IN LINE BY JOHN WHESSELL*

Methuen, Mrs. [T. A. Widener, Esq., Philadelphia]

Half length. Oval. 30 × 25

Methuen, Paul. [Lord Methuen. R. A. 1877]

Three-quarter length; seated; red coat, waistcoat and breeches; right hand gloved and holding the other glove; wig and sword. 49 × 39

Methuen, Paul Cobb, son of Paul Methuen. [Lord Methuen. R. A. 1877]

Standing, in a landscape, leaning against a pedestal. Van Dyck dress. 49 × 39½

Middleton, Surg.-Maj., David. [Miss Paton. R. A. 1877; G. G. 1885]

Half length; brown coat, yellow figured waistcoat; long hair. 29½ × 24½

Middleton, Surg.-Maj., David. [Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G.]

Similar to the last. Formerly called a portrait of Benjamin Franklin. 30 × 25

Mills of Saxby, Mr. [Ch. Neck, Esq.]

Three-quarter length. 50 × 40

Minet, Daniel, F.R.S., F.S.A. [William Minet]

Half length. 30 × 25

Minet, Mrs. [H. L. Bischoffsheim. G. G. 1885]

28½ × 22½

ENG. BY R. JOSEY

Molyneux, Lady. [Earl of Sefton]

Monckton, Hons. Eliza Mary and Henrietta Maria, children. [Viscount Galway. S. K. 1867]

50 × 40

Monks, Heads of Two, a Study. [ex. Viscount Clifden. G. G. 1885]

34 × 31

Montagu, Geo. Brudenell, Duke of. [Duke of Buccleuch. S. K. 1868]

Three-quarter length. 50 × 40

Montagu, Henry, Duke of, in Grosvenor Catalogue; a mistake (?) for Geo. Brudenell. [Duke of Buccleuch]

50 × 40

Montagu, Duchess of (1768). [Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., K.T.]

Half length; crimson silk dress with black lace. 30 × 25

Montagu, Mary, Duchess of. [Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., K.T. S. K. 1868]

Three-quarter length; facing to left. 50 × 40

Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley.

Moody, Mrs., and her Children. [Dulwich Gallery]

Morgan, Right Hon. Sir Charles Bart. [Equitable Assurance Society. S. K. 1867; G. G. 1885]

Full length; standing; hat in right hand. Painted 1783. 50 × 60

Mott, Miss Juliet, aged 12. [Edmund Backhouse, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Half length. 24 × 23

Mountmorris, Harvey Reymond, Viscount. [Mrs. Burns. R. A. 1887]

Light green coat, lace ruffles, bob wig, hat under left arm. Grey background. 28 × 23

Mountstuart, John, Viscount, afterwards Earl of Bute. [Marquess of Bute]

Half length. 30 × 25

ENG. IN STIPPLE BY CAROLINE WATSON

- Moysey, Abel, M.P.** [Henry G. Moysey, Esq., Bathcalton Court, Somerset. G. G. 1885]
Full length; in a landscape, standing, front view; claret-coloured dress; hat in left hand, stick in right. 99½ × 55½
- Moysey, Abel, Esq., Study for a portrait of.** [National Gallery]
- Mulgrave, Constantine John, Lord.** [Lily, Duchess of Marlborough]
Half length, in an oval. 30 × 25
- Mulgrave, Lord.** [ex. H. Bingham Mildmay and Hirsch. R. A. 1878; G. G. 1885; C. 1897, £735]
Full length; leaning on a table; in naval uniform. 91 × 60
- Mulgrave, Lady.** [R. A. 1885; C. 1895, £10,500; sold to "Campbell"]
Bust; to left, head turned over right shoulder; white dress, black silk mantle; powdered hair. In an oval. 20½ × 24. Another version of this picture, also ascribed to Gainsborough, was offered at Christie's in 1895 and 1897. It was not by the master
- Mulgrave, Lady.** [G. Gould, Esq., U.S.A.]
A miniature
- Murphy, Arthur.**
- Musical Club, Members of a.** [J. G. Strutt, Esq.]
- Nassau, Hon. —.** [Duke of Hamilton]
- Neave, Sir Richard.** [Laurie & Co. 1898]
Painted at Bath. 18 × 14
- Needham, Captain the Hon. Thos.** [Earl of Kilmorey. R. A. 1882; G. G. 1885]
Full length; standing, in uniform of the Grenadier Guards, holding a pike in his left hand. 91 × 60
- Newhaven, William Mayne, Lord, of Gattopark.** [Bale Collection. C. 13, 5, 1881]
- Nelson, Horatio, Viscount, as a Boy.** [R. Crozier, Esq.; B. Ridge, Esq. S. K. 1868]
Bust. 30 × 25
- Nicolls, Master (The Pink Boy).** [Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild]
Full length, standing, in a landscape. About 72 × 50. See Plate XXVIII.
- Norfolk, Bernard Edward, 12th Duke of Norfolk.** [Duke of Norfolk, K. G. R. A. 1880; G. G. 1885]
Full length; standing; nearly full face; black dress, breeches and cloak; black hat with white feather; trees on left, landscape on right. 88 × 51
- Norfolk, Charles, Duke of.** [Duke of Norfolk, K. G.]
Full length
ENG. IN LINE BY JOHN KEYSE SHERWIN. 1790
- North, Lord, afterwards Earl of Guilford.** [Sir W. Agnew, Bart. R. A. 1893; New Gallery, 1897-8]
Half length; seated: to left; holding a paper in both hands; blue coat, grey buck ground; very brilliant in colour. Unfinished. 29 × 21
- Northumberland, Hugh, 1st Duke of the new creation.** [Duke of Northumberland]
Whole length. In robes of the Garter
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT
- Northumberland, Hugh, Duke of.** [National Gallery, Ireland]
Bust, in an oval. Crimson coat crossed by the Ribbon of the Garter. 29 × 24
- Norton, Mrs. Lowndes - Stone.** [Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.]
Full length; walking to the left; pale rose coloured dress, blue gauze scarf, which she holds up with her left hand; a dog follows her. 84½ × 55. See Plate XXXIII.
- Nugent, Robert Craggs, Earl.** [Corporation of Bristol. R. A. 1880; G. G. 1888]
Three-quarter length; seated, near a table, turned to the right; red coat and a wig; on the table Acts of Parliament. Inscribed "Rt. Hon. Robert Nugent, Esq., unanimously re-elected Member for Bristol, December 26th, 1759." 48 × 38
- Nugent, Robert Craggs, Earl.** [Sir George Nugent, Bart.; ex. Stowe. G. G. 1885]
Gainsborough's first exhibited picture. Full length, standing. 91 × 58
- Nugent, Lieut.-Col.** [Sir George Nugent, Bart. G. G. 1885]
Full length; standing. 91 × 59
- Octavius, H.R.H. Prince.** [Windsor Castle]
Bust, in an oval. 23½ × 18
- Octavius, H.R.H. Prince.** [Windsor Castle, private Audience Chamber]
Bust, in an oval. 22½ × 16½
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY T. CHEESMAN. 1806
- Octavius, H.R.H. Prince.** [Buckingham Palace]
A miniature. 6 × 4½
- Officer, Portrait of a Military (? Thicknesse).** [W. H. Fuller, Esq., New York]
Full length, in small. He sits on a bank, near a tree stump, his left foot resting on a balk of timber. Scarlet and gold uniform, with white waistcoat. In his left hand a dress sword. 25 × 30
- Officer, Portrait of a Naval.** [C. 15, 1, 1887]
- Old Man with a Dog, Portrait of.** [Sir George Beaumont, Bart. G. G. 1888]
24 × 22
- Orpin, Parish Clerk of Bradford-on-Avon.** [National Gallery]
47½ × 37½
- Palmer, Sir Robert Palmer.** [Sir Reg. Beauchamp, Bart. G. G. 1885]
Full length, standing. Painted 1783. 90 × 58
- Palmer, R.** [Sir Reg. Beauchamp, Bart. G. G. 1885]
Half length. 30 × 25
- Palmer, John, M.P.** [Hon. J. G. Johnson, Philadelphia; ex. Price Coll.]
Half length; green coat; head resting on left hand; right hand holding a book. 29 × 24
- Peacock, Mrs.** [C. 1893]
30 × 25
- Pearce, William.** [J. Rubens Powell, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Bust. 24½ × 20½
- Pembroke Family, The.** [— Van André, Esq.; ex. R. Lane and Viscount Clifden. G. G. 1885]
A reduced study from the picture by Van Dyck at Wilton House. 40 × 50
- Pennant, Thomas, F.R.S.** [Earl of Denbigh. S. K. 1867; G. G. 1885]
Half length; to the left; in a blue coat faced with red; holding a book. 37 × 29
ENG. IN LINE BY J. K. SHERWIN, 1778; AND J. W. HARDING, 1812
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY WILLIAM RIDLEY, 1793; AND R. STAINER, 1793
- Perryn, Sir Richard.**
Three-quarter length
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT, 1779
- Phillips, C. J.** [Mrs. Warren, Boston, U.S.A.]
- Phipps, Lady Augusta.** [Abel Buckley, Esq.]
- Phipps, Cap. Charles** [ex. Normanby; C. 1890]
- Pitt, George.** See Rivers
- Pitt, William.** [Earl Amherst. G. G. 1885]
Bust. 29 × 24
- Pitt, William.** [Cap. Pretymann]
Three-quarter length. 50 × 40(?)
- Pitt, William.** [Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. S. K. 1867]
Head. 24 × 20
- Pitt, William.** [Earl of Harrowby]
Half length
- Pitt, William.** [Earl Bathurst. R. A. 1881; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length; similar to picture at Lincoln's Inn. 49½ × 39
- Pitt, William.** [Lord Iveagh]
- Pitt, William.** [E. V. Kenealy, Esq. S. K. 1868]
Bust; in an oval; on back, "Painted 1787." 38 × 2½

- Pitt, William.** [Lincoln's Inn. R. A. 1878; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length; standing; to the right, leaning on arm of chair across which are thrown his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer; blue coat, white waistcoat. 49×39
- Pitt, William.** [Earl of Normanton. R. A. 1883; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length. 50×40
- Pitt, William.** [Sir Robert Peel, Bart.]
Three-quarter length. 50×40
ENG. IN LINE BY J. K. SHERWIN, 1789; AND BY WM. BROMLEY, 1808
- Pitt, William.** [Duke of Richmond. S. K. 1867]
Three-quarter length. 50×40
- Pitt, William.** [Earl of Rosebery]
Pitt, William. [Earl Stanhope. G. G. 1885; B. I. 1862]
Bust. In an oval. 30×25
- Pitt, William.** [W. Wells, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Head. 13×11
- Plampin, John.** [R. Almack, Esq.]
Half length. Brown coat, blue satin waistcoat, embroidered. Painted 1777 (Fulcher). 30×25
- Plampin, John, Jun.** [R. Oliverson, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Half length; in a Van Dyck dress. 30×25
- Plampin, John, Jun.** [R. Almack, Esq.]
A boy, in a white satin Van Dyck dress, holding a book. Painted 1766 (Fulcher). 30×25
- Popham, Edward, M.P.** [F. Leyborne Popham. S. K. 1868]
Three-quarter length. 49×39
- Popham, Mrs.** [F. Leybourne Popham, Esq.]
- Portman, Mrs.** [Viscount Portman, Bryanston]
Full length; seated, turned to the left; in a greyish-white dress with black lace. A rose in her right hand. 82×58
- Portrait, a Page.** [Comte de Castellane, Paris; R. A. 1894; C. 1892, £1302]
Full length; walking to right; blue dress, white stockings, a plumed hat in right hand, a cloak over left arm; long auburn hair. Curtain and landscape background. 64×43
- Powis, Countess of.** [Earl of Portsmouth]
Burnt at Waddesdon
- Powis, Edward Clive, Earl of, as a Boy.** [Earl of Powis. G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length. 49×39
- Poyntz, William, of Midgham, Berks.** [Earl Spencer, K.G. G. G. 1885]
Life size, full-length figure, in a shooting dress, carrying a gun; legs crossed, one arm resting against a tree. Landscape background. 91×60
- Price, Sir Uvedale.**
Three-quarter length; seated in an arm-chair; books near him; on the wall behind hangs a Gainsborough drawing of landscape. 50×40
- Primrose, Lady Dorothy.** [Earl of Rosebery, K.G.]
- Prince Hoare.** [Royal Academy. R. A. 1883]
Bust; profile to right; plum-coloured coat; dark background. Painted by Prince Hoare and Thomas Gainsborough. 22×29
- Princesses, The Eldest.** [Buckingham Palace]
Half length; two, in yellow dresses, standing; the third, in blue, seated. 45×55 (about)
- Princesses, The Eldest.** [South Kensington Museum]
See Chapter VI
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT, 1793
- Puget, Mrs. (née Hawkins, daughter of the Bishop of Raphoe).** [Baron Alphonse de Rothschild; ex. Col. John Puget. C. 8, 5, 1897, £5040]
Bust, in an oval; full face, powdered hair, white and gold dress, lilac sash and pearl necklace. 37×22½
- Purling, John.** [Hastings N. Middleton, Esq. G. G. 1885]
Bust, in an oval. 30×24
- Quin, James.** [Arthur Seymour, Esq. Ex. Duke of Cleveland, K.G.; S. K. 1868]
Whole length. 92×60
- Quin, James.** [H.M. the Queen]
- Quin, James, as Falstaff.** [C. 1896, £105]
- Radnor, Anne, Countess of.** [Earl of Radnor]
In evening dress. Painted in 1778
- Radnor, William, First Earl of.** [Earl of Radnor]
Bust. 30×25
- Radnor, William, First Earl of.** [Earl of Radnor]
Half length, in peer's robes. 50×40
- Ramus, Mr.** [R. A. 1783]
- Ramus, The Misses.** [Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. C. 1873, £6615; 1889, £9975]
Burnt at Waddesdon
- Rawdon, Lady Ann Elizabeth, afterwards Countess of Ailesbury.** [Marquess of Ailesbury. R. A. 1881]
Three-quarter length; standing, to left; leaning on pedestal; hands crossed; black dress, yellow scarf; background, a red curtain. 61×39
- Rawdon, Lord.** [Marquess of Ailesbury. R. A. 1783]
- Raymond, The Rev. Samuel.** [Rev. John M. St. Clere Raymond. G. G. 1885]
Bust. 30×25
- Richards, Mrs. "The Beautiful Florist."** [John Bowman, Esq. R. A. 1880]
Half length; to left, nearly full face. Red dress, white fichu; left hand holds a sprig of flowers between the breasts. Dark background. Painted 1768. 30×25
MEZ. BY JONATHAN SPILSBURY. 1768
- Richardson, Samuel.** [Sir W. Holbourne, Bart.]
25×20
- Richmond, Charles, 3rd Duke of.** [Duke of Richmond]
- Richmond, Mary Bruce, Duchess of.** [Leopold de Rothschild, Esq. F. W. 1894]
Full length, standing; blue dress. 91×60.
See Plate XVIII.
- Rivers, George Pitt, 1st Lord.** [Gen. Pitt Rivers. R. A. 1769 and 1881]
Full length; standing, to left, in uniform, cocked hat in left hand, right hand on his sword. Painted (1769 (?)). 91½×60
- Robert, Captain.** [Mrs. Whitcomb]
- Robinson, Mrs. ("Perdita").** [Isaac Espinasse. S. K. 1868]
To waist. Oval. 29×24
- Robinson, Mrs. ("Perdita").** [Wallace Gallery. R. A. 1894]
Full length; seated, to right; low cut white and blue dress; her hands in her lap; in her right hand a miniature, a Pomeranian dog beside her. 90×58½. *See Plate XXII.*
- Robinson, Mrs. ("Perdita").** [Wind-sor Castle]
Sketch for the picture in the Wallace Gallery. 30×25
- Robinson, Mrs. ("Perdita").** [Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild]
- Rodney, George, Lord.** [Earl of Rosebery, K.G. R. A. 1783]
Whole length; standing on deck of his ship
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT. 1788
- Rodney, Lady.** [J. H. McFadden, Esq. Ex. Lord Revelstoke. R. A. 1890; C. 1893, £2415]
Three-quarter length; standing, to the right; blue dress, cut low, gauze scarf in left hand; powdered hair. Dark background. 49×39½
- Romney, Countess of.** [Lady E. Marsham]
Half length. 30×25
- Romney, Earl of, and his Sisters.** [Lord Rothschild]
Four children, one boy and three girls, picking nuts at the edge of a wood. Whole figures, life size. About 93×30
- Rosebery, Niel, Third Earl of.** [Earl of Rosebery, K.G.]

- Rowley, Miss, afterwards Lady Cotton. [Major King. R. A. 1886]
Bust, nearly full face; red dress, cut low, with blue bow; lace scarf; grey background. In an oval. 27½ × 22½
- Royal, the Princess, with the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. [S. K. M.]
Whole length, small
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT. 1793
- Royal, the Princess, with Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. [Windsor Castle]
- Royal Family; group of the children of George III. descending the steps of a lodge in Windsor Park. [Ex. Sir G. Warrender, Bart.; C. J. Nieuwenhuys, Esq. Sold in 1848 for £325 10s.]
- Russell, Mary. [Lord Iveagh]
- Rutland, Duke of. [Duke of Rutland]
- Sackville, Geo., 1st Viscount. [Countess Delawarr. S. K. 1867]
Half length, seated. 50 × 40
- Sackville, Lord George. [Knoke]
- Sackville, Miss. [Lord Bateman. G. G. 1885]
Bust. 30 × 25
- Sackville, the Hon. Caroline. [Ex. Lord Bateman. C. 27, 5, 1882]
Painted for her aunt, Lady Bateman
- St. Leger, Lt.-Col. [Hampton Court. G. G. 1885]
Whole length; standing against his horse; in uniform; his right arm resting on a broken tree-trunk, his left hand on his sword. Landscape background. 96 × 70
ENG. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT. 1783
- St. Leger, Lt.-Col. [Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild]
Repetition of the last
- Sancho, Ignatius. [H. Stevenson, Esq. C. 17, 3, 1888]
"Painted at Bath in one hour and forty minutes, Nov. 29th, 1768." 29 × 24
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY F. BARTOLOZZI; FRONTISPIECE TO SANCHO'S "LETTERS," 1781
- Sandby, Thomas, and his Wife. [Ex. Archdeacon Burney. Now in France. B. I. 1859; R. A. 1877; G. G. 1885]
Small full-length figures seated on a bench under trees; the man wears a red coat and breeches and a cocked hat; the woman a pink and white dress, a blue fringed petticoat, and a straw hat. 28½ × 25
This picture has been alternately called "Portraits of Gainsborough and his Wife," and "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. T. Sandby." It dates from about 1759, when Mr. and Mrs. Gainsborough were too young for these figures; neither can any serious likeness to them be traced
- Sandwich, Earl of. [Painted Hall, Greenwich]
Full length. Painted 1783. 90 × 60
ENG. IN LINE BY J. K. SHERWIN. 1788
- Sandwich, Earl of. [Earl of Cork]
- Sandwich, Earl of. [C. Sedelmeyer, Paris]
- Saye and Sele, Lady. *See* Eardley
- Schomberg, Ralph, M.D. [National Gallery]
91 × 60½
- Scott, Lady Mary.
MEZ. 1771
- Scroope Egerton, Mrs. [R. B. Angus, Esq., Montreal]
Half length. 30 × 25
- Sefton, Isabella, Countess of. [Earl of Sefton]
- Seymour, Lady Horatia.
- Sheffield, Sophia Charlotte (Digby), Lady, wife of Sir John Sheffield, Bart. [Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. G. G. 1885]
Whole length; walking, in a landscape. Blue and white dress, blue hat; her left hand supports a scarf, her right hangs by her side. Landscape background. 91 × 60
- Sheffield, Lady. [Mons. R. Kann, Paris]
Small replica (†) of the last named
- Sheffield, Lady. [George Hearn, Esq., New York]
Another replica. About 30 × 23
- Sheridan, the Sheridan Family. [D. Jardine Esq., Liverpool]
- Sheridan, Richard Brinsley. [J. S. Musckett, Esq.]
- Sheridan, Richard Brinsley. [Sir R. Peel, Bart.]
- Sheridan, Mrs. *See* Linley, Eliza
- Sheridan, Mrs. R. B. [Lord Rothschild. R. A. 1886]
Whole length. Salmon pink dress; blue sash; lace scarf. 83 × 58. See Plate XXXI. MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT. The plate offered for sale C. 1797
- Sheridan, Thomas, when a boy. [B. I. 1814]
18 × 12
- Sheridan, Mrs. [Lord Iveagh]
- Siddons, Mrs. Sarah. [National Gallery]
49½ × 39
- Skinner, John. [Christ Church, Oxford. G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length. 50 × 40
- Skyner, Sir John. [Lincoln's Inn. R. A. 1878; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length. 50 × 40
- Somerville, Hon. George. [A. F. Somerville, Esq. R. A. 1886]
Bust; to right; three-quarter profile; red coat; left hand thrust into a fur-trimmed waistcoat. In an oval. 29 × 24½
- Sophia, Princess. [Windsor Castle, private Audience Chamber]
Bust, as a young girl. 22½ × 16½
- Sparrow, Miss. [L. Huth, Esq.]
Half length, in an oval. 30 × 25
- Spencer, John, 1st Earl. [Earl Spencer, K.G. B. I. 1859; S. K. 1867; S. K. M. 1876; G. G. 1885]
Bust; looking to the right; claret-coloured coat and red waistcoat. 30 × 25
- Spencer, Margaret Georgiana (Poynntz), Countess. [Earl Spencer, K.G. B. I. 1859; S. K. 1867; S. K. M. 1876; G. G. 1885]
To the waist; seated; wearing a riding dress; hands crossed. 30 × 25
- Spencer, the Hon. Georgiana, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. [Earl Spencer, K.G. B. I. 1859; S. K. 1867; S. K. M. 1876; G. G. 1885]
To the waist; hands folded in front of her; wears a cap and a low white frock trimmed with pink ribbons. Painted when the little lady was about six years old. 30 × 25
- Starkie, Master. [Col. Le Gendre Starkie. R. A. 1892]
Le Gendre Pieri Starkie, of Montroyde, aged 12. Half length; red coat, long fair hair curling over shoulders; dark background. In an oval. 29½ × 24½
- Stanhope, Charles, 3rd Earl. [Earl Stanhope. S. K. 1867; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length; seated; in his peer's robe. Left unfinished at the artist's death. 30 × 25
- Stanley, John.
Half length
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY MARY ANN RIGG. 1781
- Sterne, Lawrence. [Ex. Bishop of Ely]
- Stevens, Wm., D.D. [Rev. G. Corby White. R. A. 1780 and 1876; B. I. 1814; G. G. 1885]
Three-quarter length. 49½ × 39½
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY P. CONDÉ. 1801
- Stone, Mrs. Lowndes. [Lord Hillingdon]
- Suffield, Lord.
- Sussex, Augustus Frederick, Duke of. [Windsor Castle; private Audience Chamber]
Bust, in an oval. 23½ × 17½
- Sussex, Hester, Countess of, and Lady Barbara Yelverton. [Lord Burton. G. G. 1885]
Whole-length figures in a landscape; the lady seated, the child standing by her; turned to the right. 88 × 60
- Sykes, Sir Francis, of Basildon.
Full length; in a landscape, with two horses, a groom, and a dog. Probably the largest picture Gainsborough painted. About 144 × 120
Burnt in the Panthecon in 1874

Tarleton, Colonel

Taylor, John, Esq. [John Taylor, Esq., Birmingham]

Taylor, Mrs. John. [John Taylor, Esq., Birmingham]

Taylor, Lady. [Thos. Glen Arthur, Esq., Ayr; ex. Lord Thurlow]
Half length. 30 x 25

Tenducci, Justus Ferdinando, the Male Soprano. [Gray Hill, Esq. R. A. 1870; G. G. 1885]

Half length; seated, in a grey coat; turned to the right, looking at a sheet of music held in the left hand; lips parted as if to sing, and raised brows. 26½ x 24½

Tenducci, J. F. [Sir Algernon Neeld]

A replica of the last named

Tenducci. [Garrick Club]

Thicknesse, Captain Philip (?) [Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P.]

Half length; blue uniform slightly braided with gold. In an oval. 30 x 25 (about)

Thicknesse, Mrs. [C. J. Wertheimer, Esq. C. 1869 and 1870; R. A. 1894]

Full length; seated, to right; her legs are crossed, her left arm rests on some music books which lie on a table beside her, and her head leans on her left hand; her right arm is round a mandolin, which lies in her lap; grey dress, cut low; curtain background, with a viol-di-gamba beside the curtain. Inscribed "Wife to Phil. Thicknesse, Esq.," and "Gainsborough." 76½ x 52

This picture is erroneously described in the R. A. catalogue for 1894, as that of "The Hon. Mrs. Thicknesse." It represents Thicknesse's second wife, née Ford, and not Lady Elizabeth (Touche), his first

Thomson, Sir Charles

Three-quarter length
MEZ. BY RICHARD EARLON. 1800

Thornton, John. [Marine Society. S. K. 1867]

Full length. 92 x 61

Thornton, John, of Clapham; uncle of S. Wilberforce. [John Thornton, Esq. B. I. 1814; S. K. 1867; G. G. 1885]

Whole length; life size
MEZ. BY VALENTINE GREEN. 1782

Tickell, Richard. [Lord Hillingdon. C. 1874, £1627 10s.]

Tomkinson, the Masters. [R. A. 1783]

Two boys with a dog

Tomkinson, Henry and Edward. [Henry J. Tollemache, Esq. R. A. 1889]

Two youths in a landscape; Henry in a blue coat, standing, leans his left arm on his brother's shoulder; the latter wears a red coat, and is sitting on a bank, with a book. 82 x 58½

Tomkinson, James, of Nantwich and Dorford Hall. [H. J. Tollemache. R. A. 1892]

Half length; seated in an arm chair, to the right; blue coat, white wig; red curtain background. 35 x 27

Tracy, Thomas C., Viscount. [Lord Burton; ex. Lord Sudely]
Three-quarter length. 50 x 40

Tracy, Viscountess. [E. M. Denny, Esq.; ex. Lord Sudeley]
Three-quarter length. 50 x 40

Trevelyan, Sir George. [Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart. S. K. 1868]
Three-quarter length. 50 x 40

Trevelyan, Miss Susanna. [Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart.]

Three-quarter length; in a dress of white silk embroidered with gold; background, trees
The costume of this picture was altered by Reynolds, if we may credit Fulcher

Trimmer, James, husband of Sarah (Kirby) Trimmer. [C. 12, 5, 1888]

Truman, Sir Benjamin. [H. Villebois, Esq. R. A. 1878; G. G. 1885]
Full length; standing, near a piece of water. He wears a brown coat and breeches, with a yellow waistcoat; a stick in the right hand, his hat in the left. 93 x 59

Truman, Sir Daniel (?). [Ex. Henry Villebois, Esq. R. A. 1878]
Full length; standing, in a landscape beside a stream. Brown coat and breeches, yellow waistcoat; stick in right hand. 93 x 59

Truman-Villebois, William and John. [Henry Villebois, Esq. R. A. 1878; G. G. 1885]

Two boys; seated; building a house of cards near the base of a pillar in a garden; drab clothes with wide, open collars. Their hats are on the ground beside them. 61 x 51

Tryon, Miss. [Mrs. Magnay. R. A. 1881]

A girl of 15; half length; to the right; three-quarter face; white and pink dress trimmed with lace, white cap, pink bow. 28 x 24

Turner, Sir Edward

Whole length
ENG. BY JAMES MACARDELL. 1762

Tyler, Miss, of Bath. [Lord Iveagh; ex. Lord Bateman. R. A. 1881; G. G. 1885; C. 27, 5, 1882]

Half length; seated; her head leaning on her left hand; pink dress, cut low; background, a red curtain. 30 x 24

Unworth, W. C.

Painted 1764 (Fulcher)
ENG. BY H. ROBINSON, 1836

Vernon, Lady. [Hon. M. Fortescue] LITH. 1835

Vernon, Admiral. [National Portrait Gallery]

Vernon, Edward

Three-quarter length
MEZ. BY JAMES MACARDELL

Vernon, George, Lord. [Hon. George Venables Vernon]

Half length
MEZ. BY JOHN DEAN

Vestris, M. [Louis Huth, Esq. C. G. 1885]

Bust, in an oval. 23½ x 22½

Villebois, Mrs. [Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.; ex. H. Villebois, Esq. R. A. 1878; G. G. 1885]

Full length; standing; in court dress; blue dress trimmed with pearls, blue train, white satin petticoat, white satin shoes; hair done very high, with feathers. 88 x 57

Villiers, Lord. Painted 1758

Wade, Captain.

Wade, Master [Rev. E. Wade]

Dressed in a scarlet coat; landscape background. Oval. 8 x 6

Wakefield, Mrs. (Priscilla Bell), and Mrs. Gurney (Catherine Bell), with a Gentleman in a blue coat. [Alfred Head, Esq. S. K. 1868]

47 x 36

Waldegrave, John, Third Earl. [Dudbrook, Essex]

Half length; looking to right; red coat, heavily laced; hat under left arm; powdered wig; in an oval. 30 x 25

Wales, George, Prince of, afterwards George IV. [Windsor Castle; private Audience Chamber]

Bust, in the Windsor uniform. 23½ x 17½

Wales, Prince of. [Earl of Zetland. S. K. 1867]

Full length; standing beside his horse. 100 x 70

Wales, Prince of. [Lord Iveagh]

Wales, Prince of, with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lord Radnor, and R. B. Sheridan, in a Boat. [Ex. Mrs. Norton]

Wales, Prince of. [Marquess of Lothian]

Wales, Prince of. [Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild]

Wales, Prince of. [Ex. S. Mendell, Esq.; W. B. Beaumont, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Half length. Oval. 30 x 25

Wales, the Prince of.

Whole length

MEZ. BY JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH. 1783

MEZ. AGAIN BY J. R. S. No date

MEZ. AGAIN BY J. R. S. 1785

ENG. IN LINE BY ANTHONY CARDAN. PUB. IN BRUSSELS

Wales, Prince of, and Princess Royal. [Ex. Sir T. Baring. B. I. 1840]

As children

Walker, Joseph. [C. 5, 6, 1889]

- Walker, Mrs. [Mrs. Eson Wilkin-
son. G. G. 1885]
Half length. 30x25
- Warren, Richard, M.D. [College of
Physicians. S. K. 1867]
Three-quarter length. 30x40
MEZ. BY JOHN JONES. 1792
- Warwick, Francis, Earl of. [Earl of
Warwick]
Half length
MEZ. BY JAMES WATSON
- Watson, Mrs. Mary Eliza (Hon. Mrs.
Watson)
Three-quarter length
MEZ. BY THOS. PARK
- West, Benjamin, P.R.A.
ENG. 1785
- Westminster, 1st Marquess of.
[Duke of Westminster]
- Whichcote, Sir Thomas, Bart. [Sir
T. Whichcote, Bart. R. A. 1897]
*Three-quarter length; standing, leaning
with left hand on a wooded bank; blue coat,
white waistcoat, yellow breeches; hat in right
hand. Painted 1786. 49x39*
- Whitbread, Samuel, M.P. [Viscount
Eversley. S. K. 1868]
To waist. 36x28
- Whitehead, Paul
Half length. Oval
ENG. IN LINE BY JOSEPH COLLYER. 1776
- Whitehead, Samuel. [Ex. Lord
Eversley; C. 1896, £1837 10s.]
- Willes, Sir Edward. [C. 26, 5, 1894,
£378]
Three-quarter length
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY JAMES HEATH. 1792
- William Henry, Prince, Duke of
Clarence.
Half length
MEZ. BY GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT
- Willoughby, Miss. [J. Pierpont
Morgan, Esq. R. A. 1895]
*Three-quarter length; seated, to right, in a
landscape; blue dress, cut low; large straw
hat with blue ribbon; yellow scarf; hair
falling in curls over her shoulders; a flower
in her left hand. 49x39*
- Willoughby d' Eresby, Lord. [Lord
Gwydyr]
*Three-quarter length, in a landscape; he
wears a blue coat and buff breeches, and is
hitching the bridle of his horse to a tree. About
72x54*
- Windham, William. [Miss Sped-
ding]
- Wolfe, General (?). [Ex. Mrs. Gib-
bons. Sold two or three times, now
belongs to P. and D. Colnaghi]
Bust; in uniform of Blues. Oval
- Wolfe, General (?). [Mrs. Pym,
Braxted, Kent]
- Wrottesley, Miss. [Ex. Lord
Churchill; C. 12, 5, 1888]
30x24
- Yates, Mrs. [America (?)]
- Yorke, Philip
Three-quarter length
ENG. IN LINE AND STIPPLE BY E. SCRIVEN
- Yorke, Lady. [Knödler & Co., New
York]
- Young, Dr., Author of "Night
Thoughts." [C. 5, 6, 1889]
- Andrewes, Mr. and Mrs. R. [—
Metcalfe, Esq.]
*An early picture, painted at Auberies, near
Sudbury*
- Carter, Mr. and Mrs. William. [Rev.
J. B. Andrewes]
*Full-length figures, in small, sitting on a
bench under trees. An early picture, also
painted at Auberies. 36x28*
- Hill, Mr. and Mrs. John. [A. Sander-
son, Esq., Edinburgh.]
- Mathews, T. [Fonmon Castle,
Cardiff]
- Mathews, Mrs. T. [Fonmon Castle,
Cardiff]
Sheridan's antagonist and his wife.
- Peartree, "Tom Peartree"
*Head and shoulders of a man, on a shaped
panel. About 20x24*

LANDSCAPES

- Landscape. [Sir W. Agnew, Bart.
G. G. 1885]
*The brow of a hill, with broken woodland
on right and left; in the centre a road with
peasants and a horse and cart; a village in
the distance. 37x35*
- Landscape. [Ex. J. H. Anderdon,
Esq.]
*Three cows under a bank on which is a
willow; a boy on the ground, with a dog; two
peasants moving from the spot.*
- Landscape. [Ex. J. H. Anderdon,
Esq.]
*In the centre a group of large trees; between
their stems the tower of a village church; cattle
drinking; two children seated in the fore-
ground.*
- Gipsy Scene. [Ex. J. H. Anderdon,
Esq. R. A. 1878]
*Opening in a wood; three figures and two
donkeys. Early. 11½x14*
- Landscape. [T. G. Arthur, Esq.]
*Painted in imitation of Teniers; game-
keeper and dog introduced. 44x58*
- Landscape. [Samuel Barton, Esq.
M. 1857]
- Thames, View at the Mouth of the.
[Sir Reg. Beauchamp, Bart. R. A.
1878; G. G. 1885]
*A wide view of the river and its banks,
with boats under sail. In the foreground a
group of figures round a boat near a pier.
62x75*
- Landscape, Blind Man on a Bridge.
[Sir Geo. Beaumont, Bart. G. G.
1885]
*A small stream crossed by a rustic bridge,
over which a blind man is being led by a dog;
on the left a mass of foliage with the sun
shining through. 40x50*
- "Cottage Door, The." [Sir Geo.
Beaumont, Bart. G. G. 1885]
*Near a cottage surrounded by trees are a
young man and a woman with three children.
Between the trees an open country is visible;
a hill in the distance. 75x61*
- Landscape, with Cows. [Alfred
Beit, Esq.]
- Landscape. [R. H. Benson, Esq.
R. A. 1887; N. G. 1898]
*View over a wooded valley; figures and a
horse. 15½x20½*
- Landscape. [Ex. D. R. Blaine,
Esq.]
*A purple distance of undulating country,
like that in the neighbour hood of Bath. Wooded
and broken foreground; a horseman and a
cow. 17x24*
- Landscape. [— Bryant, Esq.]
A pond, with a peasant and cattle. 24x30
- Landscape. [— Bryant, Esq.]
*Entrance to a forest; a woodman sitting
on a fallen tree; two other figures; a town in
the distance. 24x30*
- Landscape. [The Lady Burdett,
Coutts; ex. Thomond and Rogers'
Collections]
*Peasants in a cart crossing a rapid stream,
near a group of trees; in the foreground a man
with a horse.*
- Landscape. [The Lady Burdett-
Coutts; ex. Rogers' Collection]
*A cottage on a bank, near a stream, which
cattle and sheep are about to cross. A man
watering a horse.*
- Landscape, with Waggon. [Ven.
Archdeacon Burney. G. G. 1885]
*A hollow road, with a waggon on it; on
the left a group of trees; in the distance a
church. 19x23*
- Landscape, "The Road in the
Forest." [Charles Butler, Esq. Ex.
Perkins Collection]
*Cattle coming over the dip of a hill, in the
centre. 40x58*
- Landscape, with Cattle and Figures.
[— Byas, Esq., Philadelphia]
- "Wood Gatherers, The." Also
called "Cottage Children" and
"Rustic Children." [Earl of Car-
narvon. R. A. 1881; G. G. 1885]
*A girl carrying a child, and a boy with a
bundle of sticks, the latter seated. 57½x46½*

"Watering Place, The." [E. P. Clarke, Esq.]

In the centre cattle drinking; on the left a fallen tree; a peasant girl with a man; a figure descending a slope.

Landscape. [Ex. Viscount Clifden. G. G. 1885]

In the mid-distance a cottage on a knoll; in the foreground three figures, behind them two trees; in the distance a church spire. 9½ × 12

Landscape. [J. D. Cobbold, Esq.]

A juvenile performance, made up of elements borrowed from various old masters. On the left a village inn and other buildings on a bluff, from the edge of which rises a tall ash tree. In the centre a lake, on the right another tall tree. The distance is made up with sheets of water, abrupt hills, and villages. The foreground sprinkled with figures, a youth on an ass, a girl with a bundle on her head, and leading a small boy; two women washing clothes; a boy sitting on the ground; cattle and sheep. 36 × 50

Landscape. [Mrs. Martin Colnaghi]

On the right a bluff with a tree on the top of it; cow, calf, and sheep; two donkeys, on one a boy; to the left a distant view with a rustic bridge. Early. 13 × 14

Landscape. [Mrs. Martin Colnaghi]

In the centre of the foreground a mountain stream flowing through a deep bed, crossed by a rustic bridge on which are two cows followed by a herdsmen; mid-distance, woods surrounding a square-towered building; distance, bold hills. Very fine—about 1780. 16 × 18

Landscape. [Mrs. Martin Colnaghi]

An oil sketch; a cottage on the left, a pond in the foreground. 10 × 12

Landscape. [Mrs. Martin Colnaghi]

Piece of water crossed by a rustic bridge; on the right, bare trees; on the left, leafy trees; beyond the pond, two cows. 15 × 12

Landscape, with fallen Tree and Cattle. [R. Cook, Esq. G. G. 1885]

The stem of a large oak, partly stripped of its bark, lies across the foreground; near it two herdsmen and three cows; in the distance a sandy road, a village, and a church. 40 × 37

Landscape. [— Curtis, Esq. Ex. Rev. — Coles, of Basingstoke]

Scene near Bath, the city in the mid-distance; a group of figures in the wooded foreground. 60 × 48

"Cottage Door," The. [John Claude Daubuz, Esq. R. A. 1882, G. G. 1885]

Replica of the picture at Grosvenor House. 56 × 46

Coast Scene, with Cattle. [J. Dillon, Esq. M. 1857]

Landscape. [F. Dowding, Esq.]

Road scene with a peasant and donkeys. 24 × 20

Landscape. [F. Dowding, Esq.]

Three pollard willows, and a road with a cart. 16 × 12

Landscape. [Ex. Mrs. Edgar. G. G. 1888 (No. 218); B. I. 1861 (No. 214)]

Rising ground with a shepherd boy leaning on his crook, and some sheep. Storm clouds. 31 × 25

View near King's Bromley. [W. L. Elkins, Esq., Philadelphia. C. 1894, £3780]

Cows, four figures, dog in a boat. 46 × 65½

Landscape, with Cattle and Figures [Earl of Ellesmere]

24 × 18 (7)

Landscape. [C. E. J. Esdaile, Esq. R. A. 1887]

On a road winding through a wood are three men, and a woman on horseback; the woman with a basket of eggs on her lap; in front two cows drinking; to the right, a church tower; evening effect. 47 × 66

Landscape. [Fred. Fish, Esq. R. A. 1886]

Clearing in a wood; on the left a cottage, on the right, cattle. 14 × 19 (oval).

Landscape. [F. Fleischmann, Esq.]

A road rising to the right in a rocky landscape; sheep dotted about; mountains in distance. One of Gainsborough's latest works. 27 × 37

Landscape; a Sketch. [Lord Foley]

Landscape. [J. E. Fordham, Esq. R. A. 1878]

Wooded, with stream in the foreground. 13½ × 11½

Charter House, View of The. [Foundling Hospital]

A very good example of his art at about 1754-6. Circular. 20½ inches in diameter

Boy on a White Horse, descending a hill. [Ex. Dr. Freckleton]

25 × 29

Landscape, "The Woodman's Return." [Ex. Dr. Freckleton]

He fares along a tree-bordered road; a village church in the distance. Given by the Painter to his Bath Physician, Dr. Charlton. 38 × 49

Landscape. [W. H. Fuller, Esq., New York]

On the left a smooth river, reflecting the light; a dog barks at a swallow; on the right sandbanks, crowned with trees, and with a road skirting them; on the road two cows, two sheep, and a distant pedestrian; more to the right two groups of figures, a man and woman with a donkey, and a man and woman with a cow. Early, about 1752-4. 36 × 62

Landscape, "The Market Cart." [W. H. Fuller, Esq., New York]

On the left a building with a boat-shed attached; on the right a country road, along which a cart makes its way towards a distant village. Painted about 1756. 20 × 24½

"Edge of the Common, The." [W. H. Fuller, Esq., New York]

A road winding over a sandy knoll, near some pines; horses and a herdsmen on the road; two men on some tree trunks in the foreground. 25 × 30

"Rural Courtship." [Rev. E. R. Gardiner. G. G. 1885]

A woodland scene, with a distant view of a church; in the foreground a woman milking a cow; by her side a peasant leaning on a jagged. 50 × 40

Forest Scene. [Lord Ronald Gower. G. G. 1885]

In the centre a large oak, near it a sandpit, with a woman and a donkey. 13 × 14½

Bamford, Suffolk, Scene at. [Messrs. Graves & Co. C. 27.5.1882; G. G. 1885]

A meadow, with a large willow on left; a cow standing in centre; another with a sheep beyond. Early. 23 × 36

Landscapes, Two, with Cattle. [Duke of Hamilton]

12 × 13

"Cumberland Lakes, The." [Duke of Hamilton]

"Pack-horse Bridge, The." [T. Hardcastle, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Pack-horses crossing a bridge, accompanied by two men on horseback; a shattered tree-trunk in the foreground on the right. 12½ × 13½

"Sand Getters, The." [T. Hardcastle, Esq. R. A. 1883; G. G. 1885]

A woodland scene. In the foreground are two men, one holding a sack while the other fills it with sand; two donkeys stand near; a man with sheep on the right. 24½ × 19½

Landscape; a Sketch. [Earl of Hardwicke; ex. Kilderbee Collection]

"Rustic Dwelling, A." [Mrs. Geo. Henry. G. G. 1885]

Two women and two children near the door of a cottage; one woman nursing a child; large trees bend towards the cottage, one of them nearly bare of leaves; a stream in front. 49 × 39

Landscape. [Sir Robt. G. W. Herbert, K.C.B. G. G. 1885]

"Perth" a copy from some Dutch Master" (Grosvenor Cat.). 40 × 50

Landscape. [J. P. Heseltine, Esq. R. A. 1878]

A study; rocks and wood; water in mid-distance. 11½ × 13½

Landscape. [J. P. Heseltine, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Storm effect; an old oak on the right has a mass of large-leaved weeds at its foot. 11½ × 13½

Landscape. [Mrs. Hibbert. R. A. 1885]

A stream running through a wooded valley; on the right, sheep; blue sky with clouds. 24½ × 29½

Landscape, with Figs. [Mrs. Hills, Redleaf]

Suffolk period. Signed "T. G." in a monogram. 25 × 30

Sandpits. [R. Hobson, Esq.]

Landscape. [Sir W. Holbourne, Bart.]

A lady speaking to a woman seated on the roadside with her baby; background, trees with sunshine bursting through. 10 × 12

"Harvest Waggon, The." [S. G. Holland, Esq.]

Study (?) for Lord Tweedmouth's picture.

Landscape, Going to Market. [Holloway College, Egham; ex. Sir Henry Hoare, Bart. C. 1883, £2835]

Peasants and colliers on horseback, going to market in early morning, along a tree-covered hillside.

Landscape. [George Holt, Esq., Liverpool]

Landscape, with Figures. [Joseph Humphrey, Esq.]

A woman riding on an ass and carrying a child, a foal beside them; a woman walking with a basket. On the left, a rustic cottage among trees; on the right, rising ground with a cow; in the centre a valley and distant hills, with sheep on a knoll. 21 x 16

Landscape. [W. P. Hunt, Esq.]

View from "Gainsborough's Lane," near Ipswich: evening effect. 12 x 10

Landscape, "Skirts of a Wood." [Louis Huth. R. A. 1884]

In the foreground a man carrying a scythe; lower down, a woman driving a cow, followed by a dog. 16 x 21

Landscape, with Cattle and Figures. [Lord Iveagh]

Landscape, with Mountains. [Lord Iveagh]

Going to Market. [Lord Iveagh]

The Country Cart. [D. Jardine, Esq.]

Landscape, with Cattle and Figures. [D. Jardine, Esq.]

Landscape, with Cattle. [Earl of Jersey. R. A. 1895]

The slope of a wooded hill; in the foreground three cows and a girl; a boy lower down the slope, with a dog; other figures and a distant landscape beyond. In the left foreground a large pollard willow. 47½ x 58

Asses in a Landscape. [Sir J. Clarke

Jervoise, Bart. G. G. 1885]
In the centre two asses and a dog; an old man leans on a staff; a cottage on the right; in the distance a church tower. 23 x 25

A Landscape. [E. Jesse, Esq.]

Wooded bank, with gipsies. 12 x 8

Landscape, "The Mill." [Hon. T. G. Johnson, Philadelphia]

Landscape. [Mrs. Joseph]

An open glade in a forest—towards the left a pond, overhung by trees; in the immediate foreground a stump cutting across the line of the pond; on the right a bank shaded by trees and dotted over with sheep. The sun is in the picture and forms a fine effect. 29 x 35

Landscape. [Mrs. Joseph]

Undulating country, a dell in the centre; many willow-trees. 27½ x 36

Seaside Landscape. [Mrs. Clarke Kennedy. G. G. 1885]

An old building, with a background of trees, stands on the rocky shore; fishermen are pulling a net to the land; on the right a boat and a large anchor. 41 x 50½

Landscape, with Cattle. [Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G.]

A herdsman drives some half dozen cows down a sloping road to the left. Fine effect of light. Painted about 1780. 45 x 66½

Landscape, with Cattle. [Lawrie and Co.]

Four cows, white, black, red, and dun; a woman milking the dun cow; man carrying away milk in two pails; beyond the woman a trunk of a tree; on the left a cottage with two trees beyond it; on the right a flat country, with a square towered church. 43 x 21½

Landscape. [Lord Leconfield]

A Sea Piece. [L. Lesser, Esq.]

Landscape. [Lord Llangattock]

Landscape. [Edward McDermott, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Small woodland scene; group of trees on the left; a stream trends from the foreground into the distance, figures are on its bank; a clear sky with white cloudlets. 12 x 14

Landscape, unfinished. [William Moxted, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Said to be the last landscape on which Gainsborough worked. 30 x 25

Landscape, with Cattle. [J. P. Mellor, Esq.]

Landscape. [Metropolitan Museum, New York]

Replica (?) of the picture belonging to Lord Penrhyn. 55½ x 74½

View in Shropshire. [J. P. Morgan, Esq. G. G. 1885]

In the distance, a conical hill; in the mid-distance, a wooded country; in the foreground, a stream running through a brightly illuminated landscape; on the farther bank two cows and a goat in the shadow of trees. 48 x 58

Landscape. [Howard Morley, Esq., Shockerwick House; ex. Wiltshire and Goldsmid Collections. C.

£3225]
47 x 58

Landscape, "View in Epping Forest." [J. S. Muskett, Esq.]

24 x 13

"Windmill, The." [J. S. Muskett, Esq.]

View near Sudbury. 24 x 19
ENG. BY S. MIDDIMAN.

"The Watering Place." [National Gallery]

58 x 71
ENG. BY W. MILLER AND IN JONES'S "NATIONAL GALLERY"

"The Watering Place." [National Gallery]

Small replica (?) of the last. 16½ x 21½

"Cornard Wood," or "Gainsborough's Forest." [National Gallery]

48 x 60

"The Watering Place." [National Gallery]

23 x 30

"View of Dedham." [National Gallery]

24½ x 30½

"Rustics with Donkeys." [National Gallery]

15½ x 20½

Landscape. [National Gallery]

8½ x 6½

Landscape. [National Gallery]

8½ x 6½

"Rustic Children," or "The Wood Gatherers." [National Gallery (Vernon Collection)]

A small sketch for picture belonging to Lord Carnarvon. 18 x 14½

ENG. BY G. B. SHAW

"The Market Cart." [National Gallery]

72½ x 60½

ENG. BY E. GOODALL AND IN JONES'S "NATIONAL GALLERY"

Landscape. [National Gallery, Ireland]

A road, partly flooded with water, runs through sandpits; in the extreme distance a village († Dedham) church. Small figures in the distance and an old white horse above the sandpit on the right. A fine showery sky. Early. 18½ x 24

Landscape, with Mountains. [Sir Algernon Neeld, Bart.]

Broken and wooded foreground, with water on left; cottage in mid-distance; shepherd on a height; pigs and sheep; high mountains in the distance. 16 x 20½

"The Mall in St. James's Park." [Sir Algernon Neeld, Bart.]

Groups of ladies walking in the central avenue of the Mall behind Carlton House. In the foreground, two dogs; towards the right, tethered cows, at a stall, just as they may be seen to-day. In the extreme right the Painter making his sketch. 47 x 57

Landscape, with Wayside Cottage.

[E. Miller Nelson, Esq. G. G. 1885]

A woman with a baby at her breast and two boys are before the cottage door; a girl carrying a jug on her head and followed by a dog approaches the cottage; near the cottage a pond; in the distance a man driving cows. 29½ x 24

Landscape, with Cows, &c. [Duke of Newcastle. G. G. 1885]

A woodland glade, in which a boy is herding cows, sheep, and goats; in front two milkmaids, a boy, and two dogs fighting. 46½ x 27

Landscape. [Duke of Norfolk, Arundel Castle]

Scene on a common, with boys and donkeys. 24 x 42

"Cottage Door, The." [Earl of Normanton. R. A. 1882]

Replica of the picture at Grosvenor House. 58 x 47

LANDSCAPES

207

Landscape, "Ploughing." [Lord North. G. G. 1885]

A heath, with a mill on a bank; a man ploughing, accompanied by a dog; large white clouds rising in the sky. 17x21½

Landscape. [Lord Penrhyn. R. A. 1882; G. G. 1885]

Shirts of a wood; a waggon drawn by two horses, in which are a woman and a child, goes along a raised road towards the right, followed by a man and woman on foot; donkeys and dog in foreground; sheep and shepherd beyond. 54x74

Landscape. [H. F. Pfungst, Esq.]

On the left a young man and a girl sit on a bank under trees through which the sunlight pours; in front of them two cows on a rough road; to the right a tumbling stream, then more rising ground, with a ruined building upon it, overhung with trees. 30x25

"Harvest Waggon, The." [Lionel Phillips, Esq.; ex. Rev. B. Gibbons. R. A. 1890]

A country road running through a shallow gorge. On the road a harvest waggon with woman and children in it has stopped to allow a young girl to mount into it, which she does by the wheel. 47x58

Landscape. "Cad's Hill Oak." [C. 1876 (£325 10s.)]

49x39

Landscape. [Ex. Colonel William Pinney. Sold July 1898]

On the right an undulating country intersected by waterways; on the left a high sandy bluff crowned by a cottage; near the cottage two men with a donkey, a white cow, and a dog; lower down a man with a red cow; in the foreground a pair of lovers; and a horseman allowing his horse to drink. Cumuli in a clear sky. Early, about 1754-6. 36x48 (about)

Landscape. [Pittsburg, U.S.A.]

Similar in general arrangement to the picture belonging to Mr. H. J. Pfungst, but later. 40x50 (?)

Landscape. [C. T. Praed, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Waste land, near the edge of a copse; a man seated on the ground near a pack-horse. 14x12½

Landscape. [D. B. Preston, Esq. G. G. 1885]

Formerly in the possession of the Coyte family, of Ipswich. 48x58

Landscape. [Ex. Sir R. Price, Bart., M.P., of Foxley; and Lord Bateman]

Study of beech-trees at Foxley; Yazor Church in the distance. Signed "T. Gainsborough, 1760."

Landscape, "Evening" or "Repose."

[Harry Quilter, Esq.; ex. Kirkman Hodgson; ex. James Price]

A group of cattle—in which an old white horse is contrasted with a black cow—is gathered under the shade of trees near a fountain; a peasant lies on the grass, asleep; an evening sky. 47x58

Presented by Gainsborough to his daughter, Mrs. Fischer, on her marriage

Landscape. [Pandelli Ralli, Esq.]

A wooded country.

Landscape. [J. E. Reiss, Esq.]

Landscape. [H. Roberts, Esq.]

Sandy hillocks round a pond; many oaks; a woman with a red petticoat; on the extreme left a cottage with group of figures before it; donkeys in the centre; fine showery sky. 24x36

Landscape. [H. Roberts, Esq.]

Two horses and three cows; herdsman. 24½x35. *Late (1784?)*

Landscape. [H. Roberts, Esq.; ex. C. Tyrrell (F.)]

Sudbury (?); woodland scene; on the extreme left, a cottage; near it a man in a red coat, in a cart with a white horse; in the centre a clump of trees; on the right a small wooden bridge over a quiet stream; on it two figures; meadow with cattle in distance. 16½x21

Early; same time as landscape belonging to Shepherd Bros.

"Market Cart, The." [H. Roberts, Esq.]

Small replica (?) of the picture in the National Gallery. 20½x24½

Landscape. [Sir J. C. Robinson, New G. 1897-8]

In the foreground two donkeys with a foal, and two youths near a tree; in the background ruins; in the distance a village. 24x29

Landscape, "The Broken Egg."

[Sir J. C. Robinson. New G. 1897-8]

On the left a horse and cart with calves; the driver is kissing a girl who holds a basket of eggs, one egg has fallen and broken; in the centre a man; on the right a cottage with a woman and some pigs; a church in the distance. 37½x49½

Landscape, with Cattle. [Sir J. C. Robinson]

A Landscape. [O. Roe, Esq.]

"A very early work."—F. 45x42

Landscape, with Cattle and Figures.

[John Rohde, Esq. G. G. 1885]

29x38

Landscape, "Evening." [John

Rohde, Esq. G. G. 1885]

16x20

Landscape, "Evening." [John

Rohde, Esq. G. G. 1885]

8x12

Landscape. [John Rohde, Esq.

G. G. 1885]

A small landscape with a river and bridge. 8x11

Landscape. [John Rohde, Esq.

G. G. 1885]

Woodland scene; in front some small oaks, and close to them five sheep, one of which scratches its ear; on the left a shepherd leaning on his staff. 14x11

Landscape. [Ex. Rev. J. Lucy B. Rose; C. 1875 £3645]

A party of rustics on a road, approaching the spectator. The party consists of a girl on a white pony and three other peasants with four horses, a youth walking by them with a rabbit slung over his shoulder and accompanied by a dog; a boy with sheep on a hill in the mid-distance, and another boy rearing under an old tree. A pool of water and a felled tree in front, church in distance. 40x50

"Milking Time." [James Ross, Esq., Montreal]

44x23

Landscape. [J. W. Russell, Esq.; M. 1857]

Landscape, "A Cottage Door." [Duke of Rutland. R. A. 1889]

A cottage on the skirts of a wood. A woman with six children and an older girl before the door; a man carrying a faggot approaches, followed by a dog; sheep in the middle distance. 57x47

Landscape, with Cattle and Figures. [Duke of Rutland. R. A. 1889]

The slope of a wooded bank; in the foreground a shepherd talking to a seated girl, near them sheep and two cows; a third figure on the right; distant landscape beyond. 58½x47½

Landscape. [Duke of Rutland]

Cattle near a sheet of water.

Landscape. [Duke of Rutland]

A house, with a party of country people in front of it.

Landscape. [Duke of Rutland]

With a herd of cattle.

"Labourers Returning." [Arthur

Sanderson, Edinburgh]

50x40

Landscape. [A. Sanderson, Esq.]

On the right, a castellated building, on a height; on the left a grove of trees; in the centre figures and horses. Water colour in imitation of oil painting. 40x50?

Landscape. [Ex. David P. Sellar, Esq. R. A. 1885]

Shirts of a wood; on the right a seated beggar; blue sky with dark clouds. 30½x24½

Landscape. [Shepherd Brothers]

On the left a road, down which a peasant is leading a one-horse cart in which a woman with a market basket is seated; beside the road is an oak coppice. To the right a man asleep, and a herdsman driving two cows towards the distance. In the distance an extensive landscape, with a bridge, and a towered building on a hill. 36x60½

Landscape. Cattle passing a Bridge.

[— Skrine, Esq.]

Given by Gainsborough to Mr. Boules of North Aston, in exchange for a violin (Fulcher)

Landscape, with Figures. [G. B. Smith, Esq. G. G. 1885]

In the centre the hollow trunk of a large old oak; near it a man and woman; in the distance a rough bank crowned with trees. 25x30

Landscape. [Ex.—Smith; Messrs. Tooth]

47½x59

The Drover's Cart. [C. Stewart, Esq., New York]

"Girl at the Stile, The." [W. H. St. Quinton, Esq. R. A. 1896]

A road through a wood, along which a waggon with three horses makes its way; a girl with a yoke and pails leans against a stile on the right, looking to the waggoner; evening effect. 57x47

- Landscape, with Cattle.** [Mrs. Thos. Swift Taylor. G. G. 1885]
Late evening effect. A man playing on a flute. Cattle. Painted for Mr. Parker, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire. 38 x 26
- Landscape.** [Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. R. A. 1884 and 1895]
On a high knoll, to the right, figures and cattle; towards the left, several boats; nearer the centre, figures which have just landed. 30 x 24½
- "Horses drinking at a Spring."** [Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.; ex. Lord de Tabley; J. L. Parker; Earl of Lonsdale] 48½ x 39
- Landscape.** [R. G. Thomas, Esq. R. A. 1881]
Shirts of a wood; a waggon drawn by two horses, with a woman and child in it, goes along a road to the right, followed by a man and woman on foot; cattle and sheep in foreground; distant view beyond. 53 x 37½
- Landscape, with Cows and Bridge.** [Thos. Thompson, Esq. G. G. 1885]
A rustic bridge across the deep bed of a narrow stream, in which stand three cows; near them a boy on a horse and a girl. 24½ x 20½
- Landscape, with Cattle.** [W. R. M. Thoys, Esq. R. A. 1876; G. G. 1885]
Eight cows in the foreground; on the right a broken tree leaning inwards; a herdsman, a woman, and a dog on the right. 49 x 39
- Landscape.** [Lord Tweedmouth. B. I. 1814; R. A. 1880; G. G. 1885]
Said to be a view near Bath. Rocky foreground, with open distance in the centre; in front a pond with three cows and a goat; on the left a youth talking to a girl. Companion to the "Harvest Waggon." 48 x 58
- "Harvest Waggon, The."** [Lord Tweedmouth. B. I. 1814; R. A. 1880; G. G. 1885]
A large waggon is halted near some trees in a landscape. The driver has stopped his team in order that a peasant girl may mount, which she does by the wheel. This girl is said to be a portrait of the Painter's daughter; the other daughter is already in the waggon. This was one of the pictures given to Wiltshire in payment of his services as a carrier of pictures to the exhibitions in London. 48 x 57
- Landscape, with Cattle.** [Lieut.-Col. Unthank. R. A. 1891]
In the foreground a pool shadowed by high trees; on the left cattle drinking; on the right two figures. 14 x 12½
- Landscape.** [Lieut.-Col. Unthank. R. A. 1891]
In the front, a pool; on the hill-side above, a man ploughing with two horses; on a hilltop to the right a windmill. 19 x 24
- Landscape.** [Lieut.-Col. Unthank. R. A. 1891]
A waggon, in which are a man and a woman, drawn by two horses, moving to the right, across a heath. 19 x 24
- Landscape, with Figures.** [Lord Wantage; ex. Benoni White. G. G. 1885]
An open glade, with, on the left, a sunlit distance; a boy riding a white horse and leading another; a man carrying a bundle of sticks. 40 x 50
- Landscape, with Cattle.** [Ex. Wells Collection; G. G. 1885]
Three cows collected on a hilltop beside a stream; trees on the right; a glimpse of open country near the centre. 13½ x 11½
- Shore Scene.** [Duke of Westminster]
A windy day on a coast like that at Felixstowe. Two women and one man are on the beach; two boats are near the shore. 48 x 60(?)
- "Cottage Door, The."** Duke of Westminster, Grosvenor House. B. I. 1834 and 1859; U. E. 1862; R. A. 1882; G. G. 1885]
An old cottage on the banks of a small stream, closely surrounded by trees; a shattered old trunk rises on the left, on the right a young and graceful tree. Before the cottage stands a young mother with a baby in her arms; round her five other children, one of them, a boy, feeding another, a girl, with a spoon. Fulcher calls this one of Gainsborough's latest pictures, but in style it belongs to about 1776-8. 50 x 46
- Landscape.** [Sir Thos. Whichcote, Bart. R. A. 1877]
Shepherd with a girl and a dog in the foreground; cattle and sheep near; rocks and trees to right and left; distant hills in centre. 43 x 47½
- Woodland Scene.** [Alfred Eales White, Esq.]
Said to have been painted near Corfe, Taunton, Somerset. 25 x 30
- Landscape; Evening.** [D. T. White, Esq.; ex. Wells Collection]
In the distance mountains; in the mid-distance a church tower; in the foreground large trees with a boy riding one horse and leading another.
- Landscape and Figures.** [Sir W. Williams-Wynn, Bart.]
A woman with a picher on her shoulder turns towards a boy, in a rocky, woody scene; he seems to be weeping. 24 x 18
Called "Hagar and Ishmael" in the Catalogue of the British Institution in 1814, and under its present title in 1853
- "Woodman, The," Evening.** [Ex. Robt. Willoughby, Esq.; ex. Mrs. Poignard. C. 8,597]
A man loads a donkey with sticks while a bare-legged boy and a woman with a child in her arms stand by. 40 x 54
- Landscape.** [Lord Windsor. R. A. 1874]
View looking along a road at the edge of a wood; distant view on right, cottage on left; sheep on the road and a man beyond. 11½ x 13½

SUBJECT PICTURES, ANIMAL PICTURES, STILL LIFE, COPIES FROM OLD MASTERS, &c.

- Mushroom Gatherer, The.** [W. E. Alexander, Esq. R. A. 1887]
Full length—small—of a girl kneeling on the ground and picking mushrooms. (Unfinished.) 50 x 40
- The Cottage Girl.** [G. L. Bassett, Esq. R. A. 1876]
A bare-foot girl carrying a dog under one arm and a jug in the right hand. 68½ x 49
- Girl and Pigs.** [Earl of Carlisle; (?) ex. Calonne Collection]
A cottage girl sitting and watching pigs feeding.
MEZ. BY RICHARD EARLOM. 1783
- Girl and Pigs.** [Ex. Rev. B. Gibbons]
An inferior version of the picture belonging to Lord Carlisle.
- Peasant Boy, A.** [Miss Clarke]
An early work (F.)
- Wrestlers, a Sketch.** [Ex. G. Dupont]
- A Peasant Girl.** [Ex. W. P. Hunt, Esq.]
"A carefully finished miniature" (F.)
- Boys and Fighting Dogs.** [Lord Iveagh]
A shepherd boy trying to prevent another from interfering with two fighting collies.
MEZ. BY HENRY BIRCHIE. 1791

An Old Woman and Child, on a Donkey. [Lord Methuen]

Small (F.)

Child (Jack Hill) with a Cat. [Met. Museum, New York; ex. Sir W. Knighton]

Evening. The child stands against a dilapidated fence. 58x46
MEZ. BY CHARLES TURNER. 1809.

Musidora. [National Gallery]

Probably a portrait of Emma Lyon, or Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton. She is seated on the bank of a stream, overhadowed by trees; she is draped in a chemise; one foot is in the water, from the other she is loosening a sandal. The position of the legs has been changed by Gainsborough. Life size. Oval. 72x50

ENGRAVED BY P. LIGHTFOOT.

Beggar Boys, The. [Duke of Newcastle. R. A. 1885]

Half figures of two boys; one holding a pitcher, the other looking up. 29x24

Beggar Boys, Two. [Duke of Newcastle. M. 1857]

Interior of a Cottage, with Children by the Fire. [Ex. Sir W. Knighton]

"Jack Hill" warming himself before the fire; a girl in the background eating porridge. Daylight effect. 58x46
MEZ. BY CHARLES TURNER. 1809.

The Tired Ploughman. [Ex. Northwick Collection]

Foxhunt. [Earl of Rosebery, K.G. R. A. 1878]

Three hounds after a fox; one has just caught him by the neck, another by the hind leg. 71x43

Gipsies' Repast, The. [Ex. Wiltshire Collection]

Eight or nine figures engaged in preparing a meal under a wide spreading oak. 36x28

A Similar Picture.

ETCHED BY T. GAINSBOROUGH.

Diana and Actæon. [Windsor Castle]

This picture hangs (1898) in a small north bedroom at the top of Windsor Castle. It is quite unfinished, but is of great interest through its unusualness in the work of Gainsborough. On the right Actæon looks over a bank at Diana and her nymphs; horns have already sprouted on his head; in the centre and on the left, the goddess and her attendant, eight nude figures, occupy a sort of river bed, with a waterfall beyond. Background of leafy trees. 62x73½

"Cymon and Iphigenia," or "The Mushroom Girl." [C. 1863]

50x40

Gipsies, The. [C. 27.5.1882]

Engraved.

The Cottage Girl. Also known as "Lavinia."

A bare-footed girl carrying a bowl of milk; in the background a woman milking a cow.

ENG. IN STIPPLE BY JOHN WHESSEL. 1806
ENG. IN STIPPLE BY F. BARTOLOZZI. 1790

"Hobbinol and Ganderetta."

Two children, one sitting and one kneeling, a cat beside them.

ENG. IN STIPPLE BY P. W. TOMKINS. 1790.

The Shepherd's Boy in the Storm.

A boy (Jack Hill?) sheltered on the windward side of a tree. A colt beside him. High wind and rain.

MEZ. BY RICHARD EARLDOM. 1781

Woodman and his Dog in a Storm, The. [S. H. 1789]

Bought at the Schomburg House sale by Lord Gainsborough for £500, and destroyed by fire at Exton Park. 39x61
ENG. BY SIMON. 1790

Rustic Amusements.

Two children playing with a donkey, burnt at Exton Park

Dog, Portrait of a Favourite, which belonged to Sir George Beaumont, Bart. [Sir George Beaumont, Bart. G. G. 1885]

17½x21

Dogs, Two, Favourites of Sir George Beaumont, Bart. [Sir George Beaumont, Bart. G. G. 1885]

32x29

Dogs, Two. [Ex. Miss Clarke]

Life size

Horse, An old. [Ex. Miss Clarke]

Its head resting on the branch of a dead tree.

Hen and Chickens. [Rev. E. R. Gardiner. G. G. 1885]

23½x25

Dog, a Pomeranian. [A. W. Gould, Esq. R. A. 1885]

Life-size, standing, to left. Dark background. 24x29

Horse, An old. [Mrs. Lane. R. A. 1887]

A white horse, resting his head on the branch of a tree. 22x25½

Tristram and Fox. [National Gallery; ex. Misses Lane. R. A. 1887]

The favourite dogs of Gainsborough and his wife

Dogs, Portraits of a Pomeranian Dog and Puppy. [W. R. M. Thoyts, Esq. R. A. 1876; G. G. 1885]

K. F. Abel's favourite dogs. The picture used to hang over the mantelpiece in Gainsborough's studio. 32x43

Still Life. [Arthur Sanderson, Esq.]

Duck, lobster, two teal, two straw-covered racks, lemons, &c. 25x30

Spanish Peasants. (After Murillo.) [Colonel Blathwayte]

Pembroke Family. (After Van Dyck.) [— Van André, Esq.]

The Three Trees. (After Rembrandt.) [Earl of Craven (F.)]

Jewish Rabbi. [Hampton Court]

After the picture (No. 190) by Rembrandt in the National Gallery. The Rembrandt formerly belonged to the Duke of Argyll, who may have allowed Gainsborough to make this copy. 30x26

Landscape. (After Wynants?) [J. S. Muskett, Esq.]

A two-horse waggon descending into a valley; a sandbank in the foreground. 24x19

Aremberg, Duc d'. (After Van Dyck.) [Rev. E. R. Gardiner. S. H., 1789]

37x31

Man, Portrait of a. (After Van Dyck.) [S. H., 1789]

26x21

Inigo Jones. (After Van Dyck.) [S. H., 1789]

28x23

Portrait. (After Van Dyck.) [S. H., 1789]

22x17

Richmond and Lennox, James Stuart, Duke of. (After Van Dyck.) [S. H., 1789]

80x57

Cornaro Family, The. (After Titian.) [Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G. S. H., 1789]

36x22

Man's Head, A. (After Rembrandt. (?) The "Rabbi," at Hampton Court.) [S. H., 1789]

29x24

Conspirators, The. (After Velasquez)

38x31

Abraham and Isaac. (After Murillo.) [S. H., 1789]

41x33

INDEX

- ABEL, musician, 16, 90, 99, 109, 127, 170
 Adelphi Terrace, 102, 140
 Agnew, Sir William, 120
 Agnew, Messrs., 114, 115
 Althorp, 115
 Argyll, John, 4th Duke, 110, 116
 Art, 3-8, 12, 20, 21
- BACH, J. S., 101, 102
 "Baillie Family, The," 168-9
 Bateman, Lord, 114, 138, 143, 152, 155
 Bath, 74, 79, 83-4, 85, 87, 111, 126, 136, 140, 143, 160, 174
 "Bath Gainsboroughs," 114
 "Bearing, Mr.," 96, 97
 Beaumont, Sir George, 160
 Bedford, John, 4th Duke, 65, 120
 Bedford, Wriothesley, 3rd Duke, 66, 120
 Beechey, Sir William, 103, 180
 Bell, Mrs. A., *T. Gainsborough*, 73, 74, 104, 120
 Bergholt Peninsula, 37, 38
 Bettes, John, 18
 Blaine, Mr. D. R., 103
 Blenheim, 181
 "Blue Boy," 114, 121-124, 157, 184, 185
 Boucher, Mons., 51, 54
 Bourguignon, H. F., *see* Gravelot
 Bourguignon, Charles, *see* D'Anville
 "Boy and Dog," 118, 147
 "Boy at the Stile," 153
 British Museum print room, 170
 British School of Deceased Masters, First Exhibition, 17
 Brown, Robert, 57
 Buccleuch, Duke of, 120
 Burney, Archibald, 73
 Burr, Margaret, 64
 Burroughs, Rev. H., 47
- Burton, Lord, 114, 119
 Buttall, Jonathan, 121, 123
 Buttall, Master, 123, 170
 Buyers, *see* Gentlemen, 94
- CALCOTT, Sir A., 111
 "Campbell, Lord Archibald," 122
 Carnarvon, Lord, 120, 157
 Carr, Lady Mary, 120
 Castellane, Comte de, 124
 Chatterton, 110
 Chesterfield, Lord, 120
 "Clarges, Lady," 170
 Clovio, Guilio, 21
 Clutterbuck, 105
 Cobbold, Mr. John, 38, 62, 73, 184
 Collyer, John, 105, 117
 "Colonel St. Leger," 116
 Colour, 30
 Constable, John, 36, 37, 38, 39, (letter) 41-2, 69, 81, 154, 160
 Cooper, Samuel, 24-5
 "Cornard Wood," 39, 67, 70-1, 72, 73, 163
 "Cornfield," 37, 72
 Cotes, Francis, 101, 162
 Cotman, J. S., 39
 "Cottage Door," 72, 126, 157, 184
 "Cottage Girl," 126
 Creighton, of Ipswich, 66
 Crome, 39, 71, 76
 Crosdill, 90
 Cumberland, Duke of, 111, 125; and Duchess, 143
 Cunningham, Allan, 63, 64, 134, 155, 161
 Cuyp, 38, 62
- "DALRYMPLE, Grace," 125
 D'Anville, Charles, *Gravelot*, 50, 54, 56
 Dean, John, 125
 Dean Street, Soho, 59
- Dedham, 37, 38; "View of," 72
 Degas, 168
 Devonshire, 98
 Devonshire, Georgiana, Duchess of, 115, 153, 170
 Dobson, William, 18
 Donaldson, Mr. G., 74
Don Quixote, Hayman's, 58
 Downman, 88
 "Drapery and Landscape Backgrounds," 101
 Dubosc, Claude, 52
 "Duchess, the Stolen," 153, 170
 Dunning, Mr., 98, 102
 Dupont, *see* Gainsborough, Dupont
 Dupuis, Mrs., 64
 Dyce Collection, 75
- EAST ANGLIA Influence, 39
 Eastern Counties and Landscape Art, 36
 Edgar, Mr., 74, 80
 Edgar, Miss Katherine, 74
 Elliott, Mrs., 125
 Exeter, 95, 98
- FEMALE portraiture, 187
 Fischer, J. C., 86, 90, 109, 120, 127, 132, 145, 146, 170
 Flood, Miss, 99
 "Foote," 118
 Ford, Miss, 130
 Fordyce, Alexander, 141
 "Forest," *see* Cornard Wood
 Foster Collection, 73
 Fulcher, 43, 46, 47, 64, 75, 76, 80, 81, 103, 110, 115, 118, 126, 128, 138, 143, 150, 151, 152
 Fuller, Mr. W. H., of New York, 67, 73, 124, 129
- GAINSBOROUGH, Humphry, 46-7, 115, 144, 145

- Gainsborough, John, 44-6
 Gainsborough, Mary (Mrs. Fischer), 120, 145, 146
 Gainsborough, Thomas, *sen.*, 43
 Gainsborough, Thomas, birthplace, its scenery, 36, 37, 38; Ipswich training, 38; reminiscences, 42; family, birth and early years, 43-48; sent to London, 49; first two masters, Gravelot and Hayman, 49-57; adverse influence outside studio, 58; early pencil portraits, 59; working in Hatton Garden, 59; return to Sudbury (at eighteen), 60; early landscapes, 62, 63; courtship and marriage to Miss Burr, 64; site of Ipswich home, 65, 66; wife's parentage, 66; "Landguard Fort," 68; earliest pictures still unknown, 69; his palette, 69, 73-4, 158; resemblance to Constable, 69; Dutch models, 71, 184; progress in landscape, 72-3; early portraits, 73; Ipswich means, 74; pupils, 74, 75; friendships—Kirby, 74, 5; Thicknesse, 75-80; Rev. J. Hingeston, 80; Edgar, 80; starts music, 78-9; leaves Ipswich for Bath, 79-82; Suffolk portraits, 79, 113; Bath portraits a success, 85, 174; absence of initiative, 86; patrons and prices, 87, 88, 110, 114; love of music described by William Jackson, 89-92; his forehead, 98; sick of portraits, 99; his musical instruments, 99, 111; portrait price, 107; mobility, 111; preference for landscape, 111-12; Bath pictures, 114-17; visits London, 116; at Taunton, 117; relations with John Wiltshire, 118; foundation Royal Academician, 117; exhibits, 117, 118, 119; his portrait heads, 120-21; repartée to Reynolds, 112, 123; finest landscapes, 126; habits, 127; Thicknesse quarrel, 128-36; quits Bath, 136; Royal patronage, 139, 143; London home, 139, 142; death of brother Humphry, 144-5; daughter's marriage, 145; daughter's mental affliction, 146; quarrel with Royal Academy, 147-8; peep show, 150; generosity, 153-4; relations with Sir J. Reynolds, 155-6; last illness, 161; death, 162; character and humour, 164-6; his art, 167-88
 Letters—to Duke of Bedford, 65
 " " Mr. R. Edgar, 80
 Gainsborough, Thomas—(continued).
 Letters—to W. Jackson, of Exeter, 93-102
 " (5) D. Garrick, 104-107
 " (2) J. Henderson, 108-110
 " (3) Sister, Mrs. Gibbon, 144-5-6
 " to Dr. Pearce, 149
Gainsborough, Thomas, A Record, see Bell
Gainsborough, Thomas, A Sketch, P. Thicknesse, 45, 36
Gainsborough, Thomas, Allan Cunningham, 63
Gainsborough, Thomas, Essays on various Subjects, W. Jackson, 89
Gainsborough, Thomas, Papers, Mr. Hodgson, R.A., and Mr. Eaton, 169-170
 Gainsborough, Mrs., 65, 79, 85, 128, 129, 150, 151, 170
 Gainsborough, portraits of Misses, 73, 74, 128
 Gainsborough Dupont, Mr., 102, 123, 148, 151-3, 162, 170
 Gardiner, Rev. Edward, 52, 53
 Garrick, David, 87, 88, 102, 103
 [Stratford "Garrick," 87, 103, 116; Blaine "Garrick," 103, 110], 104, 105, 107, 108, 109, 114, 117, 181
 Garrick, Mrs., 104, 105
 Garrick Club, 110, 152
Gentleman's Magazine, 103
 "Gentlemen," *i.e.*, buyers, 94
 George III., King, 143
 Giardini, 89, 98, 107, 109, 127
 Gibbon, Rev., of Bath, 44
 Gibbon, Mrs., 44, 144, 162
 Gibbons, Rev. B., 118
 Gould, E. T., 119
 "Grafton, Duchess of," 120
 Graham, Dr., 140
 "Graham, Mrs.," 74, 168, 170, 185, 187
 Gravelot, Hubert, 50-57, 62, 183; letter to Voltaire, 54
 Green, T., *Diary*, 64
 Grignon or Grignion, Charles, 49, 52-3, 56
 Grignon or Grignion, Charles, jun., 53
 Grosvenor, first Viscountess, 110, 111, 116
 HALL, Colonel, 119
 "Hallett, Mr. and Mrs.," *see* Morning Walk
 Hans, Frans, 169, 172, 176, 177
 "Hamilton, Lord Archibald," 158
 Hamilton, Colonel, 135, 153
 Hamilton, Dr., of Ipswich, 42
 "Hamilton, La Belle," Lely's, 27
 Hampton Court, 116, 120
 Hanover Square, 96
 Hatton Garden, 59
 "Hawkins, Admiral," 172
 Hayman, Francis, 57-9, 62, 122, 127
 Henderson, John, 108, 109, 110, 121
 "Hervey, Capt.," Earl of Bristol, 1
 Heseltine's, Mr. J. P., *La Lecture*, 54
 Hilliard, Nicholas, 22, 25
 Hingeston, Rev. J., 80
 "Hippesley, Miss," 73
 History Pictures, 93
 Hoare, Wm., 79, 85, 87
 Hodgson, R.A., Mr., 169
 Hogarth, Wm., 2, 5, 10, 18, 19, 20, 26, 31, 186
 Holbein, 23, 155, 169
 Holland, Mr. S. G., 118
 "Honywood, General," 114, 115-16, 184
 Hoppner, John, 124, 176
 Horsley, Mr. R.A., 111
 Hunter, Dr. John, 161
 Huysman, Cornelis, 27
 IMPRESSIONISTS, 168, 171
 Indigo, 97, 98, 100
 Ipswich, 38-39, 42, 65, 66, 73, 75, 79, 81, 85, 86, 107, 160, 164
 Irish National Gallery, 38, 58, 59, 67, 69, 119, 121
 JACK HILL, 159
 Jackson, W., of Exeter, 65, 88, 89, 93, 102, 127, 179
 Jaye, Henry, 99
 KEENE, Charles, 32
 Kew Green, 149, 159, 161, 162
 Kilderbee, Mr., 42, 148, 150
 Kirby, Joshua, 74-75
 Kirby, William, 75
 Kneller, Sir Godfrey, 81, 155
 "LADY Sussex and Lady Yelverton," 114, 119, 169
 "Landguard Fort," 39, 67-68, 70, 78, 129
 "Landscape with Figures and Cattle," 118, 178
 Lane, Misses, 72, 159
 Lansdowne, Lord, 111
 La Tour, Quentin, 31, 55
 Lawrie, Messrs., 74, 81
L'Art du dix-huitième Siècle, De Goncourt, 56
 Lely, Sir P., 26-27, 155, 187

- "Ligonier, Lord, with his Horse," 119
 Ligonier, Lady, 110, 111, 117, 119
 Lindsay, Lady Margaret, 141
 "Linley and her Brother, Miss," 96,
 97, 114, 169, 184
 Linley, Miss, 128, 135, 176, 180
 Linley, Thomas, 162
 "Little Masters," English, 19, 27
 London in 1774, 141, 143
 Louthembourg, Philip de, 149
 Lyon, Emma, 140
- MACAULAY, Miss Catherine, 125, 140
 M'Kittrick-Adair, Dr., 78, 129
 Major, Thomas, 67, 68, 78, 129
 "Mall in St. James's Park," 42, 126,
 135, 158, 168, 171, 182, 183, 185
 "Marshall Family," 169
 Mears, Mrs., 176
 Miniaturists, 21-27
 Molyneux, Isabella, Lady, 117
 Montagu, George, Duke of, 107, 120
 Montagu, Duchess of, 120
 Moreau le Jeune, 51
 "Morning Walk," *or* Mr. and Mrs.
 Hallett, 126, 135, 158, 168, 169, 171,
 178, 182, 183, 185, 187
 Moser, Mary, R.A., 122
 Mountainous Countries non-productive
 of Artists, 33, 35
 Moysey, Dr., 102
 "Mulgrave, Lady," 158, 168, 170, 187
 Murillo, 71, 87, 159
 "Mushroom Girl," 152
 Music and Painting, 100, 111
 "Musidora," 140, 158, 171
- NATIONAL Characteristics in Painting,
 28
 National Gallery, 70, 72, 73, 74, 98,
 104, 105, 121, 123, 126, 140, 147,
 158, 169, 179, 182
 National Gallery, *see* Irish
 National Portrait Gallery, 120, 121
 "Needham, Capt.," 116
 Newton, Mr. F. W., 117
Nollekens and his Times, 49, 153-154
 Norman, Barak, 99
 "Norton, Mrs.," 168, 170, 171, 185,
 187
 Norwich School, 39
 "Nugent, Earl," 114
 "Nugent, Col. Hon. Edmund," 114,
 115
 Nugent, Sir George, 114
 "Nuthall, Mr.," 119
- OLIVER, Isaac, 22
 Oliver, Peter, 23
- "Opus Anglicanum," 28
 "Orpin," the Parish Clerk, 104
- "PAGET, Mr.," 158
 Painting and Music, 100, 111
 Painting, modern, 186
 Palmer, Mr., of Bath, 93, 94, 95, 96,
 108, 110, 127
 "Parish Clerk, The," 104, 115, 118
 Parr, Remigius, 52
 Pearce, Dr. W., 148
 Pembroke, Lord, 86, 103
Perspective, Taylor's *Method of*, 75
 Phillips, Mr. Lionel, 114, 118
 Picture, What it ought to be, 97
 Pine, R.E., 134
 "Pink Boy," 123
 Pitt, Lord Rivers, 110, 111, 117
 Portland, Duke of, 123
 Poyntz, William, 115, 184
 "Princesses, The Eldest," 147-8, 152,
 169
- "QUIN, James," 115, 118
- RAPHAEL, 13, 14
 Rembrandt, 13, 14, 87, 169, 176, 177,
 186
 Renaissance, The, 12
 Restout, Jean, 51
 "Return from Harvest," 117, 118
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 27, 86, 102, 116,
 117, 119, 121-122, 139, 141, 142,
 155-156, 162, 165, 168, 169, 171,
 176, 177, 179-80, 181, 185, 187,
 188; *Discourses*, 2, 122, 173-4, 175
 Richardson, J., *The Connoisseur*, 2
 Rivers, George Pitt, Lord, 110, 117
 Romney, George, 42, 48, 140, 141,
 155, 176, 180, 187, 188
 Rothschild, Baron Alphonse de, 181
 "Roughness of the surface," 80, 81
 Royal Academy, 52, 58, 59, 68, 74,
 88, 92, 110, 111, 116, 117, 118, 143,
 147, 148, 169
 Rubens, 71, 107, 155, 172, 175, 181,
 182, 183, 184, 185
 Ruskin, Mr., 175
 Russell, John, 31
- SALTING, Mr., 170
 "Sandby, Thomas, and Wife," 73
 Schomberg, Dr. Ralph, 105
 Schomberg House, 111, 139, 142
 Sefton, First Earl, 117
Shakespeare, Gravelot's illustrations,
 53, 57
Shakespeare, F. Hayman's, 57-58
- Shakespeare, proposed portrait, 104,
 105, 106, 167
 Shelborne, Lord, 98
 Shepherd, Messrs., 63
 Sheridan, R. B., 160, 161
 "Sheridan, Mrs.," 135, 152, 168, 171,
 176, 178, 180, 181, 185, 187
 Shockerwick Sale, 118
 "Siddons, Mrs.," 74, 98, 101, 122, 123,
 168, 187
 Signed Pictures, 155
 Smart, John, 25
 Smith, J. T., 41, 49, 122, 153
 Society of Arts, Incorporated, 52, 87,
 88, 102, 114, 116, 122
 Society of Arts, 47
 South Kensington, 23, 124, 148
 Southey, Robert, 125
 Spencer, Georgiana, Countess, 115
 Spring Gardens, 115
 Stark, James, 39
 Stratford-on-Avon "Garrick," 87
 Stratford St. Mary, 72
 Street or Strete, Gwillim, 18
 Strutt, Mr., 81
 Sudbury, Suffolk, 37, 43, 48, 61, 66,
 95, 150
 Suffolk, 38, 40, 55, 60, 72, 73, 113,
 154
 Suffolk, "View in," 69
- TANKARD Inn, 81
 Taunton, 117
 Taylor, Dr. Brook, *Perspective*, 75
 Taylor, John, 122
 "Technique," 20, 172
 Temple of Health, 140
 Teniers, 87
 Tennant, Sir Charles, 73, 170, 185
 Theobald's *Shakespeare*, 53
 Thicknesse, Philip, 63, 66, 68, 75-80,
 128-136, 145
 Thicknesse, Philip, *Sketch of the Life of*
T. G., 45-6, 47, 48, 77, 127, 128, 151
 Thicknesse, Lady E., 77
 Thicknesse, Mrs., *née* Ford, 77
 Thornhill, Sir James, 57
 Titian, 87, 169
 "Tom Peartree," 49, 66
 Tremlett, Mr., 97
 Turner, J. M. W., 29, 34, 35, 175
 Tweedmouth, Lord, 114, 118
 "Tyler, Miss Jane," 125
- VAN DYCK, 18, 23-24, 26, 71, 74, 86,
 87, 107, 122, 123, 152, 155, 162, 169,
 179, 181, 183, 184, 187
 Vaughan, Mr. Henry, 125
 Velazquez, 87, 116, 172, 173, 177, 185

"Vernon, Admiral," 66, 73, 78
 Vernon, Mr., 116
 Vertue's Collection, George, 18
 "View of Dedham," 72
 "Villiers, Lord," 174
 Vincent, George, 39
 Vincent, Sir Edgar, 123, 152
 Voltaire, 50, 54, 55
 "WADE, Capt.," 119

INDEX

Walpole's Catalogues, 118, 119
 "Watering Place," 72, 126, 157, 184
 Watson, James, 116
 Watteau, 51, 56, 158, 181, 182, 183,
 185
 Westminster, Duke of, 123, 124, 160
 Westminster Hall, 161
 Whitehead, Paul, 174
 Wilson, Richard, 62, 63, 127
 Wilton, 103, 179
 Wiltshire, John, 115, 118
 "Wolfe, General," 74
 Women and Children Portraiture,
 30-32
 "Wood Gatherers," 157, 184
 Wood, Sir Jasper, 81
 Wynants, 37, 38, 71, 72, 87, 178, 184
 ZOFFANY, J., 163
 Zucarelli, 62







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